

8 5

N 19

v. 2





UNIVERSITY OF  
ILLINOIS LIBRARY  
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN  
BOOKSTACKS

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2009 with funding from  
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign



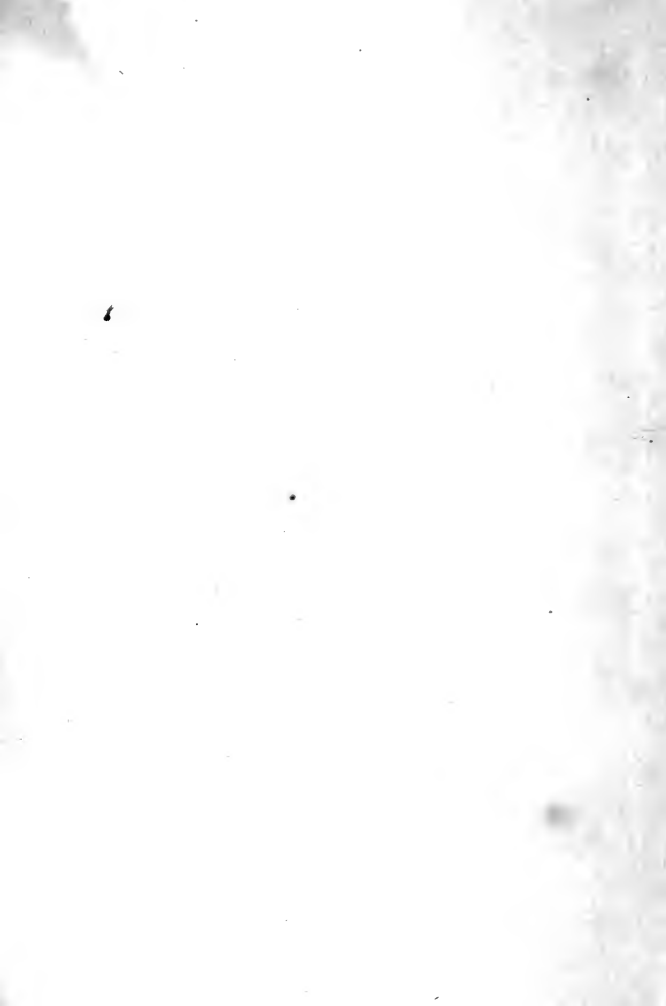
Return this book on or before the  
**Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books  
are reasons for disciplinary action and may  
result in dismissal from the University.

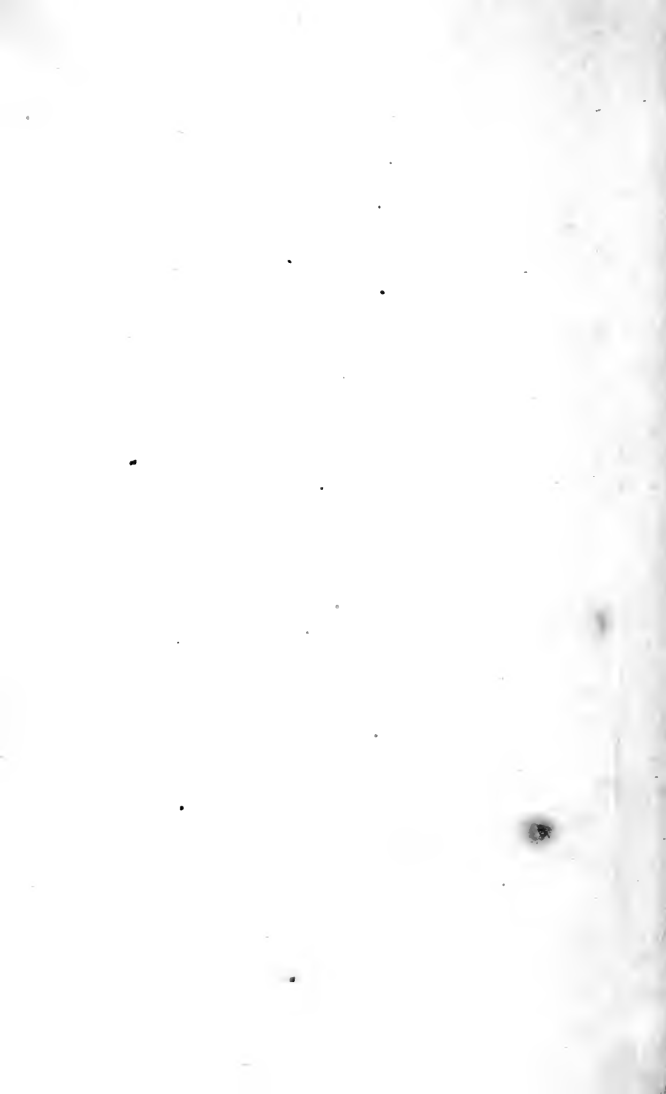
University of Illinois Library

JUL -8 1964

MAR 30 2005







THE

*J. M.*

NAVY "AT HOME."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

WILLIAM MARSH, 145, OXFORD STREET.

1831.

---

LONDON:

Printed by W. GLINDON, 51, Rupert Street, Haymarket.

N 229  
v. 2

## THE NAVY "AT HOME."

---

### CHAPTER XII.

They fall in with the *Uffy-duffy*—her Captain described—a *Mara* is lost over-board—young Hawser, conspicuous on that occasion, advances a step in the good opinion of all Hands.

---

By daylight the next morning, the ships had considerably *neared* each other, and the stranger was made out clearly to be a man of war, by the *cut* of the sails; though as yet the hull was not visible from any of the tops even, and shortly after, a light wind springing up, the vessels closed fast, (both bent apparently on the same thing), to the great joy of all on board—for, if a friend, they would at least have some news; if an enemy, (as she was made out to be *only* a large frigate), so much the better: private signals were soon after exchanged, which settled the question—she was a friend!

And now, being within hail of each other, the courses were hauled up, and all the superfluous sail shortened in an instant, in which both

ships seemed to vie in celerity and precision ; both main top sails were thrown to the mast almost simultaneously—and the ships thus *hove too*, the cutter of the stranger was seen lowering—for as it was already known that this was the *Uffy-Duffy*, Captain Fuss, (formerly under the command of Captain *Chaw-the-wind*), he was known to be the junior captain—and presently the said Captain Fuss was seen pulling alongside, with a very red face, in which was rivetted a look of most excessive importance.

Having jumped up the side, the usual pipe attended his salutation, which was first paid to the boatswain, and then to all present, whose hats flew off in a twinkling—and now the two captains greeted each other in terms of old acquaintance—“ Ah ! Fuss, how d’ye do —what the devil—what ! just from India, eh ! ” —“ Yes, yes—last from the Cape—hope I see ye well—here is a packet for you—that is, the first captain I come across, I hope it won’t spoil any sport.” Here he handed Captain Oakheart a dispatch. “ Those damned rascals of mine,” continued Fuss, “ have nearly stove the boat ”—then running to the gangway, and leaning over, called out, “ I’ll



*settle* with ye, you damned rascals, I will, by and bye! I'll"—here he was interrupted by his brother officer, who observed that "perhaps it was unavoidable from the long heavy swell on"—"Oh! d—n 'em," cried the other, "I'll pay 'em for it as soon as I get back."—So saying, they both retired to the cabin: and in the mean time, it may be as well to give a slight sketch of the said noble captain.

It is impossible to say, what Fuss might have turned out, under the benign influence of any other education, than the one he had unhappily had—from which he learned nothing on earth but the bare duties of a seaman, and the art of tyrannizing in some way or other, over every soul under his command. Among his brother officers, he was thought a blockhead—but on his own deck, a most abominable tyrant—which indeed, only verified the first supposition: his temper by nature was none of the sweetest; but though it might have passed muster, where nobody could suffer materially from it, or particularly feared its consequences—yet was it truly diabolical, when he had "*no brother near the throne*," and was left entirely to its dictates, and his own *discretion*.

How much it is to be lamented, that in our service, there is so little check on characters of this sort—who, from long pampering, and long command, at last get perfectly outrageous at the slightest deviation (no matter from what cause) from their supreme will or caprice! In these moments, the most shocking acts of barbarity took place, the smallest fault flogged without mercy; and all sorts of degradation and insult added to this detestable severity!

As to the officers, though he could not *flog* them—yet did they each and all tremble for their commissions! They heard of nothing but ‘*courts-martial*’ and scarce a day passed without being cursed and insulted, as *fools* or *lubbers*—scarce a week without some one of them being penned up in his cabin, under an arrest; and not allowed to breathe the fresh air, in a climate where the heat of the *between decks* of frigates, is excessively oppressive.

As for the poor sailors, they resembled (so had he humbled their spirits) more a flock of sheep, than *Englishmen* and his countrymen!! or British tars!!! and this was what he called having his ship (“d——n his b——d!”)

in crack order ! The midshipmen, for whom (from a miserly penurious disposition, but ostensibly, because one of them once got in his debt twenty pounds) he never would endorse a bill on the station they had just quitted, some twelve or fifteen thousand miles from their friends—were some of them without a farthing of pay for eight or nine years ! some of them in rags, and bare foot—the rest with but a beggarly account of empty boxes—and cutting a very poor appearance.

Here, as the eye ranged round the decks, nothing was seen but *iron* and *copper polished* ! for, on this fiddle saddle he extremely prided himself—and for the which, half the poor fellows, were on the '*black list*' polishing, and scrubbing, and scouring, from morn till night—their hammocks too, must be of a certain whiteness — or a '*dozen*,' perhaps *three*, followed the least deviation (it might be by mere accident) from this standard—and so, in everything ; orders, duty, fidgetting, flogging, and fuss, seemed multiplied *ad infinitum*.

In the midst of all this, he strutted, with the most burlesque air of inflated importance ! and like the Chinese emperor and his stone, he

hardly condescended to *look* at any thing under the rank of a lieutenant—and at them only, with the most ineffable disdain! except indeed, when he condescended to be witty at their expence! Such was the mighty Cæsar Fuss, Esq. commander of the Uffyduffy—a most terrible cock on his own dung-hill—and a very contemptible poor creature, every where else!

Some of this lamentable picture, was drawn by the unhappy midshipman, who had been invited out of the boat by those on deck, of the Apollo—and poor fellow, as he dared not go below for an instant, for fear of being ‘*dis-rated*’ at the least, perhaps turned before the mast; (where, he assured them, there were already two of his messmates, who had been flogged at the gangway) he seemed to gather some comfort, by informing them, as they paced up and down together, of these few particulars. Thank God! as we advance in civilization, it can now-a-days, not be quite so bad—with all the good will of such men to convert the ship, under their command, into a floating hell—in which, the *condemned souls*, are tormented for so many years!

We recollect to have met this very man, many years after, at a watering place.—Ye gods! how fallen from his great estate! Who would have thought *it*!—Now, “none so low to do him reverence!” in short, a very natural consequence ensued; he was left to the strength of his own merits—which, being at Zero, he dragged himself about in the tail of, what we call at home, very good sort of—nay, respectable, society! But, even here, he was thought a monstrous bore!—a sort of live lumber—for no *ideas* had he, beyond *ordering* and finding fault on a quarter deck; and, in truth, he was miserable without a ship. However, he had *been drilled in* to play a game at *whist*!—but did Mrs. Mildasmilk, poor soul, dream, as she patted him on the shoulder “*as a dear GOOD CREATURE to go and take a hand, and she would take it so kind of him!*” Did she dream, of *who this had been!!!*—No! indeed, truly—or would she have turned up her eyes in wonder!—But she knew that, bating his making a great noise if he lost, and never returning her balls and routs, (quite shocking!)—he was well enough; and his wife a good sort of little woman—though rather vulgar or so!

Poor *Jack* has a saying, “Every *dog has his day*”—not that ever the day comes round for them; but this terrific captain’s day had not yet come round, that was to consign him to privacy and obscurity—in spite of an enormous *card*, where *captain*, and royal navy, took up a great space—that *no mistake* might occur as to the *rank* and dignity of the bearer!

At length he made his appearance once more on deck. His midshipmen, flying over the side into the boat, as the upper part of his cocked hat was seen above the *combings*—and after a turn or two with Captain Oakheart he took his leave, under the unobserved looks of contempt and disgust of all the mids on deck, who blessed their stars they were under a man so diametrically his opposite! and well they might!—and thank God for all his mercies!

The hands being turned up, “*make sail*,” in five minutes afterwards, the *Apollo*, being to windward, darted under the stern of the *Uffy-duffy*, within pistol shot—the officers remarking the *Indian* appearance of *Fuss’s* ship; and his men in their white shirts and yellow straw hats—and there were, too, ob-

servable, some novel modes of *rigging*, and having the royal masts *stepped aft* of an enormous *tauntness* (or height) not at all approved by our more hardy home stationers—any more than a sort of *gingerbread* dandyism about the hull, in the painting, quarter galleries, &c., at which they shrugged up their shoulders, as they levelled their glasses at her, observing—“She’ll have to dowse all those gig-a-marees in the channel.”

In a few hours they were out of sight of each other, on different tacks—all the vast watery expanse lay once more before them ; one level monotonous solitude, without a speck on its surface, on which to relieve the wandering eye.

Whatever the dispatch might have been, which the captain had just received, there seemed no apparent deviation to their course, still southward ;—but he, himself, was observed to look more thoughtful than usual, as not well pleased with its contents.

At six bells, in the first watch, or eleven o’clock, the wind having considerably freshened as night advanced, Mr. Classic came down to report the weather as getting very rough—that he had already taken in one reef

of the topsails—begging to know if the third reef should be taken in ; for though she could just then carry them doubled reefed—yet it looked “ *very black all round.*” The captain, rubbing his eyes, asked if the top-gallant sails were in, and being answered in the negative ; he said, “ Well, take them in, at any rate first, and if then the wind increases, you must reef again. — Is the wind steady ? ” “ No, sir, pretty much in *squalls*, but no rain yet ! ” — Classic *held on*, after taking in his top-gallant sails, and all the *staysails*, till he was relieved ; for nothing he so much hated as *reefing* ; partly from the fear of bringing the captain on deck—partly because he disliked (he knew not why) the operation—even when he saw it was clearly time.

Rodman coming up, instantly took in the third reef, while yet both watches were on deck, and struck the top gallant masts ; so that it was soon effectually done ; and, in spite of the whistling of the gale, which by this time had grown *brisk* enough, making the hauling out the weather earrings of the sails no easy job. It was quietly done too, so that the captain hardly knew what was going forward ; though lying awake in his *cot*, now



thrown more to *leeward towards the gun* in his after cabin, beside which it hung.

The gale had not increased, but the morning dawned, and the sun glancing between the thick flying clouds, shone partially on a pretty *chopping* sea—silvering in patches their rugged tops—the wind was fair though, and on the beam. The ship seemed to fly through the water, every lurch, her chains dashing through the surge, as she reeled to leeward—thus, washing the main deck fore and aft, sent a bucket full, or two, now and then, down among the marines, abreast the main hatch way; when was heard a roar of merriment, at the expense of those who were thus saluted in their hammocks;—and now the gunner was sent to, to put on the *half ports*.

Mr. Shroud was in charge of the deck, and this forenoon was made memorable, not long after, by an occurrence which took place, of a melancholy nature; no less than the death of one of the very best hands on board:—such things do not in general make much impression—where their frequency deadens not only surprise, but any acute feeling on the subject; one of the men dying under the doctor's hands, and being placed, (sown up in a ham-

mock as his coffin) on the grating on the main hatchway, and covered with the *union jack* (*flag*) awaiting the throwing overboard, for instance, was thought nothing at all of—indeed no one uttered a word about the matter; perhaps one of the defunct's mess-mates as he passed might say to another, “well, b——y in to me” (a very common expression) “he’s gone at last! a was’nt a bad feller—after all;—well! this week agone I thought as how *Bill* woud’nt weather the doctor this touch”—“When did he *go*?”—“O he ‘*kicked the bucket*’ some time in the first watch—I said he would!”

Yet have sailors just as much friendship I apprehend as the rest of mankind, whose breedings are more refined—but the display of sentiment on board ship has never been the *fashion*.

On this morning just before eight o’clock, Mr. Shroud, who had the petty ambition of wishing to make better what was well enough, and find fault with others in an indirect sort of way—thought he perceived that the *lee earring* of the foretopsail was not close enough out, and sending for the topmen of the last watch, enquired who the lubber was that

*passed it?* on this a fine young fellow stepped forward by the name of *Florence* and said "I did sir, it was well up last night sir—but perhaps it has stretched a small matter."

"A small matter, and be d——d to you, sir,"—replied the choleric Shroud—"you're a lawyer are ye!—be off, sir, *shin up* and mend it, or I'll start you as long as I can find you."

At this the young fellow ran up without reply, though the task was, at such a moment, pitching as the ship did, not only a difficult, but a dangerous one—indeed impossible.

We should here observe, that this very young fellow who was one of the foretopmen, and perhaps the *smartest* sailor in the ship, was Hawser's "*hammock-man*,"—he had volunteered to lash and bring up his hammock for him—for the which service the youngster gave him a *stiff* glass of grog every Saturday night; but this was not all the youngster had to do with *Florence*, who he was naturally partial to—and he got him to shew him how to splice and knot—often going up in the top to him when the seamen could not come down—on these occasions he learned too, much of what was going forward in the tops,

and how difficult things were done aloft; where the ropes led, &c., nor had Hawser (who was a good hearted lad—and not exceedingly vain of his gentility) disdained on more than one occasion when thus among the topmen to take a *game at draughts* with his man; the board being cut out in chequers on the planks of the top—for at this game, lying along on their “*beam ends*” or full length—did these fellows pass many an hour.

This condescension (for which he would have been played the devil with had it been known) begot great good will on the part of the men, who took all occasions of manifesting their satisfaction — magnifying the young gentleman’s good qualities to each other, and swearing that he’d soon reef a sail with any “on em!” Thus was there a sort of intimacy aloft that dared not appear below—indeed so far was it carried, (for as faithful historians we must not flinch from the truth, though very much against the dignity of this our hero)—it must be confessed then, that he had often gone up by appointment to enjoy an enormous slice of *pudding*, there made over to him by the said Florence, whose mess was famous for its puddings (on *banyan days*)

nor did the Welsh youngster Taffy go without a share—which they both ate with the purest appetites—for, poor boys, to say truth, they were too often sent away from their dinner as hungry as when they sat down, owing, as we have before observed, to the *partial* carving and distribution at the upper end of the table!—on these occasions Florence and the fore top were quickly and quietly visited to their infinite satisfaction—nor was this top-man unrewarded, sometimes by grog—sometimes by a shirt or a pair of shoes—a knife—in short, whatever the youth could well spare from his own slender stock.

Horatio was washing himself at his chest at seven bells along with the rest, when there seemed to be a great bustle on deck, and presently the word was passed fore and aft of “*a man overboard,*” and unhappily this was too true. Florence in obedience to the first lieutenant had got out to the lee earring, and was in the act of passing a few more inner turns, when the stirrup on the yard gave way to his weight and strength, perhaps worn out at that spot and not observed, and the unfortunate fellow was dashed off headlong under the bows; though he held for an instant by the

gasket in his hand; those who saw him fall, said he went clean over, and did not touch either the cathead or anchor, so that there were great hopes of saving him; twenty men lined all the lee gunwhale instantly, and threw ropes over while the mate of the watch with proper presence of mind got some hands to cast loose the jolly boat, and stand by to lower.

By this time the captain had ran on deck, for on most desperate occasions he forgot his general maxim of not interfering—and perceiving Mr. Shroud only calling out “to bear a hand”—and “where is he,” and in short giving a dozen conflicting orders—ordered the helm to be put down, and the lee main and main topsail braces to be let go—all which Shroud now echoed, and roared till he was hoarse—and to “man the weather main brace;”—“tell ’em to let go the main top bow-line Mr. Shroud,” said the captain; by this time the ship had flown up in the wind and had thrown the main topsail aback herself—but poor Florence was far, far astern!—he was, though, seen swimming lustily breast high, out of the water with his face to the ship.

But while yet this was passing Hawser still in his shirt-sleeves and barefooted had run up from below ; and hearing it said that it was Florence, he flew aft and got into the jolly boat, just as she was lowering ; being one of the first in her, and in spite of the master, Weazel, who was present, ordering him out ; but there was no time to be lost, and they “lowered away,”—those on deck pointing to where the poor fellow still struggled for life—the larboard tackle hung, and the boat was half filled before she was unhooked and clear—in this state they got out their oars, in a sea that threatened to fill her entirely every instant, and pulled as directed from the ship, towards the spot pointed and waved to by all hands on deck.

After buffetting about for some time they reached the spot where the unhappy man had been seen last—but nothing could be found, and they lay on their oars looking about in vain : greatly agitated, Horatio stood up—“ I see something white here, sir,” said the strokesman, “ right under the stern, but far away under!” the youngster looked and fancied he did too---no oar could reach—

and he plunged down---but rose in spite of himself, one of the lads taking hold of him as he came up by the shirt, hauled him in—saying, “What’s the use, sir?—you’ll be drowned too!”—There was indeed no use—poor Florence had sunk!—perhaps taken under by a shark, swarming in those seas; this latter was the general opinion, he swam so well and so strong when he was last seen.

They regained the ship with great difficulty, and were after many efforts, hooked on again and *run up* to the *davits* all equally wet, nor could it have been known, that Hawser had been *overboard* too, but that the men mentioned it to each other—and at last it got aft, and reached the captain’s ears.

On his first coming on board, Mr. Shroud had *rowed* him, for getting into the boat at all without orders, “Only to be in the way, and be d——d to him.” And when this latter incident reached his ears, he contented himself with calling him a d——d young fool! But the captain thought very differently, and from that day, considered his new youngster a spirited lad. As for poor Horatio, he was so much shocked, at the violent death of this



good young man, that he could not restrain a tear, and thought of him for a long time after with an affectionate regret.

This affair had done him a great deal of good, with the whole ship's company—he was now their favourite—and not only was he complimented by Mr. Classic, who told him “He had shown himself a fine fellow”—but Rodman sent for him in his cabin, and shaking him by the hand, said “You’re a noble little fellow—nothing could have saved the poor man—but you have shown not only an excellent heart, but great courage.” “Oh! sir,” said Horatio, “it was’nt much, we were all so wet, ’twas nothing jumping over—I thought I saw him, so did the ‘*strokesman*,’—he was such a good young fellow, sir!” “I know it, my boy,” returned Rodman, “he was indeed—we are always losing our best hands, I think—but come Horatio, I must give you something—let me see—here,” (taking down his dirk, which by the way was a very handsome one) “Here, take this, and keep it for my sake, it will become your side—and bye and bye, you shall have a sword, which I’m sure you’ll know how to handle!”

Hawser was quite confused, and stammered out his thanks, as he received this most welcome gift—and not a little proud was he, as he belted on this, the first weapon he had ever worn; for he had not been furnished with this necessary part of his uniform, any more than a uniform in any shape—but now, that blind goddess Fortune, who always showers down her goods in heaps, if at all, seemed disposed to overload him—and that very day presented him too, with a coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons, of *true-blue*, and fine cloth, given him by Belair, who, begging the favour of his company, in his cabin, as he left Rodman, with the dirk in his hand—told him, that this suit being of no further use to him, he would oblige him by accepting it, as he thought it would with very little alteration, fit him—adding, come it shall be a fair exchange, you shall send me your red coat — many a true word spoke in jest, eh?

Having made suitable acknowledgements, Horatio regained the steerage, where he displayed his new acquired side-arms, with no small pride and satisfaction—they were quickly transferred to a dozen pair of hands for their

inspection all round, with various comments; Lackwit swore it was'nt half as good or handsome as his—but when the cast off suit, of the marine officer was mentioned, he turned up his nose, saying “ Well, thank God, I've not come to that yet, to be rigged out by the parish!” At this inuendo, Horatio's blood mounted to his cheeks, “ You know,” he replied, that “ I'm very badly off—or perhaps, I'd not have taken 'em any more than you.” “ There, hold your jaw, youngster—I've said!” (Thus, did Mr. Lackwit, finish any difference of opinion between him and a *youngster*!) “ You're getting saucy, because you were lowered in the jolly boat, and fell over board, for d——n me, if I think you jumped! but if you did, I wish any one would give me—not a dirk, that I do'nt want, but a *commission*, for jumping over off the main yard arm!” To all this, our hero answered not a word—but when old Toby, who was regaling himself on the chests, among the assembled watch below—pronounced, that the steerage would be made rag fair of, if any more old clothes came among 'em, Hawser could not help saying, “ I'm sure Mr. Toby, it would be no harm, if your rags were changed!” At this

unexpected retort, the hoary headed *quill-driver*, grew very wrathful, crying out “D——n your young eyes, do you ‘*give lip*’—I’ll break your d——d young head.” Here he made an effort to get up, but was held fast, by Gay; who cried out “Softly, most courageous Captain Toby! never you say a word after the *tier*, you know! eh old cock! now, what would you have taken, to have given yourself a dip, old boy, eh? No, no! not if the world were one entire and perfect rum-bottle! unless, indeed, the sea were made of *grog*! then, indeed, there’d be no keeping him out o’the water! ha! ha!”

Toby, had’nt much to say, to all this—only growling, that “it was out of his *line*.” “So it is, so ’tis, old shiver the mizen!” At this, the ha ha, ran totally against the scribe—who betook himself to his cabin once more, to cast up his accounts, and await a small supply of rum, which the purser sent him every now and then, and which he supped *solus*! said cordial having a marvellous effect at keeping their respective *books square*!

Many were the exclamations of the men as they made their remarks, on this unlooked for fate of their shipmate; and many of them

seemed to think more of it than any common death—"As it were," they said, "under the doctor's hands! for why? 'case d'ye see, it *mought* be looked for, and nat'ral-like! but this here *wur* too bad; as smart a chap as was 'tween stem and starn! they did not care who 'tother was! well! he's gone! every man has *his time*—when that comes, it's no use kicking against the pricks!" Such, were their remarks, as they looked at each other, with faces as expressive of concern as their natures permitted: brief, indeed, but truly sincere.

Sailors are invariably *predestinarians*. It would seem, as if the mind of man, naturally fell into this mode of thinking—educated and uneducated! spite of their better reason! we need not cite Byron or Napoleon, as an instance of the former, when there are thousands to confirm the fact; and certainly nothing can be more consoling or convenient to men, whose trade lies chiefly in death. The Turk improves upon it, and with it feels sure of his reward!

The old captain of the fore-castle, was heard to say, it *boded* no *good*! as he cast a sly glance at the *horse-shoe*, nailed against the

*foremast* ; which is never forgotten, and which is Jack's palladium. And sure enough, it was not long after, that the morning, which had been partially enlivened by the sun, grew dull—great banks of clouds shut up the circle round them, and the gale freshened so much, that preparations were made, by turning the hands up, to close reef the topsails, and get topgallant masts on deck.

And now were seen in her frothy wake, with many a circle and dip, those harbinger's of blowing weather 'Mother Cary's chickens,' (a small aquatic bird that seems to delight in riding on the tempest,) and flying-fish—chased by those tigers of the deep, sharks ; —and other fish of prey, now and then flew on board and some darted clear over, across the ship. As yet this was nothing extraordinary ; the watch was called, and things went on as usual ; for an ordinary gale of wind is a thing so much a matter of course, that it is never given a thought beyond the common precautions just gone into ; and, perhaps, bending storm staysails, if not already bent.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A Gale.

---

JUST to this pitch had things run through the day; the usual mishaps took place, in the *galley*—the midshipman's '*sea-pie*' was upset—and the boy's head broken below, as soon as he announced the dire fate of said *three-decker* of duff, salt-beef, and onions; presenting its remnants, to appease their maws!!—the only plate that still kept its spherical edge, without a secant or line drawn athwart—in short, unbroken—was now doomed to follow the rest, and lose a portion by falling from the flipper of Toby, as he held it out to save his going to *leeward*, in an extra lurch—in which, all the *larboard chests*, were deposited *a-midships*—'The devil take the old b—h,' said they, 'how she kicks!'

It must be observed, by the way, that the small particle of daylight, that shed its influ-

ence on them, had now totally vanished, as the *scuttles* had been put in fore and aft, for some days past—still there oozed in a constant token of its whereabouts, every now and then, converted into a cascade, as some wave, more violent than others, lashed against her side—catching Toby *napping*, as he sat over against it—and giving him a briny taste of *cold pig*.

Mr. Shroud was dining in the cabin—where they were obliged to take certain precautions, besides having the *puddings* under the cloth, to prevent the bottles, plates, dishes, &c. dancing off the table, as the good ship rolled, plunged, and lurched, from side to side: the wind was heard to whistle, in good earnest, as she reeled back after these inclinations to leeward.

“ I think, sir, we shall have a sharp touch ! no more ham, thankye, sir ! ” said the first lieutenant. “ Why, yes, I think it bids fair not to let us off too easy, indeed Shroud—we had better have the guns clamped, at any rate—and the booms well secured—let’s see—humph ! the barometer still falls ! Let me send you some duck, Mr. Bolus.” “ With great pleasure, sir—shall I have the honour of a



glass of wine." "With all my heart; Come; general breeze ho!—pass it round to Mr. Billybuffer. Here's success to the old lass!" Here they all emptied their glasses, and resumed knife and fork.

"Bless me, sir," cried Bolus, "that was a terrible sharp flash—and yet there's no thunder! that's very queer!" "It sometimes happens, in these hot climates, doctor;" returned the captain, "I've seen the heavens almost on fire, for a length of time before we had thunder."

This was now the case; the flashes of lightning thickened all round—the wind blew in gusts—each more furious than the last—and the sea seemed "*getting up*," with great rapidity.

But this did not disturb them at table—though the steward was at last thrown over one of the guns; and a cut-glass dish, full of raspberry jam, broke to shivers;—"Oh, the devil!" cried the captain, "doctor, no jam for you to day!" The doctor did not immediately hear of his loss, as he was busy *picking himself up*; being thrown from his seat and only stopping against the side, where he had

slid on his rump; his chair, which followed close after, saluting him on the sconce, very lovingly!—"Gad's so, sir!—this is no joke—egad—I must hold fast I see!" "By all means," said the captain, "she served you a scurvy trick then doctor!"

The doctor rubbed his pate—made sundry wry faces—and swallowed his wine with one hand, while he *held on* with the other, and while the rest laughed at his troubles.—"Do you recollect, Shroud, what a devil of a gale we had going out to Portugal, just as we made the land?" "Right well, sir."

"Nothing do I hate so much as to be caught on a lee shore in that way; though, indeed, we can do any thing with the old girl, but make her speak."

As he said this a most tremendous crash of thunder broke over them—and a pause of a minute ensued—"What do you say now, doctor! you see, all in good time!" The doctor looked disturbed—"Egad, sir, that's not to be played with—do you know, sir, I've been washed out of the *sick bay* to-day—though I told Mr. Gravity to have all the

ports carefully stopped up—but I must see to every thing myself!”

“Very right, very right, doctor—have you had the men removed aft?” “Yes, sir!” —“Are there any lightning rods aboard, Shroud?” To this being answered in the negative; word was sent to the officer of the watch, to have the pumps secured, and the fore-hatch-way battened down.

After the usual quantum of wine they all went on deck, where the heavens had put on the most gloomy aspect, and vivid flashes played incessant round about in one continual blaze, while the gale had increased to an awful violence.

The ship pitching heavy, the *bow chasers* were run in and lashed aft in the spare ports—and other precautions taken, as it seemed to threaten no common gale—nor were they mistaken; before midnight it blew a hurricane! the wind coming from more than one point of the compass, too, produced a most confused terrific sea, in which the ship was struck repeatedly, and a great body of water forced into the cabin.

The *dead-lights* were now put in—the captain remained up—for things looked serious—

the worst as yet feared, were the *masts*! for the Apollo was a fine *sea boat*,—and no one thought of any danger to her—but to lose one or all the masts was a serious affair to apprehend.

The storm main-sail had been set, and the fore-top-sail, about to be taken in (as the mizen had been), saved them the trouble by flying out of the bolt rope into a thousand ribbons; and presently the main-topsail followed it, leaving the yards bare to whistle in the wind.

Rodman was walking the deck with the captain at this moment, and had proposed to strike the top masts, keeping the main topsail still on her, as the best possible sail—while it can be carried, to lie too under. The captain was of the same opinion; but at that instant it was blown away—and now the hands were turned up to strike the topmasts—nor did those, who *tumbled* up from below, think any thing more about the matter, than swear an extra oath or two, at being disturbed in their sleep! Such is the effect of *habit* on men—that no sooner were they below, than they slept like tops—and so did all the officers—the captain alone excepted; whose concern

was more for his masts and ship, than for himself; if we may make the distinction, where one hinged so immediately on the other.

Perhaps, too, our young hero was not quite without alarm, being the first gale of wind he was ever in—and to him things, indeed, wore a very unpleasant aspect—as he lie in his hammock, and heard the water washing over the main deck.

Then the shocks, as a sea every now and then struck the ship; and not least, the terrific roar of the fiercer blasts through her rigging, which rendered it, on deck, almost impossible to hear a word a yard off! One of the men, in unfidding the fore topmast, got his hand smashed, poor fellow; and his moaning met his ear, as he listened, with painful anxiety, to these mixed and dismal sounds; as yet new to him.

Then the violent motion—sometimes swinging his hammock against the beams, at others still more alarming, when she pitched down, in a seeming endless gulf!—in which the sensation imparted, that she must be going *under* to rise no more, was enough to unstring stronger nerves than his—and make him wish

himself most devoutly at home, as he involuntarily laid hold on the *baton* close above his head.

The first lieutenant now remained on deck, and being near day-light, the captain went down to his cot—but the cabin, from being the best and most comfortable place in the ship, was now almost the very *worst*; the green seas had beat in one of the dead lights and set every thing afloat, and when this was repaired by the carpenters—still, all was water! water! salt water!—however he turned in for an hour or two and slept to its music, as it dashed in cascades from side to side.

Ropes were now stretched across the quarter deck to hold on by, for no one could keep their legs, such was the violence of the motion; besides, the seas as they struck her made a breach over all, and nearly washed a party to leeward overboard, who had not clung to the ropes.

Crouching under the weather *gun-whale*, and talking of what was best to be done in this extremity, or that, in case the gale did not abate, with an occasional “Ease her my lads! ease her!”[ to the helm’s men—(tackles being put on the tiller in the gun room to

prevent accidents) the two officers passed the hours till day light, the mids of the watch in another *coterie* close behind them—when the whole sea presented to their sight one mass of foam, as if among the most appalling breakers, while it ran what is termed *mountains high* ; in which the yard arms were frequently under water, the ship for a moment on her beam ends—while, on the side opposed, a liquid mountain seem rolling on to engulf them !

The wind, so far from abating, raged with increased violence, if possible, and it was, thought best to send no one aloft—the masts threatening to go by the board every fresh surge she took.

The captain shortly after joined them, and they all three *hung on together*, looking at each other—there was nothing to be done!--while a *gun* did not break loose, or the ship shift her ballast, or spring a leak, all was yet well ; though, in truth, all three officers seemed serious enough, as they looked alternately at the furious elements and each other, and awaited the issue.

At last, the captain broke silence—"Faith" said he, "old Neptune seems to be determined

to handle us pretty roughly ; I think I never saw it blow so hard !” “ Nor I sir,” said Shroud, “ the masts can’t hold it long sir, at this rate—hold on sir ! by the powers ! what a sea there was ! ease her !—hollo ! heads up youngster !”

Here one of the mids of the watch went flying to leeward—swinging off on one of the first ropes he could catch—and banging up against the mizen rigging.

The carpenter now reported that the ship strained a great deal, and that there was a good deal of water in the hold ; the watch were sent down to pump ship, and kept at the pumps.

Shortly after, the gunner came up to report the guns all *fast*—“ better double breech em—had we not” said Shroud. This being ordered, he got his crew to work. All this conversation went on, by calling out at the top of their lungs, and coming close to each other ; such was the fury of the hurricane ! and Jack, who always has a joke, no matter when, said that it blew so hard, “ as when the first leeftenant opened’s mouth *a could’nt shut un again.*” Another went below, and swore that it had blown the *buttons off his jacket.*



But they were all convinced it blew hard enough, when the hammock-boards were seen flying away overboard, like so many shavings! and one of the quarter boats (on attempting to cut the weather one away,) blew half-way up the mizen rigging; partly thrown as it was by a violent lurch, and falling to leeward athwart the spanker boom, was broken exactly in half; the lee one, being cut loose, was soon washed clear.

And now the masts were looked to with great anxiety, bending like walking sticks, as the tortured vessel groaned from side to side; at length the foremast, went about half way up—the hands were instantly turned up, (more by gestures, than by any thing that could be heard) clear away the wreck, cutting away the rigging with axes.

But hardly was this accomplished, and while yet this ponderous beam dashed too and fro at her side—

When the main-mast went close by the board with an astounding crash, sweeping the mizen mast off with it, and leaving this, but late gallant vessel, a mere log on the water—seemingly beat down never to recover herself, by the excessive force of this unparalleled hur-

ricane. The rigging was cut away with the utmost dispatch ; and now the captain, in this arduous moment, shewed great presence of mind—ordering a party of men forward to cling to the weather gunwhale ; he had the helm put up ; at the moment, the wreck of the masts cleared the ship's side—and thus by veering her off to gather head way, ran her clear off the masts, which would have been worse than a rock ; had they struck her under the counter at this critical moment.

This was the instant of the greatest danger—Mr. Shroud said, in the captain's ear, "Shall we throw the guns overboard, sir?"—"Oh no—not yet," replied the captain—"she makes no water of any consequence ; still we may save them!—but she must be brought too instantly." Indeed to *scud*, even had there been a mast standing, would have been impossible, with such a sea.

The moment the ship's head paid off, with the helm up, she darted like lightning, even as she was almost level with the waves ; running through one tremendous topping sea that caught her on the bow, sending a volume of water aft, and all over her, enough to have sunk her on the instant ; but that it found its

way out, after sweeping every moveable thing before its rush through the ports, and down in the waist ; where some of the ports were beat out to let it off ; and where, as the hatches were by this time all *battened down*, it was got out by degrees ; though those on duty, were almost obliged to swim for it.

Such moments, whatever we may think of them in safety, are sufficiently astounding to the hardiest seamen : and it must be confessed, the masts swept off at one crash, this tremendous sea shipped, and the gloomy horrors all around, with the dangerous moment of bringing her to again to be attempted, were enough to make all hands grave enough ; but the cheerful presence of mind of the captain and his officers, forbade a single word of dejection escaping the crew ; not a moment was to be lost—the hull left, such as it was, could not be allowed to run its own length further, without danger of going down head foremost—and the helm was once more put a lee—another tremendous sea met her, and seemed to threaten to overwhelm all.

Still hope was not lost—true, it was met in breathless expectation !—Some might have said their prayers in secret—but a confident

face was still shewn from the officers, old and young ; while the men remained at least silent—though, poor fellows, it must have appeared their last moment—not calculating so nicely on the *physical* chances there were, of her not going down ; nay the *impossibility*, while the hold remained free from water.

She went through the top of this sea, with no more damage than the last—all clung to the ropes—and after dashing in one vast surf aft from over the forecastle, which roared down in the waist on the main deck—and though it made her reel again, found its way out in cascades through the ports, as the last. She righted !—and now once more to the wind—*once more, they breathed!*—The violent shocks she had received though, were now confirmed by the additional quantity of water she admitted !—all hands were sent to the pumps ; where the officers *laid-in* (assisted at the winches) with the men in their turn.

There was now little left in their power to do—for an instant, on hearing that “they barely gained on the water in the hold.” For an instant, the captain balanced ! — wavered ! — whether he should not decide on throwing the guns over !—but—he reflected ; the weather could

be no worse 'twas thought too, the fiercest blast was over—and four or five feet in the well (or centre of the ship) need not drive them to this desperate and last resource.

All was kept *fast*—the “*main brace was spliced*” again, and the captain, stepping down the after ladder, calling out—“there’s less wind my lads; all’s right and tight—stick to her”—was saluted with a hearty cheer!

Never had he thought things *less right* before—but the fact was, the hurricane *seemed* (if any thing) to drive with less fury—and cleared of the weight aloft—there was less straining of the hull, and the dismal roaring noise from the opposition of the masts and rigging was lessened.

In fact, they had seen the worst: and the gale, from that moment, rather abated—though still they had no very cogent reasons to think themselves free from danger. But danger, like other things, being comparative—they now thought themselves in none at all; and the captain rubbed his hands in satisfaction at having saved his guns!—and patting Weazel, who looked rather glum, on the shoulder, said “She’s like a duck on the

water, is'nt she Weazel—I knew she'd carry us through it!"—"Oh?—yes, yes, sir, no danger of her!—but sir, it was '*touch and go*'! "Aye—but '*miss*, is as good as a *mile*' you know!"—to which excellent apothegm Weazel assented, with a knowing shake of his noddle.

And now, after a long fast, the different stewards were sent for, to see if they couldn't find something to eat; cold meat, biscuit or something—for as to *cooking* or fire—they were long since out of the question. Something eatable being got, they all sat down on the deck, as did the seamen, to leeward, and snatched a hasty meal with no small appetite and satisfaction—a few extra bottles of the captain's wine lending a *gusto* to the feast.

Nor were the *idlers* forgotten, who—hearing from their several nests that there was less wind, now ventured to crawl up through the gun-room hatchway, (the only one through which any opening was left) one by one; looking so yellow, so faded, and so woe begone—that the *executives* couldn't help laughing, as they greeted their appearance, and hoped they'd had a comfortable *nap* of some twenty-four-hours!

Toby and Smallnose, looked as if they had risen from the dead—but that they both played their parts pretty well on every thing they could get their claws on, in the eatable and drinkable way ;—Toby declaring that it was no fun to be shut down below so long, and that for his part he had made several efforts to get up—but couldn't—so had he, to lay hold of the boy of the mess to get something to eat ; but *Jem* had absconded, heaven knew whither—and as all his *efficient* masters were bestowed on deck, thither he too betook himself—leaving Toby to bawl after him in vain ; and truly at last, he thought they meant to starve him !—nor could he hear one friendly *pipe* in the key note of dinner, breakfast, or any thing else, in the way of *comfort* : the men taking their hurried meals of bread and beef on deck, rnnning about, by snatches, as they could get it. Smallnose 'thanked the Lord for all his mercies !'—as he looked round on the rugged seas—and eyed his glass ! but whether chiefly for the mercies of this pleasant *restoration*, or the gales more peaceful aspect ; was equivocal.

The next night was passed *in statu quo*—pumping ship—and *wishing* for fine weather ;

at length, it brought the following morning in with a rosy face and a moderate breeze; the sea still knocked the ship about, but less violently, and was fast '*going down.*' The hatches were unbattened—hammocks got up, decks dried and cleaned, and the mens' clothes; and other tokens were seen of things being put to rights. The galley resuming its wonted fires, which, like that of the vestal virgins, was never willingly put out; on which were seen the several tea-kettles of the various officers, in a row—while the huge square coppers prepared this refreshing beverage for the jacks in wholesale.

And who would deny the poor fellows their tea! or their cocoa! and their dry coarse biscuit—perhaps made to relish with a piece of junk or beef, so hard, so dry,—that, as they observed, it might be carried 'in a soldier's knapsack, without deranging the frills of his shirt, a whole campaign!'—Yet was this hard fare right welcome.

And now all hands were busy, day and night, getting up *jury-masts*, of the spare spars and topmasts on the booms; and soon three pigmys were raised aloft, with which the Apollo made shift to get into port; and



this port was no other than *Saint Helena*, where they cast anchor, nothing loth in smooth water, close in with the land, and with a very cheering and pleasant prospect of *James Town*, to regale their eyes with.

And presently came on board a goodly supply of the staple manufacture of the said island, in the shape of sacks of potatoes, five shillings each!—much more delicious than any of those boasted apples of the *Hesperides* that master *Hercules* made such a fuss about—but then indeed that fellow had never been long at sea on salt grub!

*Saint Helena*, though an excellent *rock* for the said apples of the earth, and silk handkerchiefs, and Canton crape—and tea—yet is but an indifferent place for refitting a ship in—though it may be something improved, since, on a *great occasion* of late years, it became the constant station of so many of our men of war.

It was soon found that nothing material could be done for the *Apollo* here, in the shape of masts; the few spars there were, could only serve at best temporarily, and the prices fixed on them by *John Company*, enormous; so that the captain determined, after re-

cruiting his ship's company for a few days, to get *home* as fast as he could, (and as well) with the jury masts arranged in the best possible way now in smooth water.

Under this resolution, Mr. Shroud was employed making the necessary alterations in those up, so that they might supply the place of the regular ones, in the most efficient manner.

While the officers, by turns, and a party of the *men*, were given leave to go on shore for their recreation—for the captain made it a rule, when he could well do it, to let his *men have a run on shore*; telling them that he relied on them not to *break their leave*—which *good feeling cultivated*, he seldom had occasion to repent his indulgence—but if a solitary instance did occur now and then, it did not induce him to break through so humane, so excellent, so necessary a system—on a point too, where lies all the difference between the *naval service* and the *merchant*: there is naturally something dreadful in the idea of a man's being shut up in a floating prison (to him) for perhaps many years, and never being allowed to tread his mother earth!!

*This* it is, that is the great bugbear of the navy in the seaman's eyes—not the pay, the duty, or the danger.

*Twenty-four hours'* leave, is enough for *Jack* "once in a while," in the which he spends his money, (that is, gets cheated out of it), gets drunk—perhaps kicks up a *row*, and is *perfectly satisfied*!—comes off aboard again, rather queer or so next day—but, one night's refreshing sleep, and he's his own man again!

'Tis not that he is the better for this debauch! but the *idea of eternal slavery* is done away with, while he can claim this indulgence; which, by good rights, should be in *no captain's power to deny*!

So are we persuaded, we should need no *pressing* to fill our ships with the best hands afloat; and by getting rid of this villainous evil at the fountain head, (*a coerced servitude*), render the required *liberty* to the men doubly easy of putting in practice.

This, and a *limited* term of service, and a *bonus* held out to those who remained—(when they might claim their discharge, if they chose,) would settle the question; the men would indeed go on shore for a surfeit—per-

haps a week or two—but would be morally certain to come back again, simply because it would be the very best thing they could do, *for their own sakes*.

What an outcry have we made about the French *conscription*, while such a monstrous solecism as the *press gang*, immeasurably more oppressive, kept its full force among us, as if in mockery of our boasted freedom! —Who talks of necessity!—then, at least, let the necessity fall with the *just* impartiality of our neighbours, and visit the *rich* and the *poor* without distinction—so need we not blush at such disgraceful injustice.

O! England, England! still art thou a strange contradiction, whether on thy shores or on thy waters—whether in thy public institutions or thy private character. Under thy dominion is to be found all that is most admirable, most excellent in this world—how far above the rival nations!—and, (or should we be too great, too happy), with it mixed such wretched inconsistencies—such monstrous anomalies—that we serve, in this enlightened century, to point at in scorn, as a paradox! To check that just exultation, thy sons should feel, when they say, as they stand

surrounded by jealous foreigners—" *we are Englishmen!* "

But, "*belay that,*" as *Jack* says—we have other fish to fry, and must beware of being led away from our narrative by abstract questions—one word of Saint Helena before the Apollo weighs.

## CHAPTER XIV.

In which a Party go on Shore *on Leave* at St. Helena—Rodman verifies the saying, that *Pleasure is not obtained by running after it*—the Ship goes Home—to Plymouth—Letters.

---

IT was somewhere about the second or third day, when most of the heavy work was over, and the masts looked as trim and *ship-shape* as their diminished dimensions would admit of, that Lieutenant Rodman, dressed in his "*white wash boards*," (for, in those days, epaulettes graced no shoulders under the rank of a captain), his gold-laced cocked hat on, an excellent cut and thrust sword by his side, and altogether as manly and warlike a figure as could be seen "*in a day's march*," was waiting till the cutter was manned to take him on shore, together with Weazel and the marine officer, both in "*full tog*,"—the one looking as *military* and as dandyish as any young fellow of the guards, who we occasionally see sport their persons up and

down St. James's street; the other very much resembling, as we have before said, good Mr. *Pam*, or knave of clubs; however, by his side hung a terrific long sword, which kicked about and trailed at his heels as he toddled along.

On the other side of the ship, they were employed getting in, by the aid of ropes let down in the boat, certain *satisfied* and *oblivious* sea fish, or *Jacks*, who, having had their twenty-four hours "*lark*" and "*sprees*," were brought off stowed in bulk in the bottom of the boat, piled on each other—with just a few in that sweet state between drunk and sober (propping each other up as they sat in the *stern sheets*); that certain mood that induces a world of professions, oaths, shaking hands, and singing, or rather roaring, fag ends of songs—and "b—dy into 'em if they wern't alongside the *old b—h* (meaning the ship) once more, and hurrah for her! and the *skipper* as good a feller as ever stepped—let any man say *no!* and they'd knock his eye out."

Then they'd seize each other by the collar, (after a fraternal embrace) crying out, "Do you say No?—ao you say No? d—n your

eyes! (the clenched fist at each other's nose) say the word!"—then again fall to hugging each other.

In this happy state were they clearing the boat of these jolly dogs, whose appearance contrasted admirably (all over mud and dirt, shirts and jackets torn, and some bare-headed, having lost their hats) with the *fresh* set, tight and spruce ho! waiting their turn—to cut exactly the same figure at the same hour next day.

While a world of hard words and sea wit was bandied between these happy goers out—and comers in—some of them, still able to articulate, hailing those about to relieve 'em, with "I say, Bill, Sam, Dick; ahoy! go to the *Green Dragon*, they sarves out the best there!" while another recommended with equal earnestness the "*Three Tuns*," it beat the Dragon all to nothing. Such were the greetings as the fellows were hauled in and shovelled below, to come to their senses at their leisure.

Those on board, of the officers, had amused themselves not a little with their glasses, as they looked at the rugged sides of this far-famed isle, and watched the sentinels, pacing



on the forts to the right and left, stuck in mid air, as it were, over the surge below: then the softer features, as their glasses glanced up along the valley of the town, quite up among the country houses, gardens, and groves, or followed perhaps a party of horsemen, taking their way along the zig-zag road leading out of the town up the precipice on to the lofty green summits, and anon lost in its windings and hollows!

And now this party of officers pushed off, joined by some of the gentlemen mids, all on the same *move*; and among them Messrs. Tugjunk, Gay, Gravity, and, lastly, young Hawser, who, Rodman said, should be with them; for he well knew the others would set no bounds to their extravagance in all sorts of ways, at the first *tavern* they came alongside of; while the officers' plan was to get horses, ride up to Diana's peak, over by Longwood and Plantation house, and going up the Ladder hill, come down the other side, by Balcombe's villa; bespeaking, as they went through the town, a snug dinner in the best hotel they could find.

They were not long in getting mounted; Weazel, by ill luck, getting as vicious a beast

as *Crabb's Gilbert*. This pig-headed pony now ran him ahead, now astern—while the rest, ready to die *laughing*, gave him excellent advice, as they galloped at his heels, with most of their legs out at right angles; whipping each other's horses slyly behind—then running races—in which the master was (though he held hard and tugged with all his might, as the perspiration ran down his cheeks) always ahead—Rodman being, in truth, the only *steady* one of the whole; nor could he, as he spurred on, help smiling at the figure some of them cut, not much inferior to Weazel in oddity and perplexity, as they tugged and kicked their hacks this way and that—and truly as sorry a set of beasts as could have been wished—the very same on which all new comers had bestrode for at least ten years before! and always kept ready caparisoned the moment a ship cast anchor before the town—at so much the hour, or day.

“*Set a beggar a horseback he'll ride to the devil,*” is an old saying—but surely the word beggar must be read “*sailor!*” for no sooner does *Jack* mount, than he fancies that, as a matter of course, he is to give the animal

no sort of rest or respite, but clapping on *all sail*, generally runs till both man and horse are out of wind—or till the poor beast, by a good kick, *spills* its uncomfortable cargo, and gets away.

So fared it on this occasion; the mids that had come a shore with the other officers, had deferred (rather unexpectedly) their jollification at the tavern, to take a squint *aloft*; and having mounted too, increased the cavalcade—looking as formidable, as they wound up Ladder Hill, as a troop of dragoons—but not quite so orderly.

Just as they all reached the top; Weazel's nag, after a kick or two, determined he would not go a step further a-head---and running him stern foremost towards the parapet wall, they were nearly *turning the turtle* over it; in spite of the wrathful Weazel, who kicked and whipped with all his might to no purpose, in the midst of twenty speakers and laughs; one recommending to “come to an *anchor*!” another advised “*sounding* first!” another to clap a tow rope on---another, that the craft would not make head way as it wanted more ballast aft!

While each shot his bolt in this way, the beast got the bridle between his teeth, and turning tail on the whole of them, fairly set off as hard as it could go, down hill towards the town!—in vain the flying master pulled—he only ran the faster—counterpoised by the banging against his quarters of his *wanghee*, or spado; while his garments flew abroad in the air, likened to his ensign, flying!—half way down his hat *parted company*; nor did the enraged Weazel *bring his nag up*, till he was *landed* at the inn door, like Gilpin of old—though he had contrived not to be unhorsed, holding on firm by the main.

His messmates, finding it impossible to arrest his rapid flight, though they one and all pursued him, hue and cry, half way down—gave up the chase, and making upwards over the hills, saw the whole island from *stem to stern*, as they said; while the unfortunate master consoled himself with a glass of grog, and walking about the streets, till they joined him some three or four hours after.

Nor was this much lamented on his part—Weazel had no taste for the *picturesque*—being about as much *alive* to the ‘*sublime*

*and beautiful* ' as an oyster !—nor were the majority of those now gallopping about on the summit, in ecstacies at any thing, but the fun of racing with each other ; at the falls some of them got ; and the mere novelty of being thus *let loose*.

And, sure enough, the overflow of animal spirits was amazing ; finding vent on the sides of their Rosinantes, in never ending kicks ; hallooing ; playing tricks with each other, and a thousand extravagant sallies. The marine officer challenged Mr. Tugjunk to a race—but these heroes had not got far, when the latter lost his stirrups, then his balance,—and presently down he came ; his horse making the best of his way back to the town without him ; and he'd have had a long walk for it, but that our hero took him up behind, or rather he got up, to the great merriment of the rest.

Who that has been to *Saint Helena*, (except indeed such oysters as Weazel) but must have admired the sublime prospect from the highest points of this romantic island !—the delicious cool clearness of the air, after the heats of the valley, as the heights are gained—the fleecy clouds here and there cutting the line

of the surrounding ocean—and sailing far below them over the hills and rocks, as the eye glances all round its shores at once ; the heavens above, seemingly half usurped by the ocean ; *so high up* does the horizon appear ! then looking downwards from Diana's-peak, the iron bound coast here and there, shows its black rocky border, edged with white surf, between the green and blue, of land and sea. On the other side, James-town reduced to the size of a small miniature, closes the valley ; and beyond, a little black speck, lies the Apollo !

Hawser, though so young, had a keen relish for all this—it seemed to him that such a magnificent prospect lifted his mind from all meaner enjoyments ; nor did he pay much attention to the consolatory quizzing of the party, on his being *over ballasted* !—some begging to know, what strange animal that was he had got aboard !

Alighting, he left his horse to squire Tug-junk, and walked to some distance down the slopes, with Lieutenant Rodman, and Belair, whose feelings, as they contemplated the superb scene round them, seemed in unison with his—while the rest galloped about in as many

evolutions and circles, as the mounted Arabs of the desert.

As they all came back, they rode round, and past over that very spot the least promising and cultivated of the whole island ; where, a few years after, a house was built to hold the greatest sovereign, and the greatest man, then in the known world—the Emperor of the French !—who, at that moment, with kings at his feet, the arbiter of the whole continent, where he was courted, caressed, and feared by the greatest potentates without exception—little imagined such a fall *possible* ; or within the scope of the most extravagant imagination to predict.

And faith, as little did our party dream of such a change, though so near its consummation ; or that this *spot* should at no distant period (a few brief years !) contain *that very man*, confined within the narrow space of a few barren, bleak acres—and at the bidding of a common sentinel !—Such are the inscrutable ways of Providence—such the wild, capricious tricks of fortune !

They passed on—it lie in the web of fate ; nor did it want this after tale, to give interest

to one of the most romantic scenes perhaps in the world.

Without encountering any new adventures they got down to the town, (Mr. Tugjunk *kindly* taking Horatio up behind him) where they were hailed from the inn window by Weazel, as they stopped—with “Ahoy! what cheer! here I am, ‘strike me comical!’ got here afore ye! its past seven bells, and its grub time,—so *bring up* as quick as you like”—on which, out came a host of dingy queer looking boys, some half Chinese, half English, Mustees, Creoles, and Negroes, each seizing a bridle, while “*Massagemman*” dismounted.

As they had been of the party, and Gay and Belair being very intimate, (as he *was indeed with the rest off duty*) the officers said they might as well all dine together, to prevent their having the trouble of ordering another dinner. The table was made large accordingly; and Weazel, in consideration of his having examined the larder, and the cellar—and the premises—was voted to the *chair, nem. con.*

But this was not all master Weazel had *examined*; having in these, his leisure hours,



ransacked every lane, street, alley, and hole in the place ; and giving a very knowing nod, said—"I say—snug's the word—after dinner, hem ! I know where ! but I say nothing !"

"What's the master driving at now," cried Belair—"Oho ! you do, old boy do you—cunning rogue ! this is what brought you down hill so fast ; let him alone for a sly one !"

At this moment, a whole turtle was served up in the shell ! through which Weazel began to work his way ; and work enough he had at this smoking mass, which completely hid him from their view, except just the top of his pate---"*Strike me comical*" cried he, "this is hot work ; here *boy*, Stand behind and fan me, d'ye hear !" "*Comical*," indeed, echoed Belair, "why *master*, you look like *mother goose* in her egg shell !"—And now a dead silence succeeded, in which nothing was audible but the clicketing of knives and forks.

These jolly dogs having '*tucked in*' *quantum sufficit*, the *decks* were ordered to be cleared ; when, the bottles in a goodly row, made their appearance, and were passed about in one continued round, a sort of perpetual motion !—Weazel, who had become

*evident* in proportion, as the turtle and smoke were cleared away, now rose, and proposed a toast. "Ahoy! gentlemen! gentlemen, I say; (the wine mounting in their young heads, causing a great clack and noise, it was hard to be heard) gentlemen! '*dash my wig*'—allow me to give you a toast;" "By all means, by all means," "Ho! silence, ho! Mr. Weazel's toast! 'Then, heres to a 'bit of old hat!'" This excellent toast (synonymous with Church and King!) being drank with three times three, paved the way for innumerable toasts and sentiments—(Rodman giving the captain with three times three,) intermixed with a vast number of sea songs; every one being called on in turn, for toast, sentiment, or song! such as "*When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove*;" "*Ye landsmen of England*"—"Mother Waddle was a widow!" "*Young Lobski said to his ugly wife*"—and Mr. Gravity, being hard pressed, having no sentiment ready, gave, "*I keep a snug little shop*." The bottles continuing with wonderful perseverance their endless round—"no heel taps."

From singing one after another, and *chim-ing in chorus*—they, at length, all sang together, the strongest lungs alone having the

best of it—while some vociferated in an endless argument, in which, both parties were of the same mind—but could not make it out! In short they were all, already ‘*half-seas over.*’

Gay, by this time *pretty* well fuddled, got up, and cutting a pirouette with his hat athwartship ; (*money in both pockets*) cried out “Now my lads of wax who’s for a cruize?” At this half the table started up.

And now came on confusion worst confused, looking for hats and swords, dancing, singing, whistling, and pure bawling, by way of letting out superfluous air and strength.

Our hero, not accustomed, to drinking so much, could no longer stand on his legs—and his good friend Rodman, not altogether sorry for it, (as he would, for the moment, escape an example of still greater folly, which would after all be imitated quite soon enough, without the possibility of its being prevented) helped him to a sofa, to sleep it off, in an adjoining room.

And now they one and all sallied out, to the great terror and annoyance of the peaceable inhabitants ;—dividing into several par-

ties (at the head of one of which was old Weazel,) they were soon housed in certain quarters—where the goddess of the sea held her party coloured court.

Though as much elevated as any of them, Rodman still felt a something too melancholy and too fastidious, for amusements of this sort. And he had by mere accident, put his hand on an old, torn, odd volume of a book, which till then he had never read—(frightened at the number of volumes, and the prosy style)—this was nothing less than Richardson's *Clarissa*—as he read on, the interest increased,—and he was half sorry when the door opened, and some one came in—taking his eyes off for an instant, he was struck by the beauty and singular appearance of a young Indian girl, who, not supposing any of the noisy set left behind, ran up to a glass to look at herself. And for a moment, Rodman, as he lie stretched upon a sofa, contemplated this beauty of a new fashion—It was a fine Malay girl,—dressed in the fashion of that country; a white muslin robe very full, confined to her taper waist by a golden zone—for these girls, though slaves, (and who are not without money, and,

are indeed, treated with more kindness than our servants;) pride themselves on nothing so much, as this classical ornament, which carries a nameless charm about it: some of them indeed, are of great intrinsic value, and such was hers.

In truth, she was a beautiful creature, though of a dark olive complexion—and her features partaking of something of the flatness of her country—her eyes, and teeth, he it said, were exquisite! and her feet small as Cinderella's, unconfined by shoes or stockings. Gazing almost breathless, at this figure, Rodman, let fall his book, and stepping slyly behind her, caught her in his arms—If this may shock some people, as inconsistent with the gravity of the said lieutenant's character, or with that feeling which he still cherished in his bosom, where he ever wore the last sad token we have spoken of—we fear we have nothing to offer in extenuation—but, that he was a *sailor*! who passionately loved the whole sex—though circumstances might make the feeling more intense and more refined for *one*, perchance!—yet—she was gone—for ever gone—long had he thought of her with tender regret—and still did at times, but it

is not in human nature, to shut out fresh impressions, at the age of thirty !—in short so it was.

The girl screamed with surprise, but he was a handsome fellow, and releasing her after stealing a kiss, she did not persist in flying him—at length he persuaded her, to come and sit down by him—when a long conversation ensued—in which among other things, he learnt that her mistress was an English lady, the widow of a senior merchant and governor of Pulo Penang, (a very romantic pretty island, near the peninsula Malaya) on her way to England ; and whose apartments were in the same inn—that she had from extreme illness, been left behind, for the benefit of the salubrious and cooler air of the island ; and proposed to go to England, by the first homeward bound Indiaman, that put in—as she had recovered her health.

O Cupid ! Cupid !—how swift, how unerring are thy arrows, unrepulsed by the artificial breast-plate of refined Europe ! How art thou, thou surlier and less propitious god, Hymen ! flouted and neglected, in three quarters of the habitable globe ! Fatima, had heard of thee ! but knew not thy imperious

laws—She was the child of nature!—yet was she an innocent child!—Innocent, as Marmontel's Annette—for she was conscious of no wrong.

Shortly afterwards, whilst talking of her country and his, in which chat Horatio waking up, had joined, they were interrupted by the returning jolly dogs who having had their cruize out, as they termed it—had returned to port.

“Ho—ship a hoy!—what the devil—hatches battened down,” cried out the leading man, who was no other than Gay, as he put his hand on the door to open it—“What cheer, ho!—whose aboard? ahoy?—open sesame!” Rodman flew to the door and opening it, let in the impatient gang not however without some sly remarks about a ‘*strange sail*’—whose white *spanker* Weazel “danged him comical, if he didn’t see as she weathered the harbour’s mouth!” In fact, as we have seen Rodman had had so interesting a conversation with the pretty slave, that he had forgotten how the time flew—and the obstreperous party were on the stair-head before they separated—when she made her escape as they entered, by another door, leading into her mistress’s apartment.—“Ha ha!—Mr. Sly-boots—ho

ho ! you would'nt come with us—no no ! not you—“*still sow drinks deep,*” hem ! “aye, aye !” thus had Belair ran on for some time—Rodman assuring him that though he had seen a young woman go out—yet what of that ! pointing to where young Hawser lay on the sofa, “you see I am not alone.” Belair thinking the said midshipman fast asleep, shook his head thrice, at the same time laying his fore finger on his nose, with a very significant expression repeated “Aye, aye ! ‘*tell that to the marines !*’” but he ill appreciated the virtue of his messmate.

Glasses and grog were now called for, while some had tea, some mulled wine, and others flip; in short this was liberty hall; each ordered whatever he fancied, and the table presently presented a most heterogeneous mixture of cold meat, cakes, hot toast, tea, coffee, fish, segars, wine, and all the liquors, &c., with which the party regaled themselves to a late hour.

At length midnight sent them all to their different quarters and to *broken* slumbers—many were the curses vented at the musquitos, and Weazel was heard among the rest conspicuous, grumbling beneath his mosquito curtain (not unlike a hedgehog in its cage)



“dashing his wig”—and “striking *him comical*,” as he boxed his own ears and slapped his legs and arms, in fruitless attempts to kill those devilish tormentors! Ye who affect to find fault with your native isle, and long for eternal sunshine—think, we beseech ye, of the musquito’s soft song in Weazel’s ear, as he lay with one eye open and his teeth clenched!

All this time the captain was up at plantation house with the governor, Col:—— we forget who, for in those days the governors of this island were no more known to the rest of the world, than if they had been simply in the command of their regiment—any more than possibly they are now, though indeed it may be an excellent *berth*. At this gentleman’s table was the captain feasted and made much of—every thing and body in the island worth seeing and knowing he was taken to, and thus a week passed away very agreeably.

We may as well here observe *en passant*, that neither in India nor any where under the company’s dominion, is any officer much noticed by the authorities, under the *rank of captain*; so that the lieutenants of the fleet seldom, indeed never, set foot within their

doors; if indeed a public ball is given, they are perhaps asked through the captain—but such occurrences are rare; and it may be said that there is *nobody* in the fleet but the admiral and his captains!—so much for *society*!

Now though Rodman (who had retired earlier than his companions), did not wish to force the governor's hospitality, or ever once thought of such a person—yet did he know right well where the house was, imbosomed in a sweet park, and pleasure grounds, and sheltered from the fierce hurricanes that sometimes sweep the summit of the island.

Thither he betook himself before seven o'clock next morning, on the very best *hack* in the place, on a special mission—which was no other than to tell the captain of the young widow wanting a passage home.

That it was purely an act of charity for his countrywoman—it was not, bound are we to say—but no matter, he did well—and if the captain after seeing her, (which he had cogitated on a plan to bring about) should like to take the trouble on himself—so much the better! nay, he felt uneasy—very uneasy, lest he should, (pleading the general orders on this *womanish* head) refuse; he had just got

within the lodge gate when he met his man coming out on horseback too—on his way down to town, during the cool of the day; perhaps meaning to go on board; they were mutually glad to see each other, and the captain, who never in his life felt any thing like that little mean envy, the inhabitant of some narrow bosoms, which would exclude all participation in any good, was for turning back and introducing him—saying, “let’s breakfast first here, and then go down together.” This however Rodman would not allow—since of all things in the world his coming into town was what he most wanted just then—and going down the mountain together, he told him all about the widow and her wishes.

“Is she devilish handsome though?” said Oakheart laughing, —“O very!” returned Rodman—though he had not seen her—but Fatima had told him she was young and not bad looking; and he had arranged with her that she should get her mistress to write to the captain; as the chances were, all things considered, that he would give her a passage home—and that, in the most agreeable manner—for what is there comparable to a frigate for taking a passage in!—for comfort, elegance,

and speed ; but with such a captain !—the idea was quite delightful to the lady, and she quickly wrote a note to say if possible, how much obliged she should be—and truly so she might !—the chances were in her favour hollow—against all sorts of prudential motives, indeed even *orders* to the contrary, but captains have so much at their *discretion*—so many exceptions are there to general rules, that it might fairly be said to depend on his simple will and pleasure—what harm could two women do on board ? As for the room they took up, or their entertainment, that was entirely his affair, and so much trenched from his own comfort. In these cases the lady generally has the after cabin allotted her—and if she is handsome, and a *lady*, she is simply looked on by all on board as a sort of *divinity*.

Oakheart was not made of the stuff to refuse this request—he waited on the lady the first thing with Rodman, who fairly confessed he took a lively interest in the maid. The lady was found not *quite* so young or handsome as was anticipated, but still with many charms ; and what was still better, she was decidedly genteel, and accomplished :—true she

was very pale, as all our country women are after a year or two in India—but this did but make her appear the more *interesting*. For the few days the ship remained in port, the captain became her constant visitor, and by the time she came on board they were the best friends in the world.

At length the ship weighed, homeward bound—and not until all hands had had a taste of the shore, and were pretty well tired of the monotony of St. Helena.

The women being on board, much enlivened the evenings, in which a dance, (the weather permitting) never failed to take place; when the lady and her maid were the coveted partners of the officers alternately, as they tripped it down the weather side of the quarter deck—for whatever the more youthful Fatima wanted in consequence and fairness of complexion, she made up in beauty—of which alone the true blues thought; and Rodman was not a little envied, when it was pretty well guessed who was her *favorite* among them all—and, in spite of a desperate attempt on her heart by Belair; who had worked himself up to a most lackadaisical love fit—nor was he without another rival, not indeed so formidable, but,

equally assiduous, no other than Weazel, who smiled, and winked, and squeezed her hand when he could get her as a partner—and did the “*amiable*,” with as much grace as the most accomplished bear in Polito’s Menagerie—but, alas, it was all thrown away—Fatima only thought of her first acquaintance, and he was, perhaps, the most worthy of her partiality; and if her mistress could have been insensible to the merits of such a man as Captain Oakheart (setting the obligation she was under to him, by giving her this delightful passage aside) she must have been a cold hearted creature and not worth a fig!

But this reproach she did not deserve—we have reason to think they were mutually satisfied with each other—he paying her every delicate attention in his power—and she unfolding daily fresh acquirements, joined to such a mind, as made him thank his auspicious stars, for throwing her in his way. At last they made Old England once more, and were shortly after snugly moored in Plymouth Sound.

No sooner were they fast than all the mids began scribbling home—some purely affectionate letters—others to tell all about what

they had done, but the greater part were to beg a *small* supply of *cash*, as the most urgent demands were made for their mess, clothes, and other unavoidable expences. Young Hawser, too, wrote home directly—telling his father that he was quite reconciled to the sea—that he had grown half a head taller, and a number of other interesting particulars, too tedious to mention; among which, however, a demand for *cash* was not forgotten:—and, indeed, poor fellow, he had more want of it than any other on board—as out of his slender stock the caterer had only left him a few halfpence—some of it going for a sort of sea stock (which he never could, by any chance, make out as forthcoming) before they left port, and another supply demanded for potatoes, &c. at St. Helena.

Very true Mr. Hawser's (for as he now began to look something like a man, we must dub him mister occasionally) appearance was not to be despised, for, with the help of the ship's tailor, and the coat, &c. he got of Belair—he went on shore, at St. Helena, a very smart knowing looking *Reefer*--not forgetting Rodman's dirk by his side—but, however magnificent his wardrobe, innumerable were

his wants now in harbour ; and as for his pay, it was something more than midshipman's *half-pay*, as Toby said, that being three farthings a year, paid quarterly !—but not to be run away with by the clerk's sayings—his full pay, as ordinary seaman (for there were no mid's ratings vacant for him) amounted to just six pounds thirteen shillings and six-pence a year ; or about four-pence half-penny a day !

Now Plymouth was a dear place—supposing, at his age, he had been (as so many poor mid's are obliged to be) a great economist.

But he had not yet learned so profound an art—nor that other, still more deep and enviable ; in which Gay was an adept—namely, how to “*spend half a crown out of six pence a day*,” as the old song has it—trust, or credit, among the tradesmen at Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Gravesend, or Sheerness, is at no time a very difficult thing with a promise of Prize-money held out ; if the *gentleman* is a dashing sort of “*geman*,” talks large, and never looks at the items—when, care is always taken to provide for *long outstanding* and the *bad debts* of others—much as it is in town



with certain dandies, who have more wit than money, and more pride than either !

But Mr. Shroud *put a stopper* on some of their wants, declaring he would give no leave to any of them until the masts were got in ; and the ship once more victualled for six months, and ready for sea ; and many were the hearty d——ns he got for it, as they discussed their hard lot occasionally over their *fresh beef and grog*.

The usual routine of duty went on, the ship was hauled into Catwater, the harbour—parties of men, with one of the lieutenants and a couple of mids, were on duty every day at the dock-yard ; where the gunner, and carpenter, and boatswain, occasionally superintend the necessary work doing in their respective departments of wood, iron, and hemp. *Progress* was reported to the port-admiral daily—while the captain, having bid adieu to his fair passenger (she going on to London) promising to see her the very first leave of absence he obtained—was as usual, a frequent guest with the admiral, with an occasional visit to some of the neighbouring nobility and gentry—generally on board once a day, having his lodgings in Plymouth dock, as it is

called, a part of that straggling town, in the immediate vicinity of his ship — for be it known to all the uninitiated, captains do not live on board their ships in harbour. So that from the time, a man of war is fast by the head, the first lieutenant assumes all the authority of commander on board.

And truly, he had need of some little *power*, to sweeten the villainous fag that officer has to go through with. If he takes things much *to heart*, the shore he never touches once, while in harbour; never has he a minute to himself, if fitting out—from daylight till nine or ten at night; when he turns in, fairly worn out with fatigue of mind and body, of the day—nor can those not of the service form any conception of the real drudging and slavery, he must get through; for he is looked to for everything—not only the exact and real state of every item that comes on board, for the interior, but with the ship's external appearance. So that frequently, he has to be in twenty different places at once; and have an eye every where.

We have known a young fellow, (now a peer of the realm) never quit the ship a moment (unless with the boatswain, in the jolly-

boat, to see the yards squared) for *two years!* but this is a rare instance of self-denial, and not at all necessary.

True, with such mere sailors as Shroud, the confinement was not so irksome, as it would have been to either of the other officers. For, first of all, he had a taste for nothing, but the immediate command and occupation of his office. He never bothered his brains about the fine arts! music to him, was a mere sound, that signified nothing; the drawlings of a bag-pipe, (or drum and fife) as good as the finest overture of Mozart, Beethoven, or Rossini, executed by the band of the '*grand opera*' or '*Favart*;' not that, indeed, he had ever heard either—but he had been mortally *ennuiéd*, at the King's Theatre once, listening to Don Giovanni; and that was enough for him—again, he cared not how the world wagged, for he was no politician—the luxuries and elegancies of private life, he knew nothing about, so could not miss them—nor the charms of an educated female's society. For he could hardly recollect the time, when he had spoken to any one of *that stamp*—and as he had dined in the cabin coming home, was sorely put to it, to shape his discourse to the

lady's taste ! feeling excessively awkward, without being willing to believe he was, or that others should either ; so that it sometimes threw him into the most ridiculous embarrassments between silliness and impudence.

Independent of all this, he really was very indifferent about the shore—and when he did pass a day by accident on *terra firma*, the greater part of it was observed (after he had had a few games at billiards) to be at the tavern window, looking at the passers by—then his watch—then at the glass (for he had no mean opinion of his outward man) ; in short, with that sort of *tedium* that is sure to sit on a vacant mind, thrown off its usual jog-trot ; in other words, he was on shore exactly like a fish out of water—and thence, he was more content to be on board ; where he found himself looked up to as *somebody*—for as to *naval-officers* in a sea-port, or any town in England—they are, in the estimation of the good inhabitants, considered but as a poor set of devils—coming, if any thing, after the half-pay army-officer, who generally manages to *show off more*, and at any rate be a greater favourite with the girls—talk of a

regiment in garrison ! or trooping the guard, or in marching order with the band playing and colours flying ! or at a ball—alas, the unfortunate *blue coat* has no sort of chance.

These facts considered, there is no great wonder that the *mere sailor* cuts but a poor figure on shore—and longs to be once more, where *he can have something to say for himself*, and be looked on with a kind of solemn and measured respect.

Nor is the order of things much altered within the last twenty years—we have, indeed, a greater number of awkward attempts at “*cutting it fat*,” as Jack says—a greater number of *dandy* sailors, if we may so say ; in which the increased self-sufficiency has, we fear, more than out-stripped the increased quantum of *knowledge*, of any sort—either of the *world*, or things most admired in it. Some young fellows there are, who have even as boys, seen some good society—and who, themselves, belong to good families ; and who have had a smattering in some of the elegant accomplishments—but if they have left the naval college, young ; (or rather home) this is, after all, but just enough to

make them vain, not valuable—they may, indeed, *cut a caper* over some of the more hum-drum sort, they may find in the mess; and by them, indeed, they generally measure their own importance; which (though of very small dimensions) may be boundless on board ship!—thence, an overweening arrogance; that, no matter what merit there may be at bottom, is ever so truly disgusting. Thence the vast airs of *consequence*, that have been of late years observed, and a sort of wish to split the service up into *distinct coteries*; and make “*exclusives*,” in imitation of certain *soi disant exclusives*, in the west end of London! These are some of the very best of England’s children, were they not *spoiled children*—but in a truly manly and dignified scale, they are utterly insignificant as Englishmen—while they would say, “*We alone, are worthy notice—the rest of the island are a poor set!*”

This contemptible feeling seems to increase more and more, as luxury overspreads our island—to be *distinguished*, is natural enough—must be—will be—but at home we are sure to carry things to a ridiculous excess—thence, too, the higher orders are

aped, by the next below them, only to receive a coarser daub of the ridiculous ; till at last, like fashion, it is to be hoped, the more refined, will go back to the *solid* and the *plain* once more, if only in contra-distinction to a mighty herd of rich and purse-proud, that tread close at their heels—but, whatever may be the order of things on shore, the Lord help us, from its getting a footing among our sailors! So will they, indeed, be neither flesh, nor fish! the sterling good qualities they were once so famous for, under Nelson, Jervis, Hood, Howe, and many other revered names, in our naval annals ; will have been frittered away, without leaving any counterbalancing good—not that it is meant to assert, that a man may not be an accomplished gentleman and a good officer at the same time—Captain Oakheart, is an example to the contrary—or, that the midshipmen and lieutenants may not have a few ideas apart, from knocking the sails about and keeping the watch—there was—and still is, much room for improvement on this head—what we wish to enforce is, the total banishment of certain petty distinctions, that may be very well understood in the *red-book*, and about *Park-lane*—but

are utterly contemptible and ridiculous, when attempted to be transplanted elsewhere, either aboard ship or abroad !

For this we may bow to the superior sense of our neighbours, the French, who have very little notion of such nonsense.

If, as we fear, there are some *incorrigibles* in this particular in our service, who would be shocked to death at seeing a *messmate* in the same *contre-danse* with them at Almack's, unless he got in through the same small opening left for certain families—we say if there are such, we recommend their travelling a little—and contemplate in other climes how poor a figure such a recommendation deservedly cuts—if they are not already confirmed blockheads, they will join their ships much better fellows, and more sensible men, than when they set out—but what do we say?—let the whole set of exclusives take a lesson if they will—not at their ambassador's, in Paris, or the French court, possibly—but by studying the people at large ; so will so petty a source of distinction be dried up where it should be, at the fountain head, and leave nothing more noble than the name of an enlightened *Englishman* to wish for. Ours is



an age that will scarce admit of that sort of foolery, fostered by insolence and prejudice—and yet—strange it should linger longer with us, than with our neighbours of the continent!

But we are digressing too far, and should, before this, have observed that Rodman did not part with the lady's humble companion unmoved, and many were their tender adieus!

We have said, she was the *slave* of the lady she served, but that part of her bondage had been long since done away with, even when she quitted *Java*, where she was born—on being sent to this lady, she became free, from the mere circumstance of being under the English flag; but Mrs. — had too good a heart to have wished to keep her by any other tie than the girl's affection.

She herself had been some years in India, and, forgetting the customs and manners of her own country, was not a little struck at the extreme distance her friends' servants were kept at, as if they had belonged to a different species!—at first she was shocked, but though she soon became accustomed to it, she frequently assured her affectionate girl that she should ever continue to treat her on

the same footing as when in India; that is, rather as an humble friend, than her servant, frequently sitting with her mistress when alone.

The return of post brought back replies and supplies, in answer to the young tars for the most part; Horatio got a five-pound note, inclosed in the following letter from his sister.

“Bubbleton Ccttag, May 12.

“My dear Horatio,

“Papa is laid up with a fit of the gout, and has desired me to write to you—you can’t think what joy it has given us all, your safe return to your native country after so long a voyage—and that you like the sea service has given dear papa the liveliest pleasure—indeed it has been the first time for some weeks that he has seemed to enjoy himself, he has been so tormented with his old enemy. I have a thousand things to tell you, dear brother, and hardly know where to begin.

“First, however, I must let you know that *Jin* and *Crop* are in excellent order, and neighed the other day, as if asking after you;

*Dash* frisked about, as your letter was reading, as if, poor creature, it had been sensible from whom it came.

“Mamma is very well, and so are William and Henry; William, who the baronet has taken a great fancy to, and since he has been home from school, he has been almost constantly there—by the bye, they gave a grand ball, to which half the county were invited, and I was not forgotten; pa’ and ma’ excused themselves, I went with brother, and I had, let me tell you, the luck to have several very smart partners; my gracious! how long since I danced before!—ever since I left Mrs. Palaver’s seminary at Highgate.

“Do you recollect that very pretty girl, Miss Joyce, who was there? you know when you came to see me with papa!—well, she was at the ball, and is living not far off—I do really think she is more beautiful than your *favourite*, who was, however, superb—but then she is so beautifully dressed always!

“I had on a simple muslin frock, and flowers in my hair. One of my partners quoted that line, I won’t say how *a-propos*, of Thompson’s to me—and though so trite, I

confess I felt flattered—though I should like to have been a little more “*adorned*,” but I never looked better—nor felt better in my life than I do now.

“The spring has returned, and with it ten thousand sweet enjoyments, and I am divided between my birds and my flowers, and my rambles in the green fields—I miss you, dear Horatio, so much you can’t think, nobody now to get up for a morning walk with me, and William wont; little Betsy, who was, I know, a favourite of yours, has gone to service at a very good place in London; and the old farmer and his wife are delighted, though I’m sure they could ill spare her.

“I have improved very much on the piano since you left us, and papa says, if possible, he wishes you to keep up what you already know of the violin, till one of these days, when he says, you shall have a proper master.

“Poor papa has not touched his for a long time.—You know what pleasure he used to take in playing his capricios as he walked up and down the parlour. I should so like you to accompany me—here there is not a soul—

Mr. Thomas is too fine a gentleman, even to take up the flute when he calls; though, to-be-sure, his playing, when he did condescend to, was any thing but harmonious! but I have ceased to ask him. I do think those universities of Oxford and Cambridge spoil all the young men, at least make them most insufferably vain and ill-bred.

“There were a goodly bevy of them at the ball, who all stood together in a knot, to criticise the rest—and not one of them would dance, till Lady Highrouge went among them and declared they should, whether they liked it or not—on which they made a terrible favour of it, and asked their partners with a very ill grace.

“They say Mr. Timothy Paleface (who you recollect) has got great honours at Cambridge,—being senior *wrangler* this year; (papa says it’s something in Greek); however, he hopped about most wretchedly; putting me in mind of those queer Indian birds with long necks in pa’s large folio of plates.

“We enjoyed your description of your evening’s dances on the quarter deck! What a nice man the captain must be!

“How romantic at St. Helena! and then the lady and her Indian girl!—How fortunate they were, to get a passage home in so fine a ship!

“I do so long to hear your band play—Papa says, this summer, if you come to Portsmouth, he’ll take mamma and I down to the sea side, if he can manage so far to indulge us; I should be so enchanted to see the sea!—and the sea bathing is very good, they say, at Portsmouth.

“Mind you give us notice if you think you’ll come in there. Pa says Plymouth is too far off from us—the expence of the journey would be enormous: Ma sends a thousand loves; and pa sends you this—which, he says, you must manage with for a short time; he has written to the captain to arrange about your having some money, as you may want it—I wish, dear brother, it was in my power to add any thing—but all my little savings went to buy gloves, shoes, and ribbons for the ball, sorry am I to say!

“Heavens bless you, dear brother, and shield you from all the perils and dangers of the sea, and the enemy, should you be in battle—when I think of that, I am dreadfully alarmed!—

But we must rely on the mercy of the Almighty, and think that our destiny is in his hands—

“ Your affectionate sister,

“ MARIA HAWSER.

“ *P.S.* O, I forgot, Old Dan has begged to be remembered to you. Do you know, for some time, he has taken to frequenting the village ale-house; and, pa says, has so much neglected his work, that he is not sorry that he has given him warning.—What can have possessed the man?—he was so attentive you know! however, pa says he’ll let him go, since he seems to wish it.”

Close on the heels of this letter came the following from Sir Careless himself. Horatio, being on duty in the morning beef boat, had run up to the post office and found it, to his great joy—for who, except *men of business and statesmen*, dislikes letters!

“ Bubbleton Cottage, May 16th.

“ My dear Boy,

“ I have been laid up, fast by the leg, these three weeks, and not able to look

after things as I could have wished. Your first cruize has turned out full of adventures, though you were not so lucky as to meet the enemy, eh!—Never mind, you'll have better luck next time.

“ I suppose you're quite a sailor ! I'm glad of it—the noblest profession in the world ! Mind your duty, that's all ; no fear of the rest. Make my best compliments to Mr. Rodman, and convey my best acknowledgements to him for his kindness to you ; which, I hope, one day to have in my power to return him tenfold.

“ Didn't I tell you, the captain was the finest fellow in the world !—and one day, who knows, you may have as fine a ship under your command !—let him be your example in every particular ; you cannot have a finer model. I cannot think what “ *larks* ” those are you mention—I suppose the *charadrius*, or sea lark ! not the “ *alauda malecus æthera cantii* ! ”

“ I was speaking to my good friend, Sir Boniface Highrouge, the other day about you, and he has promised me his interest with certain men in power at the Admiralty for you, the moment your time is served—how



long is it? So that matter's settled—and if certain speculations, which I have in view, should turn out well (of which, by the bye, there is not a shadow of doubt); we shall presently put a very different face upon the matter, I can tell you, Horatio! and move in that sphere for which I was born—“*Surgit post nubilæ Phœbus!*”—I will explain this to you one of these days—it hinges on an estate, which should be mine, in Jamaica, from a grand aunt of yours—but as yet I can get no scent of a man who, at her death, got possession of the papers, and who, I fear, has been bribed to play the scoundrel—it's of no consequence—I hope he has gone to the devil!—it seems he has quitted England—but I have other clues to follow should I hear nothing more of him.

“I have desired your sister, to inclose you a small present supply; of which, mind and be very careful—money is so scarce, that I know not what to do; the wheat and oats I so much relied on, in the North Down fields, have turned out but indifferent, and the brindled cow, to mend the matter, took it into her head to die; like a fool, I refused 20*l.* for her only a week before. Master Daniel,

has required a great deal of looking after of late—and seems disposed to leave me.

“I shall let him go—I cannot be worse served; what the foolish old fellow has got in his head, I can’t for the life of me guess—I can hardly suppose, Sir Boniface has inveigled him away on the strength of his reputation as a good groom!—impossible; however, he has given me warning—and I must look about me the first moment I can get out.

“I am torn to pieces by ten thousand different things that require deliberation—and yet your mother thinks there’s nothing in the world to look after, but these dirty acres—but I never can make her understand there are other things of infinitely more consequence to us. She is well—so are we all; if I except this villainous gout—but I am easier.

“I wish to God you were with me!—but there’s an end of that.

“I have got William home—not that he is of use to me—and, indeed, I hardly ever see him. Sir Boniface has taken a great liking to him, and as I am in hopes he may do something eventually for him, (as he is the county mem-

ber you know) I let him idle there—and there he is, six days out of the week—so that every thing falls on my shoulders. You have heard, I suppose, that the French carry every thing before them by land—and there they must be content to stop—while we have our wooden walls!—

“I shall write to the captain, and arrange about a small allowance to you—but I am sorry to say, it cannot be above twenty-pounds a year, with which, and your pay, which I suppose is something pretty handsome, you may make a shift for the present.

Mind you write to us often—and let me know when you sail at least, and when you arrive.

“God bless you, my dear boy,  
“your affectionate father,

CARELESS F. HAWSER.

“*P.S.*—I must find some means of sending you your fiddle—mind, I *expect* you will practice now and then, if possible, and not forget what you know; as the first steps are the most difficult—*cultivate it*, and it will be your fast friend through life! perhaps the

most delightful!—don't mind their quizzing you, if they should—fools are ever apt to quote *Chesterfield* about it—all nonsense; I have seen the violin played with the most finished *grace*; recollect, however, *fiddling*, and “*Playing the violin*,” are distinct matters; I conclude, you have *fiddlers* enough at the sea ports: if any of them try to laugh you out of it, tell 'em the *Prince of Wales* has studied, and plays well on the violoncello! mark that!”——

## CHAPTER XV.

Some account of '*Twenty-four Hours Leave*' on shore, which wind up with a Duel, and a more ludicrous Trial of Strength, between two sage Marine Philosophers.

---

HAVING got possession of the said letter, which may be seen in the last chapter, our youngster read it as he made the best of his way back to the boat, being pretty well aware that he had quitted her and his boats' crew at his own risque—with nothing to trust to but the *cockswain's word*, as to, not letting the boat's crew get away to the neighbouring pot houses, and gin shops.

Now, a cockswain has, unfortunately, very little authority over his crew, in the first place ; and in the next, is always loth to exercise the little he has—leaving all the odium of command in the proper hands—the officer's !

No sooner was his back turned, therefore, than those fellows all set off, except the boat-

keeper—with no other remark from the said cockswain, than,—I say, mind “b —y into me, don’t get a feller in trouble, that’s all—bear a hand!” betaking himself to the same *rendezvous*; wisely thinking, that his staying by the boat alone, was of no sort of use.

When, therefore, our hero found them all off, heaven knew whither—except the boat-keeper—certain unpleasant sensations came across him, and the immediate images that obtruded themselves, were Mr. Shroud, and the mast head! for the one was inseparable from the other, whenever that dire officer had occasion to find fault—being the *minimum* of his punishments, for all sorts of piccadilloes.

The boat-keeper assured him they were only “*A boat hook’s*” length off, and would be back in a *shake*! which short period, extending to an hour, and no signs of the jockeys, he betook himself in quest of the rascals, sorely troubled in mind—and after running all over Dock, Stonehouse, and *Plymouth, proper*, (having duly paid that most shameful toll, at the bridge) he at last contrived to get them once more down: some of them—staggering under the influence of *heavy wet*!

“Very well, you d—d rascals, this is the way you serve me, is it? But I’ll take care you’ll not stir an inch another time—and you, Mr. Coxwain, this is the way you keep them down, is it?”—“Who—I—I sir,—I told ’em not to start tack or sheet—did’nt—did’nt I Sam? you knows as how I did—but it’s no use—come bear a hand—don’t you see the officer’s a waiting; come hand along the slack there—shove off; I hope no offence sir; it’s the first time!”—“O aye! very well; I shall know better another time what to do; you know I shall be answerable for this; come give way my lads!”—“Very sorry, sir; ’t an’t much arter the time—the admiral an’t crossed top gallant yards above.” “Yes sir, above—above an hour do you mean?”—“Pull away, and be d—d to ye! you shan’t serve me this way again.”

Shortly after this dialogue they got along side—all still—the mate of the watch, as Hawser reached the deck, greeting him with—“I say, you’ll catch it! its near two bells! the hands would have been turned up long ago, only the top-gallant yards wern’t up smart enough, and they’ve been kept running ’em up for half an hour, Mr. Shroud’s in a h—ll of a humour about it, and asked twice if

the beef boat had come off!—and who was in her.

Accordingly Hawser no sooner got his head inside the gun room door, where the said officer was sulkily eating his breakfast, than he was saluted with—“So, Mr. Hawser, pretty time, d—n me sir, to keep the boat—by G-d I’ll keep you at the mast head for forty-eight hours!”—“Sir, I!”—“Silence sir!—no jaw! not a word—send the mate of the watch down to me—and do you stay on deck, sir, till I come up—you shall have leave to go on shore with the rest, with a *long hook*—you shall!”

There being no appeal from the word “*silence*,” Hawser made the best of his way on deck; and sending the mate down as ordered, trudged to and fro, meditating on the *mast head*, which he detested—and his breakfast, which just then seemed likely to be put off *sine die*.

Meantime descend we to the berth to see what they are at there, where they were all mustered in full force; for in harbour it is impossible to keep one of the watch on deck, except the *mate*, the rest thinking they have a sort of right by ancient usage to be off deck



at meal times, with the men, and considering they have extra boat duty, &c. in harbour, it is but fair.

“Old shiver the mizen,” said Gay, “pass us the loaf—what,—my eyes! why you’re in full tog, what, shore ahoy! going to *run your nag*, eh! old boy? I say look at Toby—he’s as smart as a *scraped carrot*!—well, whose going too?”—and looking round more closely, Gay, who had as usual, come to breakfast half dressed, and last, saw that some of the others had put on their best coats, clean frilled shirts, boots, &c., in short, there were evident symptoms of *twenty-four hours leave*! which, the time being arrived, Mr. Shroud had accorded to some half dozen—among whom were Toby, Smallhouse, Mr. Tugjunk, Mr. Gravity, and Mr. Lackwit, who had agreed to have a cruise together, dine together, &c., then go to the play—and to wind up with the usual *finish*.—“Damn it,” continued Gay, “I’ll go too—I say, Billybuffer, lend us your “*scraper*,” who’ll lend me a coat ho! *don’t all speak at once*!—come Lackwit, you’ve got more than you know what to do with—let’s have the silk ‘*lininger*’ I had at St. Helena” “Avast there,” cried

Lackwit, "pretty mess you made of it—but I don't so much care, I expect a cargo down from Bond street, *the last go*—in two days; you may have it—but I'll take odds you don't get leave!"—"B——t my eyes," says Tug-junk, "leave! why not? the embargo's off now an't it? what the b——y h—ll, is a fellow to be kept under hatches till doomsday?—I'd write to the captain if he didn't give me leave, I know that!"—"O no danger," returned Gay,—“we'll see ‘*in a shindy*,’”—so saying he slipped on his coat, and making his way round the gun-room table, addressed the arbiter of their destinies with, "Please sir, may I go ashore?" "You, Mr. Gay! why sir, I thought you were on the sick list; why, I've never seen you once this week past! where do you stow yourself to?"—"O yes, sir, I went in the launch after the kedge anchor you recollect,"—"O aye, the kedge!—yes I recollect, it was your watch, and you kept us waiting half an hour for you, as usual, but I suppose you must go—yes sir,—but mind you're off to your leave, or its the last time you get leave of me—the captain may do as he likes!"—"Thank ye sir, thank ye."

So saying, Gay ran back just in time to hear

Toby say, "well I wish he may come, but I'll lay"—"lay what?" "I'll tell you what, shall I, old *rum-puncheon!*"—"what?"—"why *I'll lay you a — against your teeth,*"—"O that's stale," retorted the other,"—"well so much the better" rejoined Gay, "you're as *knowing as Kate Mullet*" retorted the clerk, "can you tell how many blue beans make five?"—"four and a half!"—\*\*\*\* who!—"Now I *have got leave*, so here goes, wash decks;" so saying Gay betook himself to his chest, where all was in that *orderly state* a midshipman's chest is described to be in, when "*every thing is uppermost and no - thing at hand;*" however, with the help of a clean shirt borrowed of one, coat of another, boots, and black silk handkerchief of a third, and scraper (cock'd hat) and hanger of Bilybuffer, at length behold the hon. Frederick Gay cap-a-pee.

And now the whisper ran round among them, that they'd have grand sport with Toby and Smallnose; the latter gentleman being clean shaved, with a miraculously *white* shirt on, and a frill half a yard long, nicely crimped, sticking bolt out!—his grey coat well brushed, and his whole outward man

made as smart as possible, looking as they said, "*cursed rum i'the drapery*"—"Let's have young Hawser with us," cried Gay, as they all ascended the ladder, "he's a good little fellow enough!"—"O, he's pinned for one while," said Lackwit—"he's got leave for the mast head a spell, besides, what the h—ll do we want with him, to be bothered with youngsters? Gay, however, made up to the said ill starr'd youth, saying—"Come ashore by and bye, when you *come down*, steer for the play-house tavern, Plymouth, there you'll find us old boy, d'ye hear."—"Ah! I wish I could," said Hawser, "but Mr. Shroud won't give me leave, I'm sure!"—"Never mind, try, you fool—nothing like trying."

So saying, the whole bevy went over the side into the cutter, manned expressly to take them on shore—in the most happy state in the world—not a care, not a thought, to check the greatest possible flow of animal spirits, with but one exception—that was the school-master—who thought it more becoming to wear a grave face on the matter—besides, he was rather dubious whether the day's expence would not be horribly heavy, in company with such a break-neck harum-scarum set of

chaps—not but that the captain had presented him with a ten-pound note, besides a small monthly allowance from the youngsters, which told up pretty handsomely—nor was Toby ill off; the captain was always extremely liberal to him; and if his *garments* were rather the worse for wear, it was not for want of the “*pockets*” being “*well lined*;” indeed the poorest of the whole party was Tugjunk, and he had a five-pound note in his fist, with which he hoped to have a good day’s work of it.

And now behold them all ashore, in a sort of delirium of joy; that they none of them knew *why*, was not the smallest consequence; the pleasurable feeling was but the more enhanced; they had got rid of *duty*! and the *ship*!—and were *free agents*—this feeling displayed itself in divers ways in the first five minutes, as they all pursued their way over Cat-down hill, famous for “Cat-down lions,” otherwise donkeys. Gay, taking a run, cleared Smallnose at a single leap! (as we see boys go over posts) his hanger indeed knocked off his hat, for the which he ran back and very gravely asked pardon, begging leave to try again, when he assured him he’d not

touch a hair of his head—to this Smallnose would by no means assent, declaring that if they were for playing any tricks, he must decline their company. “Come, come,” cried Toby, winking hard, “let’s go along quietly.” Hardly had he said this, when Tugjunk, going down on all fours behind him, ran sidelong between his legs, and the scribe saluted mother earth backwards—the bear, for this fun, had hard work to pacify Toby, who swore a very bitter oath no man should serve him so—“Come, let’s go along steadily—give us your arm, Smallnose—there, you take Toby in tow.” “No, thankye,” cried these two, in the same breath—“much obliged to ye *as if we had—thankye for nothing!*” when, taking each other’s arms for mutual defence, the others hooked on three abreast, bringing up the rear, and quizzing the ancients, as they called them; and after a few more runs and jumps, (one was clear over an apple-woman and her stall, making a bargain beforehand for sixpence “*a go,*”) they walked on towards the bridge more orderly, nor was it till they were all brought up, at this infamous *toll gate*, that they began to consult what they should do. Some were for one

thing, some for another—in which billiards, a ride, a visit to some *old friends*, were alternately proposed—at last Toby observed that “*any how*,” they must go on to the tavern to order dinner, and then every man might do as he pleased—and so ’twas settled.

The next thing was to try and force the passage over the bridge, which they one and all declared was “a rascally d—d shame.” “Why,” says Toby, strutting up to the toll-gate man, with his arms a kimbo, “arn’t you paid for this yet?—you will *go on*, taking a fellow’s blunt, eh!—you’ve been paid fifty times over any time these twenty years!—do you know who I am? I’ll write up to government about it, *d—n me!*” “I neither knows nor cares,” answered the two-legged Cerberus—“pay’s the word.” At this, Toby, pretending to feel in his breeches pockets for ha’pence, suddenly bolted through, and the rest would have followed, but were stopped by an assistant’s shutting to the wicket, while the other ran after Toby—and this *race* was a rich treat—Toby, they all declared, should run for the next plate, so cleverly did he handle his legs—but an unlucky stone tripped him up, and he came down in a puddle just

as the receiver of pence was out of wind and about to let him go—and now ensued a volley of abuse between this pair, which, however, ended in Toby and the whole of them, paying—and wishing them and the bridge and their masters—in the bottom or pit of Pluto's regions! Luckily for Toby, the puddle where he had just measured his length, was a *clean one*, so that he only got his coat and elbows and knees cased with a little *pure* mud—in this trim, they pursued their march through the town, and arrived without further accident at that public house or inn under the same roof with the theatre, well known to reefers and other blue coats; and, being ushered into the coffee-room, quickly disturbed every other soul in it, vociferating, “Waiter! boy! glass of water; toothpick and cinders for two;” “let's have a barbecued cat!” said a second; “have you got no nice pickled alligator?” says a third; to all which, getting nothing but negatives, they all instantly wished to know what the devil they had got? This joke being played off, while the waiters, (pretty well used to many hard words from the gemmen), stood rubbing their hands in the most obsequious position, ex-



pecting, as a matter of course, like the grave magistrate on more solemn occasions, a shilling extra for every fresh oath; "Well, at length," cries Tugjunk, "bring a swab and a bucket, and dry rub the clerk a bit;" at this, the waiters beheld Toby's pickle, and smiled at each other, while they began, in good earnest, at his invitation, to rub him down with their towels and brushes—"that's your sort, my hearties, lay on." Presently they called for wine, by way of whet, finishing a couple of bottles of that execrable drug, called *port* wine, which landlords in England keep for the refreshment of all those condemned to such entertainment—under the general head of "*neat wines*," and "*particular*," "*old crusted*," &c. Toby pronounced it, as he smacked his lips and Smallnose's back, "*the real thing*," or "*hang Roper*," to the which Smallnose very gravely assented! nor were the rest less content.

And now, having made noise enough, rapping on the table with their swords, kicking the benches with their heels, and calling for all the papers, one after another, while some read aloud, to the great annoyance of several poor peaceable *civilians*, or *muftis*, in the

room; they ordered dinner—in which they were content simply to order every thing, in season and out of season, to be got in the town, and not to be got—it was no matter, d—n their eyes!—it must be had, or they might stand clear! exactly at five o'clock. This point being settled, Gay, Tugjunk, and Lackwit went and played a pool at billiards, while Toby and the schoolmaster, after taking the waiter aside, were seen ushered into a little back parlour, dedicated to smoking, where, shortly after, they were followed by bottles and glasses, and bread and cheese, and cold fowl and ham—where, for the present, we must leave these worthy gentlemen, to look after the rest.

'This trio, had not been long at billiards, before one of those disputes arose, so common among hot-headed young men. Mr. Tugjunk, who knew no more of billiards, than billiards did of him, after striking his ball and missing the hazard, must needs push his ball with the butt end of the cue, and as instantly, was this unfair game exclaimed against, by Gay—who said, "Come, Master Tugjunk, none of your gammon, a bottle of wine depends on the first dead man—I shan't allow

foul play.” “Foul my ——,” returned the former, “*you allow.*” “Yes, sir,” replied Gay, walking up to him, “*I*, you understand plain English,—since you come to that—you *shan’t* do it! play fair or not at all.” “Oh! you be d——d,” retorted the other, “who cares for what you say.” “I’ll tell you what it is, Mr. Tugjunk,” replied Gay, “we are now on shore, and you won’t carry it, as you have done. I’ve already put up with a good deal of your coarse abuse, and I do’nt forget what happened at sea, the day you were clobbered—that’s not settled yet, to my satisfaction, by a long way!” “Well,” cried the other, “how are ye going to settle it, eh? b——t me, how will you settle it?” and throwing down his cue, he at the same time advanced on Gay, in a threatening attitude—adding “I would settle you in two minutes—or a dozen such!” Gay was now extremely exasperated, and seizing his cue by the small end, said “He’d knock him down, if he advanced a step further.” Lackwit now interfered, but in such a way as only to postpone matters, not quiet them.

“If he’s a *gentleman*,” cried Gay, “let him come now, and let us decide this affair

like officers—if not, he's not worth my noticing ; nor will I dine with him, unless he does—I insist on it *now*, this moment ; we have our swords, and we want nothing more—you should be a match for me—if I'm the better sword's-man, you're the strongest.

Mr. Tugjunk, by this time, put upon his mettle, (and the rather, as Lackwit observed, “ Certainly, they ought to behave like gentlemen, or they had no business to be officers in His Majesty's service ”)—seemed for a moment to contemplate laying aside his *fists*, as so much pure loss—but ashamed of being behind hand—said, “ Well, my game chicken, since nothing else will serve your turn, I'll accommodate you ! ”

Thereupon, they all three sallied out ; making towards the hills, without the town—Gay leading the way ; Tugjunk, close after him ; and Lackwit bringing up the rear, as umpire and witness. Nor were they long, before, getting into a bye lane, they arrived at a field which seemed tolerably retired, and fitted for action.

Jumping over the style, Gay threw off his hat and coat, and drawing his sword, (a sort

of good solid cut and thrust, the property of the caterer)—threw himself on his guard, according to the most approved method, as taught in the French army. At the sight of his naked weapon and determined manner, as he told him to “Come on, the sooner over the better”—Lackwit, did not seem to relish the affair—and calling out, “Avast there!” as he got over into the field—was for healing the breach without mortal issue; addressing them alternately, with, “What d——d nonsense this is!” “This is going too far! And, besides, I’m neither of your seconds; mind that—I wash my hands clear of it, unless you’ve another second, in a fair way.” “Humbug!” cried Gay, “we want no seconds—come sir, come on!” “Aye, aye, boy,” answered his antagonist, lugging out his cold iron “here we go, don’t think, I care a tinker’s d——n for your French gigamaree’s, other people can handle a sword as well as a *parlez vous* son of a b—h! mind your napper case.”

So saying, Mr. Tugjunk, rushed on him with uplifted sabre, single stick fashion, which was the only fence he happened to be skilful in—and had the blow he levelled at

Gay's head, taken place, it would have been quite enough ; but, he parried it, and *Tugjunk* unable to recover any kind of guard, quick enough, got pricked, though not very badly, in the left arm ; Gay's sword traversing through his waistcoat. At this, Lackwit, thinking he was run through, stepped up, and swore that was enough—" You've made a pretty days work of it — he's a dead man !"

" Who the devil's dead ?" said *Tugjunk*, " it's nothing—come, it's my turn now !" So saying, he made another cut, but luckily without effect, and Gay, stepping back, instead of returning the blow, to which he was completely open, called to him, that he was " Satisfied—if *he* was? you see," said he, " I have the best of it, and I should be loth to take advantage of you ; Lackwit must see, you were open to me again, then — let's leave off !"

" O ho ! is that it !" cried Mr. *Tugjunk*—" that is if I please ! you began, I ought to finish." " Come, *Theophilus*," said Lackwit, laying hold of the bear, there's enough—first blood drawn, is as good as a bucket full—besides you're no match for Gay at this ;" " You

be d—d ! “ says Tugjunk,” who told you so ? teach your granny to suck eggs !”

“ Come, “ come, returned the first,” there’s enough, I tell you ; take your coat off, and let’s see mun, if we can bind up your arm a bit.”

Accordingly, with much ado, Tugjunk consented to sheath his sword—and Gay, who was the best natured creature in the world, flung his weapon down, and ran to help him ; giving him his hand to shake—heartily sorry to see him bleed—though luckily, he was but slightly wounded, through the fleshy part of the forearm : truly characteristic of Gay, he instantly seized his own shirt, at the top of the arm, and with his sword, cutting the upper part, tore half the sleeve down in strips, in an instant.

“ O d—n my eyes ! “ said Tugjunk,” you’re a hearty good fellow, but no ’casion to tear your shirt ;” “ What signifies,” said Gay—nor was it long, before they got his arm as well dressed, as if Mr. Gravity had been with them ; which worthy gentleman, had on their first landing, gone to see an old chum, and fellow collegian of his, a certain apothecary in the town.

They were now as good friends as ever, all three walking back to the tavern, arm in arm, —Tugjunk, however, every now and then, shaking his head, and saying, “I say Fred. if you’d got that ’ere first cut, ’twould have done your business! eh!—“Aye, aye! fortune of war!” “I tell you fairly, I was damn’d savage! that second cut too! was enough—to—I can’t think what luck you had to get clear! d—n my eyes! eh! come, let’s drown sorrow and old grudges; I bear no malice, so God is my judge; and Lackwit knows, I fear no man that ever stepp’d!”

“I do,” says Lackwit, “that I’ll vouch for”—“So will I,” said Gay! And now they, all being arrived once more at the tavern, sat down to a bottle of wine, to drink each other’s healths.

They were thus sitting enjoying themselves, when a new sort of dispute was heard in the passage—quickly recognised to be the voices, pitched in different discordant keys, of Smallnose and Toby; the only part of this disjointed dialogue that reached them, ran thus: “I’ll break your head sir—sir,” I’ll—Do if you dare! you good for nothing man! Smallnose replied—“You d—d old done \* \* tatterdemallion—tell me, indeed! you know



no more of the Emperor of ———" "You're a false man and a bad man! and as ignorant as mud! you talk of the state of Europe indeed!"

Here the scuffle advanced towards where the three midshipmen sat; Lackwit ran to the door, "Here's fun" said he, as he opened it; and lo, and behold, Toby was seen in close gripe with the schoolmaster aforesaid—who now, bawled out, "Make him let go, let go, sir; oh cursed deceitful man! let go! O he'll choke me oh!"

"Ahoy there, my hearties! *had you any words before you fell out?* old hard a weathers!" cried Tugjunk; "Oh, gentlemen, I'm glad you've not gone out—this scribe; this Toby has used me most shamefully—only just because I put him to rights, as we were conversing peaceably together, and I thought no harm, so help me!—" "What now—sir Toby Aguecheek? what say'st thou?"

"D—d old ass," cried the enraged Toby; *ha, ha, "Shall we have incision? Shall we embrue?"* come, let him go!

Here Lackwit interfered, and took the schoolmaster from the gripe of the scribe, who, however, had got a scratch on the nose in the

struggle, which he wiped ever and anon, as he came into the room; gentlemen, you shall judge, says he; here was this old gander, who I took pity on, and—"You take pity on me—I deny it! gentlemen, that's not true! interrupted Smallnose—I defy him."

"Gentlemen!" continued Toby, for they had now got their new combatants seated at opposite sides of the table, and called for more glasses. "Give 'em a little wet," cried Lackwit, "they're dry: What were you both at in there?" "That's it," said Smallnose, "didn't I propose to you, Mr. Toby, to take a little walk on Cat Down, or along Stonehouse Lane; if there was no danger of bad company!—but, no, gentlemen, there was no getting him away while there was a drop in the"—"All false as h—ll," cried Toby; "if this was the last drop—this, mind ye, I ever tipped over tongue!—but if I did—I say—*'damn'd be he who first cries hold, enough!'*" "Come, Mr. Toby, the fag end of a speech won't get you off." "Who, I—I scorn your allegation—no, 'by all the mysteries of Hecate and the night'—'the orbs!'—the"—"I say, old boy, why you're rather *far gone!*" "Who, I? no—I indeed, I know better—

than—that—not so green! d'ye take? But as for '*Old B—— the beau*,' there; he knows no more of Europe, d'ye see, than I—do—of the Emperor of China! and that's not much, curse me! Says I—says I, Mr. Small-nouse; (and I was helping him to his whack)—can you deny that? can you deny that?—says I Mr. Smallnouse; Mr. No-nouse, says I—the war's not done yet, says I—and, says he, 'I think not!' Didn't you say the word?—come, tell the truth and shame the devil!—well, says I, the war's not over—and what'll come after 's, hard to tell. '*Not at all*,' says he."

"I did," said Smallnouse, "and will say it again, is a man to be brow beat in such a way for nothing?" Toby continued, "Says I—the war is all about that imp of darkness, Bonaparte—Didn't I say so—will you deny that? then says you '*fie! fie!*' who, *fie?*—a fico for your *fie*, '*the fig of Spain!*' " "There now, you see, gentlemen; he thinks to make himself out, right, by his flimsy quotations, which have nothing to do with what I said—I said *fie*—not to call any fellow creature an *imp of darkness!*—and then, gentlemen, he started up and asked me, if I wished to affront

him ! God knows nothing was farther from my wishes—a little friendly argument is wholesome, and proper, and comfortable : but not to be bullied for nothing ! and then he said, he'd have me hung as a spy, and for praising the French emperor."

" I'd hang you and him on the same gibbet !" cried Toby. " Come, come, Toby—be not so wrathful, most magnanimous mouse ! come, shake hands—you are old allies," cried Gay ; " hand out your daddle Smallnose—there now—d ——n Europe—is dinner ready ?—ring the bell, it's five o'clock."

The two *civil* champions having shaken hands, they shortly after, all went to dinner, joined by Mr. Gravity, and later, by Hawser, who, having been at the mast head three hours, was, at the intercession of Rodman, called down. When, venturing to tell his worthy friend how much he wished to join Mr. Gay, for the afternoon, he got him leave ; when the youngster soon dressed himself in his best things—but a new difficulty occurred ; there was no boat going on shore ! long did poor Hawser walk the deck, in the hope of catching a passing *wherry*—at last one came near enough, and getting into her, he soon

reached the tavern, where he was just in time for dessert, and when all the squabbles were happily adjusted.

The table had been well loaded with extra solids, in which many *delicacies* of the season were interspersed;—a haunch of venison, which, had they not with one accord (holding their noses)—ordered out, would have driven every mother's son of them from the table.

"Ahoy! landlord," cried Tugjunk, "'ware carrion! clear the decks!" the landlord, who *attended* for the honor of so rich a harvest, assured the gentlemen, that the venison had cost him an immense price, and was in the most exquisite order, according to the greatest epicure in that country, Lord Fargone—"D—n Lord Fargone," said Toby—"Where does he live?" let him have it for's dinner; "*Fresh meat*, old cock—*fresh* for your life, let's have it *fresh*!"

The next *delicacy* that did not go down, was an enormous gible pie, that had been made only about three weeks before, for a ball and supper, and *rechauffié*. Lackwit had made an attack on this fortress, but found the walls so tough, that he was fain to leave off: beef, pork, old cocks, in all shapes—and

stale fish, in as many, formed the centre—flanked by sundry “*kickshaws*,” as Tug-junk said; and certainly lots of good vegetables: indeed, it was a feast for the gods! not including the “*delicacies of the season*,” and accordingly, they all played away—washing down with lots of ale, and the aforesaid Port wine, and *neat Madeira*; which excellent stuff, had certainly never been made in any other country, than good old England—where exist the most thriving manufactories: “But times were very hard; *duties enormous*, so that it was impossible to have it at less, than six and eight shillings the bottle.

Then they had champaigne, and that was exactly a *pound*! but what of that? was it not the *ne plus ultra* of wines?—and how d—d low, shabby, and rascally, as Mr. Lackwit said (in reply to some demur on the part of Smallnose) “not to have it, and d—n the expence;” and as this delicious liquid was tipped off—not a soul had the most distant idea of its close propinquity of blood—being indeed extracted for the most part from certain orchards in a neighbouring county; but who would have dared call it a relation of

old "*Perry's*," either in the good landlord's hearing or theirs?—no, no — *a pound a bottle* was sufficient guarantee of its being "*neat as imported*."

And now the jolly dogs having taken a considerable quantity of the said neat wines on board, began throwing it over each other, and the bottles at the waiters' heads, and against the walls; singing, talking, and screaming, gave the room the air of a Pandemonium; the hour for the play, however drew nigh, and as a matter of course, thither, they were bound to a man.

The bills announced a *tragedy* and *farce*, but tragedy or comedy, 'twas all the same!—who thought of going to the play-house, to listen to what was going on on the stage?

Common people—that is, *shore goers*, may indeed imagine that the stage was meant to attend to—that the drama may contain the "Feast of reason and the flow of soul," that they rise from the evening's performance, not only *amused*, but edified, by the lesson:—all humbug! that only applies to *inland* towns—for at sea ports, things are differently contrived—so exquisitely is this arranged now indeed, with the tacit consent of all parties,

on, and off; that the *spectacle* is doubled—mixing up grave and gay, and lively and severe—that is, there are two companies—one that *pay*, the other (an inferior) that are paid; and as a matter of course, the superior company engross all the attention, while the inferior set, go on in a sort of dumb show, on the stage below.

The *superior* company consists of the naval gentry in harbour, the lady actresses being certain kind creatures who have not the heart to refuse their parts—but the order of things is in some sort reversed on this their *stage*, (which is in the boxes and lobbies)—the continental plan possibly having given the hint for this more refined method; wherein the higher order of drama winds up the evening's entertainment.

Thus, the play *in the lobbies* always began by a *farce*, and occasionally ended in a *tragedy*, or tragi-comic melo-drama; in which certain gentlemen yclept constables, were, as a great favour, allowed to bear a part:—thence, the enjoyment of one of our seaport theatres is two-fold—for with one ear, the happy auditor may catch a few sounds from the stage, of the lachrymose order,



while with the other, he gathers the tones of broad farce, as performing with the greatest applause, just behind them.

That he may lose some of the richness of the humour of the dialogues between these ladies and gentlemen, is not their fault—as in truth, they try all they can to be heard—particularly as the *denouement* comes on ; wherein, the parts spoken are assisted by great gesticulation, and finished off by certain squeakings, hurrahs, and d—nings of eyes, and other polished expletives—and what can possibly compare with so rich a treat?

Below, on the stage, the gentle words of “Soft ye now, the fair Ophelia!” being cut short by “A done! a done! I say—you scamps! you Lackwit—I’ll tell Mary!” and then again perhaps—“O heavy day!” “Go it, go it, go it!”—“O Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo!” “What the h—ll’s that to you, why don’t you let me be!” “W-a-a-a, bow, wow, wow!” “Can’t ye let me be, b——t ye!” “Who stole the girl’s ring?” “Ah Mr. Bill you’re there, are ye, scaly fellow!” “Hold your jaw, you b——h’s baby!—silence, silence! music, music” “more fierce, more inexorable far than”—“Mary-Anne!” “not she,

she's not fit to hold a candle to her, as to good looking, is she Bill?"—"O churl, not left one drop!"—"Ahoy! hand that porter this way!—halves, halves!—scaldings—music—nosee!"

Then again, how rich the variety, when the curtain draws up on the farce below, to hear the screams, cursing, swearing, clashing of swords and constables sticks---and the pomp, noise, and circumstance of high melo-drama—benches torn up, doors wrenched off their hinges, mixed with the poetry of—"Do if you dare, I dare ye, I dare ye!"—"O you sly thief!" (screams) "take her away! come sir, you must come with me!" "Aye, we'll see whose best man (scuffling)—that's it, give it him—no, let him get up, its that b——h's fault—he's choking her! What two to one!—then here goes!—Ah, ah, constable! where are all the constables? turn 'em out! turn 'em out! shame, ha!"

Who can deny but that all this is a great improvement on the continental order of things; where decency presides, and attention is paid to the stage! But vice, it is observed, only requires to be glaring, and shewn in its true colours, to be detested; thence in

England, in the lobbies of our theatres, may be seen nightly, all those exhibitions of half naked women, and the most open indecency ! doubtless that our tender virgins in the boxes may witness how hideous 'tis, and our youngsters learn the value of a modest deportment, from the arrogance, noise, and insufferable brutality of the lobby loungers.

Our sea port theatres, in this particular, are indeed but a species of variety of our larger houses in town, with a greater proportion of turbulent spirits in uniform, and women of the town, on whose *patronage* the unfortunate company in great measure depend.

To this order of things our party betook themselves, and were soon in the midst of their several *parts*—in which, not one word of what was said on the stage was heard ; Horatio, though very much elevated, felt not a little disgusted—and made an effort to get into a sly corner and listen to the drama, of which he was passionately fond—it was impossible—the temptations were too great—and when, as he sat in a front box intent on the stage, spite of the noise—Jackwit, Gay, and Tugjunk, all came to the door “ *after a bit of fun in the lobbies,*” and hailed him

with, "Hallo youngster! why you're as solemn '*as a w——e at christening*'—Peg Pennyless wants to speak to you!—here, ahoy! this way—d—n their palaver there below—come, come out;" he was fain to give it up, and obey the summons with a good grace—when reaching the saloon, they handed him up, to a *bunch* of these fair creatures, and presented him with great form and mock solemnity to a pretty young girl, with her cheeks painted *one fiery red*.

Poor Horatio was a good deal confused at first—when this fair lady addressed him with—"Lord man! we shan't eat you! come here, I'll tell you something! give me a glass of lemonade that's a good boy! come, I'll tell you a secret, shall I?" After this they all split off into different groups, some in close conversation, some laughing heartily, some singing; till the lights, putting out, informed them the *play* was at an end; when they one and all repaired to Stone-house lane to see their fair acquaintances part of their way home—nor can it be denied that our hero was unwilling to escort his new acquaintances beyond the street, but all they could do, they could not persuade Smallhouse, who declared,

so help him God, he'd not stir a peg that way; but would go home to the tavern and await their return; the *ladies* asking what they should do with such an old mummy as that. Some were never seen more that night, but Toby, Gay, and Tugjunk, did come back at an early hour, bringing the youngster with them—Tugjunk finding his arm sore, got an apothecary (as Gravity was not to be found) at hand to look at it; who, having very gravely shook his head, and asked who dressed it, did it up for him anew, telling him he must be cautious of going into any sort of *excess*—for though, said he, “its not a very ugly wound, yet there's no knowing!”—“Aye, aye, ship-mate, all right!—what's to pay!” answered Tugjunk.

Settling with his surgeon, he betook himself to join the others; and calling for cigars and hot punch, they sat till the night was nearly exhausted—but not till Toby and Smallnose, who were both mellow enough, were prevailed upon to throw off their coats and *dance* for a wager; as was once agreed on at sea, Gay drumming a sort of tune for them on the table, to the infinite diversion of all

hands—for two such figures were sure never seen, as these two originals.

Both parties were encouraged by sundry “Bravos”—“well done, Smallnose!”—“well done, Toby!—that’s it! keep it up!”—at last, after various anticks, contortions, and skip-pings, in which Smallnose displayed wonderful agility, Toby lost his balance, and fell down, fairly tired out; and the schoolmaster, to crown this memorable victory, hopped over his fallen rival; who, however, swore, as he lay on his back, that he’d “*walk a seam*” with him! double or quits”—this bet was as instantly accepted, and backed *pro* and *con*—but Toby had taken too much heavy wet on board; (Gay compared his eyes, as he tried to look knowing, to ‘two burnt holes in a blanket!’) and after sundry efforts “*to come to the scratch*,” he at last gave it up—hiccuping out, “that old Smallnose, he was sure, ‘couldn’t see a hole through a ladder’”—then shouting “Poor Tom’s a cold”—hiccup, hiccup—“Pillicock sat upon pillicock hill, to, to, loo! loo!” “Sessa! Sessa! give us a glass of grog!”—and with this last word on his lips, his head sank on his breast, and

he went into an audible snore, with his hand still extended on the table for the glass of grog!

Making him over to the waiter's care, who undressed him and took him on his shoulders up stairs, the rest staggered up to bed; nor did Hawser escape the influence of these *deep potations*, seduced by the pleasing taste of the Madeira and Champagne; singing, as he undressed, "Smart young midshipman, little airy midshipman."

The next morning, having all slept like tops, they *turned out* much about the same time. Toby and Smallnose having slumbered in the same room, and the latter's wig lying on the dressing table, Toby put it on, having got out of bed before him, and marching up to his side of the bed, giving him a gentle tweak by the nose with one hand, as he drew the curtain with the other, bid the astonished pedagogue good morning, with—"So pale, so woe begone—drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night, and would have told him half his *wig* was burned." "What the deuce!" cried Smallnose, rubbing his eyes, and beholding the precious property perched on Toby's pate, "I hope you've been playing

no more tricks." "Not I," quoth the quill driver, "but certain it is—look here—(taking it off his head, and presenting it)—you see, some of 'em have given it a singe last night!" And sure enough, just where the said appendage came in contact with the magister's auricular member, the hair had been singed entirely off; this notable feat having been performed by Lackwit, just as the conqueror at the gymnastics of the night before, was holding a parley with his fallen rival! "Odds fidikins!" quoth Smallnose, sitting bolt upright, and fitting it on, "This is rascally! I'll certainly complain to the captain—you see it won't cover my ear!" "Not by a good inch," cried the other, turning his head round—"the only way I know of, would be to cut an inch of your *lug* off!"—"Cut your nose off," quoth Smallnose, eyeing that member of Toby's face, which had acquired such an additional rubicundity, from the night before, as made it the very prototype of *Bardolph's*!—"Do you look to your nose, master—he, he, egad!"—"Some people need not talk of ears!"

"Come," cried Toby, "I'll tell you what we'll do—what money have you got about



ye?" "Not a farthing," cried the other—"not a stiver, not a maradivi, for *you!*"—(alarmed at the question)—"Well, what I was thinking of was, that I'd go over the way to the barber's shop, and get you an excellent new wig, of a decided and beautiful auburn, done in curls, that would suit your face to a hair!—'twould become ye—and, between ourselves, you might afford a new one—at any rate, for Sundays—and when you dine with the captain—and when you come ashore."

"Would to the Lord," said Smallnose, (still twitching his wig from side to side), "I had never gone to sea!" "Stuff," cried the other, "let me go for it, shall I?" At last the master reluctantly consented, only begging, for the Lord's sake, that it might not exceed thirty shillings; which sum being delivered, Toby bundled on his clothes, and, slipping down, unperceived, soon returned with the new peruke—just such another as we sometimes see old women wear at parties, where they go "dressed up *lamb fashion*," being, unhappily, nor more nor less than old ewes—such was the present wig—auburn it might be called—but, *certainly*, a fiery auburn! Toby assured the schoolmaster, as he stared

at it, that he had got it dog cheap—"Why, you've not bought it, I hope?"—"Yes, but I have though! he wanted two pounds, but let me alone for bargaining—I knocked him down at thirty-five shillings, dead as a red herring!" "I wish he'd knocked you down," cried the terrified Smallnose—"why this must be a woman's wig, look at all these curls that fall behind and before!"—"Come," said the other, "it will make you look twenty years younger!"

At this consoling remark, the wig was put on—and Toby declared "*by all the mysteries of Hecate* and the night, the moon and all the orbs that are, or cease to be," that it was just the thing! that he never saw him look half so well before.

Poor Smallnose, after asking several times, as he looked at the new, and superannuated wigs alternately, if it was impossible to be off the bargain? and getting for answer, "*No*, not to save your soul alive!" squinted fearfully in the glass, and very much against the evidence of his vision, was fain to believe what the other said.

In fact, his sallow lantern jaws, projecting dirty teeth, bottle nose, and scraggy neck,

beneath these youthful locks, were rendered twenty-times more unseemly and ridiculous ! In this plight they both descended ; Small-nouse with a solemnity of muscle, which would have done honor to the woolsack, having carefully wrapped his late napper-case up, and put it in his pocket.

On his first appearance, he was hailed with a universal shout, but on Toby's tipping the wink, they moderated their laughter ; while some of them to humour the joke, declared it was an excellent exchange, and became him extremely ! to mend the matter—one found just a *little* fault ! “ Was not this curl too long ? ” “ Aye, but then, the general effect ! *general effect* for your life,” cried Gay, “ don't tell me ! pretty set of critics, ye are ; I cry ye mercy, like certain book dissecters, who harp on *words*, and are wholly incapable of judging of the *thoughts*, or the beauty of the *whole* ! ” “ True, true ! bravo ! very true,” now, echoed all round. “ Don't deceive me, now, I beg,” said the magister, but half persuaded, as he sat down to breakfast with the rest—“ Don't mislead me—I do believe you are only quizzing ! ” “ Quizzing, indeed, no, no — honour bright ! no, no,”

said Mr. Gravity, "it's no laughing matter, I can tell ye!" "No," returned Smallnose, "it cost thirty-five shillings!" "Thirty-five shillings! why, who got it?" "Toby." "Aye, and hard work I had!" On hearing this, not one of them, but declared, they could have got him a *bob*, a *scratch*, a *chan-cery*, or a *bishop's*, for a pound. "Past hope, past cure," cried Toby," the thing's done—and mind, Smallnose, you owe me five shillings." "Yes, but " says the master, "recollect you're in my debt four and nine pence half-penny, for grog—you understand—here's the change," handing him two pence half-penny.

Breakfast being over, talking in this way and of the night before, and what d——d good fun they had had, the time rolled round, to when it would be necessary to get on board, once more—at this thought, a shade of "*Allicholly*," as Toby called it, came over one and all, "Well, there was no help for it." The executive part of them, at any rate, must be off, or stand clear! as for the clerk, school-master, and Gravity, they might spin out another day or not, and take their chance; being,

rather accountable to their respective chiefs, than to the first lieutenant: however, they all said they would go down to the landing place, opposite the admiral's, at any rate; and then they would *see*.

And down they all marched, in very decent order; not but that the people, as they went along, (Toby on one side and Gravity on the other, supporting the school-master, strutting, in the most ridiculous burlesque) could not help staring at the odd figure between them—the strange contrast between such a visage and the flowing fiery curls, being indeed, somewhat remarkable!

Just as they got near the admiral's, who should they meet but the captain, walking arm and arm, with that august personage: on passing, they all doffed their hats; while the captain addressed them, saying "Well lads, how d'ye do? What, going off?" "Yes, sir." "These are some of my young fellows, sir," turning to the admiral, who made a slight inclination, and they passed on—but calling Gay back, he introduced him to the chief. Not that he would have, perhaps, singled him out, for this distinction, but the fact was, he, as well as the admiral, had had

letters, particularly recommending him to their attention. After the usual salutation, the captain said, "I have great pleasure in telling you, sir, that Mr. Gay is very deserving anything you can do for him. And I believe your time is just served, is it not, Gay?" "A week ago, sir." "Well, I hope, sir, you can give him a passing day, before we sail; I assure you, I would take it as a favour; that the poor fellow may lose no time." "Very well," replied the admiral, "I'll have the signal made bye and bye; but are there enough of you, at hand." "Oh! I fancy so, sir." "Then Gay, get on board as fast as you can; get your *logs* and certificates, and tell my clerk to make out mine, and bring it with you, for me to sign." (Seeing the admiral raise his glass to look at Smallnose, attracted by the novelty of his appearance) "What have they been at with Mr. Smallnose! how can he make such a fool of himself—how came he to get such a wig as that?" (As they passed, the curly honours of Smallnose's head, flowing beneath a brown greasy castor, had at length caught the captain's as well as the admiral's eye.) "What is that man? not one of your officers,

is he?" said the admiral. "Why yes, sir, I believe, I must own him, for want of a better — that's my school-master, one Small-nouse, a good soul, but as his name denotes, not over burdened with wit." "No, indeed," said the admiral, "nor must you allow of his appearing in that merry-andrew trim: I have given an order for all officers to wear cocked hats, when on shore—I see there are two of yours that have disobeyed the order, which I am determined, shall be most rigidly enforced." On this, the captain assured the admiral, they were only his clerk and school-master, "You know, sir," continued he, "they are a sort of civilians—at least, I hardly know whether they can be called officers." "To all intents and purposes," said the admiral, rather drawing himself up. To this, the captain gave a quiescent shrug, promising that it should be amended.

Shortly after, the signal being made for assembling the captains on board the flag ship: Mr. Gay who had *borrowed* the required *logs*—and those still wanting, having got written hastily up, at so much a month, by a copier of "*winds and weather, cloudy and hazy, in top-gallant sails, and down*

*jib*," who eked out a miserable livelihood at this trade; in one of the bye alleys of Stonehouse; and having *forged* a *wanting* certificate (which, in truth, he had lost, so that the crime, *bona fide*, was not a very grave one)—having thus got himself prepared, dressed, shaved, &c. made his appearance, with some two or three more, before the three *judges*; much more terrific than ever were those, who sat in Pluto's regions—and on their nod, was stamped a heaven or h—ll.

In these cases the candidates commune with each other apart, while waiting to be called in, each quivering with dread anticipations!—one very dapper fellow had been a week on shore at a professed *passer* of *midshipmen's*, who undertook (like some other professors in languages) to knock a given quantity of navigation into the skulls of these grown up gentlemen, let them be ever so thick, in *a given time*, and in so many lessons—now, this is a very good plan, provided the judges, or examining captains, begin at the *right end*;—but if, where the Azimuth, or Lunar, or working the time pieces, were expected—should unhappily be asked, "how the foretopsail was to be taken in, on such and



such an occasion—what do, missing stays on a lee shore? or what, if in action, such a mast were shot away, under certain circumstances?”

If, we say, after the said ideas had been arranged in apple-pie order—these concatenations were thus broken in on—and, perhaps, intermixed; cosecants with courses—and “*Sine complements, with coming to an anchor!*” why then, ensued certain conglomerations—not a whit rendered more lucid by the occasional fillip of “Well, sir, we await your answer!” “Perhaps Mr. — did not understand the position, as you put it Teaze-em!”—“It was this—Supposing, &c.—give him time!”

It had just got to this desperate pass—the hat was twirled divers ways!—the face grew red—then pale—an attempt to speak—with, “If I understand you right, sir,—a—a—” “Just so, that was just what I wished to know?—the thing is very simple!—allow me to trouble you for a pinch of snuff?” (taking a pinch out of the next captain’s box, very quietly) “Just so, young gentleman, it doesn’t require much hesitation!”—Indeed, but it did require it, and more too, as it happened—

that devilish *professor* had never put him up to this, though he had had sundry *workings* of day's works pinned very carefully in the lining of his hat, to assist his memory, but which he looked at, at this cursed moment in vain—At length the awful sounds of—"The young gentleman had better retire for the present; and take six months, to consider of it."

Out came the unfortunate pill-garlic, sending a panic through the rest, gathered together under the poop awning, as he informed them, of a particular point to beware of—and that "Captain Teaz'em was the very devil"—for that he was sure, he could have got over *the other two* as easy as a row in the *Row*.

Captain Teaz'em, teased Gay a little; but not only did the latter know the leading features of his profession better—but a propitious *note* from Oakheart had been circulated, in which the words "Honourable, son of Lord ——" "clever young man"—great interest"—had done his business before hand. So the *passing certificate* being duly signed in three minutes, he made them a very low bow; feeling that sort of pleasure, which, may be said to be so exquisite, that it amounts to pain! trem-

bling from head to foot, and scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses, as he clutch'd the precious paper in his fist!—the rest *passed* as well.

When Gay got on board—he gave them a rump and dozen—and the steerage rang till a late hour of the first watch, with their carousing.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A miscellaneous one, containing a great Variety of Matter, of various Shades, none of which advance this History a single Fathom.

---

WE have somewhere, in the beginning of this our history, mentioned an American black, whose name was Daniel Hickory ; this man, (who we shall call *Dan*, for shortness) had been in the American wars ; originally a slave, he had been given his freedom at the conclusion of that memorable conflict—*freedom*, of a different cast indeed, from that gained by his white brethren in arms, and of a more tangible shape. Settling down as a *wood sawyer* in Philadelphia, (or rather not settling, having got a taste for roving, from having followed his master (a colonel) through most of the States) he grew tired of so monotonous a life, had shipped on board a

trader, and found himself in London, where too, he found much more respect paid to his *skin*, than in the United States !

The most incurable passion of mankind, is surely their vanity ; and thence Dan, who detested the idea of being *thought*, much less *called* “ *nigger*,” and “ *blackey*,” very soon made up his mind to stay where he was, though every way worse off than he was in the States.

But the delectable sensation of walking arm in arm with a *white woman*, (who even married him), “ *Loviny him for the dangers he had past*,” for the first time in his life—(in America such a thing would be considered *monstrous*) repaid him for more scanty fare—more hardly earned—and less rum and whiskey.

Not long after, knowing something of farming, and particularly *looking after horses*, he had been recommended to Sir Careless ; where we left him in the country, *again* dissatisfied with his lot, though not a very laborious one : For Massa Dan, like almost all the American negroes, was to all intents and purposes, “ *an eye servant*,”—that is, only worked hard (or, at all) when well *looked after* ; like

the old slave in the West Indies, who, on a rainy day was overheard by his master saying,—“Tank Gor, ’em rain! more rain more res (rest,)” “What’s that you say there, you sir, eh”? “I say Massa, more rain more grass!”

Dan had, for some time, resolved to quit his present employ; and took so much *rest*, rain or not rain—that he became of very little use, except to amuse them occasionally with his hundredth time told tales, of his hair breadth escapes *in the war!* and what a terrible soldier he had been!

Now, there was in secret, another excitement, besides the love of change—we will not dignify it by the name of that *amor patræ*, which steals upon generous minds, when long from their native country—that longing for familiar vernacular sounds! and certain objects—if no better than an old stump of a tree—it was not this—but certain it was, Dan wanted somehow or other, to see his native country once more; and run the risk of being called “*nigger*!”

Though, indeed, he plumed himself, on being three shades lighter than a complete black—and having his wool, by great care and

coaxing, and hanging in *leads*, worked out to an uncommon length, so that on a Sunday his head appeared frizzed out, as big as a bushel : for after all, he never could get the said wool to stay down, once free'd from the bits of lead.

Among other things mentioned in our hero's letter to his father, as the *on dits* of the day, and sea news, was, that they were going to *North America*, possibly New York, but that at any rate the captain would have a '*roving commission*' and that there was no doubt they would take a prize, either by hook or crook. These particulars reached Massa Dan, in the midst of one of his *red Indian* stories on the barn floor—where, squatted on a sheaf of wheat, he was expounding the merits of an adventure (being himself, as usual, the hero)—to a sort of helping lad, who worked with him, when he should have been threshing the aforesaid sheaf, he sat on.

Having turned, what he had heard of the letter, over in his mind, with many exclamations, such as—"Sure now, dat beat every ting! young massa go for 'em States! New York, eh!—dam a ha't!—wonder how far 'em to Plymass? ha! try—dat's all—try any how—muss try! I give 'em *warning*—dat 'nough"

and then, leaning on his flail, humm'd, or muttered over, this backwood ditty; often heard along the blue ridge of the Alleghanies—

“ Possum in de wood, run up 'em 'icory tree,”

Sambo bring 'em down—for why! more *slick* nor he!—

*Possum fat* and Homany, *mush* and *apple pie*!

And new mi.k, and molasses, same as whisky-rye!”

Still humming this ditty, Dan laid down his flail, and repairing across the fields to the village pot house, where he occasionally made the bumpkins stare at his marvellous stories, inquired very particularly how far it was to Plymouth.

Having satisfied himself on this head, he trotted home; and his time being just expired, made up his kit in a bundle with great expedition, begging “ma'am to settle 'em wages.” There not being much due, happily this part of the affair was soon adjusted. The lady, as he made his scrape to her, (for Sir Careless was at the baronet's), was something startled at this sudden departure; observing, “Why, Dan, going to-day! won't you stay and see your master?” “No, 'tank ye, ma'am, I want for go a good bit on 'em road afore sundown—dere nutting missing—every ting in 'em



place;—*Jacob* knows every ting right.”—  
 “Well, Dan, as you like—I hope you may  
 succeed in your wishes.” “Gor bless your  
 heart, very good lady you is ma’am, dat true  
 —I alway pray for you and de family,  
 ma’am!” So saying, Dan shouldered his  
 bundle, and departed—after shaking hands  
 in the kitchen, and having a few slices of  
 bread and meat put up for him by the maid  
 servant.

It was two or three days after the departure of Dan, that Horatio happened to have the watch on deck, and was pacing backwards and forwards with the deck glass in his hand, keeping a sharp look out on the admiral for furling sails, (which, loosed to dry, flapped to and fro in the breeze), his thoughts divided between the said charge, (of which he was not a little proud, while Mr. Lackwit ran down below for a moment) and certain titillations, of a very different complexion, which centered on an object not an hundred miles from *Dock*, in the shape of a fair syren, who had sworn the most everlasting, the most sacred, the most inviolate attachment :

When the sentinel called out, “Boat coming here, sir—shore boat, sir—shall she come

along side, sir?" at this the youngster stepped to the gangway—giving the affirmative—and told the quartermaster to heave them a *rope*.

What was his surprise, when lo! and behold, in the stern sheets of the wherry, which now approached, sat Massa Dan, grinning from ear to ear, as he recognized his young master—and the white of his eyes displayed in that peculiar expression, as he turned them up—said to be "*like a duck in thunder*."

Dan now scrambled up the side.—"Why Dan! is this you!—what in the name of wonder brings you so far from home—what, have you left papa!—what the deuce?"—"Yes, massa, I come for *enter*!—I so glad to see you sa, it do my ha't good!—help me, Gara mighty! I make my mind up for sarve de king—I tire de shore—alway same ting, I no like 'em."

"*You enter, Dan!*" repeated Hawser, equally astonished at this strange resolution, "well, I'll tell the first lieutenant—but how did you leave all at home—have you got a letter for me?" "No, no letter, sa—I no tell where I bound for, ha!"

While this conversation was going on, a stir was seen in the admiral's rigging—

"Hands up, furl sails," cried our hero, just as Mr. Lackwit popped up the hatchway, and as quick down again to report it to the first lieutenant, who, in three steps, jumped on deck, trumpet in hand.

Perhaps, in the whole fleet, there were not a more active set of fellows than our ship's company; their emulation whetted, too, by rival frigates lying near them; their eagerness to be ready for a start, up, brought forth the usual sounds from the officer, of "Keep down—will you keep down, and be d—d to you there forward"—silence!

Meantime, all the brails, clewlines, buntlines, clew garnets, &c. were manned and ready for a start, so that "*clew up*" and "*lay out*" followed on the heels of each other—when, from the enormous and wide-spreading folds of canvas, covering the ship's masts and yards, and flapping in the wind—in a twinkling, nothing was left but the buz of the men, thick studded on the yards "gathering up."

Young Hawser told Dan to go below for the present, till he could get him reported, for nothing could be attended to at this moment. Down dived Dan, perfectly acquainted with a sea life, and putting down his bundle,

got hold of a rope, where he pulled and hauled with the best of them—in an instant, maugre a sort of foolish *manœuvring* on board the flag to *do* the squadron—sometimes by a feint—at “*away aloft*” sometimes by certain indications of “*clewing up*,” &c. to get the *start*—(which, by the bye, is very *trifling*).

Quick as lightning, the men, till then kept down out of sight, at the words “*away aloft*,” were seen, thick as bees, clearing the tops and ready for laying out. It may well be said, silence is the soul of discipline; Shroud was rather of the boisterous school, however, and though pretty well used to the captain’s ways, yet could he not help certain helpers, as he thought, to the furtherance of a rapidity, which it was evident the men were as eager for, as himself.

Thus, as he gave the word “*trice up, lay out*,” it was sure to be followed by “bear a hand! bear a hand! bear a hand!—look sharp! look sharp! O d—n ye, look sharp!—lie in!”—and this sometimes before the poor fellows could well lie out.

The men down—ropes hauled taut—coiled—yards squared—and watch called—and Mr.

Lackwit (to whom Hawser had shewn Dan, and told him he had come to enter) reported him to the first lieutenant, who ordered him up—"What," said he, "a *snow-ball*!—d—n't, we've got one already, but let's have a look at him." Up came Dan, cap in hand, when he was thus addressed, "Well, my man, you've come to enter, have you?" "Yes, sa!" "What can you do—but I suppose you're but a *grass-comber*, (hay-maker), I suppose we must put you in the *waist* or *after-guard*?" "Me, sa—I do 'em able seaman duty aboard de Independence; 'em sail out o' Philadelphia." "O, ho! you're a yankee, are ye?" "I American, sir, bred and born, state of Ohio, Goshen township—my fader"—"O d—n your father, never mind that—can you take the *lead*, *reef*, and *steer*?" "I try, sa!" "Try—aye, but that won't do—can you do't?" "Why sa, good while now I shore; no get 'em hand in." "Ah! well, let him be put in the after-guard for the present, if he turns out any thing—perhaps you'll be rated, d'ye hear!—are you sound?" "Win and limb, sa—I is trait as arrow!" "Aye, aye, these fellows are all as strait as arrows!—let him be examined, Mr. Lackwit, by the

surgeon—have ye got any kit?”—“ Foo tings, sa.”

Hawser, who stood by, now said, “ I know the man very well, sir ; he’s a good honest fellow, and was some time servant to my father !” “ O, you know him, do ye, youngster ! well, do you know any good of him ?” “ O yes, sir, he’s a well disposed man.” “ Well,” returned Mr. Shroud, (as he eyed the velvet seam on the outside of his pantaloons, and put his neckcloth to rights, for, as we have said, he was a terrible dandy in his way), “ well, we shall see what’s to be made of him.”

Dan was soon reported *sound*, and fit for his Majesty’s service—put in a watch—and his young master took him down and gave him a glass of stiff *half-and-half*, and sitting on one of the chests outside the berth, questioned him as to many little particulars about home—on which Dan gave him a very long, tedious, circumstantial account—shaking his head every now and then—and winding up with—“ No offence, Massa—but mind what I say—de farm ’ll neber come to nutting—it’s no use—old massa no understand ’em—all day in ’em garden or de parlour ! and for all dat,

'em buy every ting in market! if 'em raise sumting—he cos' em more money beside, nor if 'em buy 'em dere! and, long and short, 'if man keep farm must work 'em sef! *if, no!* muss hab plenty dollar!"

This jargon, which the youth well understood, gave a sombre shade to his thoughts; as he directed Dan to the purser's steward, to be put in a mess, in which was one Cæsar, an immense fellow, as black as a coal, likewise from America; and these two were quickly as *thick as two thieves!* as Jack says, talking of *old times*, over three gallons of small beer in the galley—Dan was appointed to lash up our hero's hammock; being instructed, that it was neither to be a *greyhound*, nor a *nipper!*

The ship being now "*all a taunt ho!*" and every thing on board in the highest possible order, inside and out; for the rigging all blacked and her sides painted, Jack compared the *barky* to a *fiddle*—and as she appeared dressed in her colours, gayly dancing in the winds, from her mastheads, in files, coming down even to the bulwarks; some again, compared *her* to their favourite lass, with her Sunday *duds over the mast head*; or when those delicate creatures come forth

bedizened out in an hundred ribbons, of all the colours of the rainbow.

And now was the band heard in the forenoons, regaling different parties of *sweet* young ladies and their mammas, who were “so delighted,” as they were, at one time, escorted by Mr. Tugjunk, at another by Mr. Shroud, (on very great occasions as Mr. Classic disdained the task), sometimes Rodman—and not unfrequently, even our youngster was appointed gentleman usher, to take these tender virgins round all the decks. Some would indeed cry out, “’Twas strange! ’twas passing strange! ’twas wonderful!”—and “Mamma, look here! see here’s where the sailor men live, I declare!”—“Bless me, how neat—see the hoops of those pails, how clean; how bright—and these tables!”—then “Papa!” then “Mamma!” then “Cousin Sophia!” and then “Sister Louisa!”

“O you dear sweet loves!” thought Hawser, as he eyed those beauties of Devon! blushing, rosy, as the morn! their eloquent blood speaking in their lily cheeks! and then would he stammer out something of—“O! it’s nothing, Miss, I assure you, it’s nothing at all!—just come this way!—would you like to see



the store-rooms?—Gunners, boatswains, carpenters!” “O dear sir, by all means, you’re so kind!—lord how delightful!—how far are we under water?” “Twelve feet.” “O gracious! is there no danger?” “O none: here, lights ho! this way—there, one step lower!” “O, I shall fall! heavens, how dark!”

Then, as he took them in his arms to assist the last step, he was almost tempted to be richly paid for his trouble, by stealing a kiss from those lips “the bee had newly stung!”

Such was the constant succession of parties from the shore “to see the ship.” Sometimes the captain, ordering the barge himself, brought off some of his friends, when was laid out a handsome collation, and he never failed to have many of the officers to partake of it, after shewing them the *lions*, and while the band, dressed out in their best suits, played all their finest airs in their very best style.

On these occasions, Mr. Shroud took at least an hour at his toilet—white kerseymere *tights*—waistcoat ditto—new wash boards, (for the *swabs* (epaulettes) had not yet made the lieutenants happy, and lop-sided)—*gold-laced* scraper, though not strictly allowed—

an extra large bow in black silk *throat-seizing*, (or cravat)—and enormous frill!

But, indeed, the other two lieutenants, if on board, brushed themselves up too, more to do honour to the captain and ship, possibly, than any thing else—nor did the mids fail to clap on *fresh togs* for the occasion—and Weazel, and the doctor, flew up and down as fine as gilt gingerbread.

We have before observed, that one of the traits so enviable in Captain Oakheart, was his *identifying* himself with his officers, if we may so say; for instance, he was never easy until he could so manage it, (knowing the fag poor Shroud had), to repay him by some of those little delicate attentions, only known and felt essential to elevated minds; thus he would make a point of introducing him to the admiral, and in such a way, as to have him asked to dinner; where indeed he appeared once or twice, the only lieutenant visible, except the "*flag*;" but he did not stop here—he took him to many evening parties, as well as the two others, Rodman and Classic; and occasionally the mids; and where he found there was any demur, (for in sea-port towns,

people of any fashion, the few there are, and those of no fashion, in good sooth, scarcely ever ask such creatures as *lieutenants* or *midshipmen* to their houses), he has been known more than once to decline invitations where his officers, or at any rate part of them, were not included; simply from this benevolent feeling.

It would be hardly fair to make the distinction too invidious, between himself and brother captains in port, who never once thought of their officers, except to find fault now and then, when they went off for an hour to their ships; some indeed felt a sort of *fear*, lest they should meet any of them by accident, in more hallowed precincts; true, some of them had not the means—but fewer still, possessed the inclination.

Oakheart, it must be confessed then, had a pretty handsome private fortune, which he spent like a gentleman; his lodgings on shore, so far from being some poor paltry affair—*solus*—were on a grand scale, where he gave dinners, and received his friends; and among whom, he took care a sprinkling of his officers should appear; the consequence was, that finding them of some consideration, as

*gentlemen*, in the eyes of their captain, his friends adopted the same mode of thinking—and many were the acquaintances of value they formed—much above the scale, with which the general run of the officers of the fleet, were and *are* obliged to put up; if indeed poor fellows, they ever got within any other walls, than those of the theatre, the tavern, and those of certain temples, easy of access.

We will not say this generous man stood *alone* in these liberal ideas—there might have been (we hope there were) some few exceptions, but they were “*few and far between*,” like those green spots (the oasis of the desert), and like those spots, will be ever hailed with delight by the poor wanderer in that desert—refined society!

Would that the eye could now repose on them—so should “*their where about*” be recorded—but no!—one vast *selfish* sand, floats on the horizon, with not a date tree to assist the search!—to drop the metaphor—we cannot recollect any sort of parallel, or any approach, to this kindly feeling.

In short, to Oakheart’s officers, there were no supercilious dandies, in and out of office,

“just down from town, devilish glad egad to know the captain; dine aboard—dance aboard—be aboard whole days—take a passage aboard, but, never open their mouths to any body else—and if they met them on shore, not know (who can know people by dozens) one of them, even by sight, except the *captain*?”—“O, aye! a devilish good fellow as ever breathed—went aboard his ship—never enjoyed myself so much in my life—do you recollect his *officers*?”—“His officers!—O! aye, why no! I saw a parcel of people walking up and down, but egad, I’d as soon think of shaking the whole *corps de ballet* by the hand, after I had been behind the scenes, to see Taglioni, Brocard, or little Montessu! no thank’ye! that’s too much of a good thing, egad!”—“What can’t you recollect the name of the lieutenants?—you went to Lisbon with him once, when he had the”——“Why let me see—aye, three very good sort of men, I do recollect now, one lent me his cabin, a very good, plain, honest fellow, but really I forget the man’s name, I saw so little of ’em.”

Now this *kind of thing*, may be pronounced to be the captain’s *wish*, the captain’s *fault*! there are indeed, many men of rank in the

service, something like Weazel—such *mere sailors*, and *odd fish*, that one would as soon court the particular acquaintance (and much rather) of the captain of the fore-castle ; but this does not apply to the great body of the officers!—officers, who, themselves, by the bye are guilty (a few short years afterwards) of acting in the same unhandsome way, as soon as they get a ship of their own.

Now, this is the more narrow-minded and the more galling, as sailors, from their greater number of privations and the sameness of their lives, are particularly *anxious* to taste the sweets of, what may be called, a more *refined* society—at a ball, a rout, a concert, or a tea party.

Fifty people may here start up and say—“this is all imaginary, there is no such line drawn ! I went here, I went there—I didn’t want the captain to charge himself with my society or amusements !—pretty thing indeed—let men have *letters*, and do as they would have to do, were they fairly ashore.”

To this, it can only be replied, that the inhabitants of England, and particularly her sea-ports, have a sort of antipathy to any thing under a captain—carrying it so far, as

to instruct their daughters, it has been said, at sea-ports, when they were asked to dance at a public ball, not to dance with mids, or lieutenants, as a general rule, which they were to break through, only in favor of certain *names*, or if the gentleman was known to have a large fortune.

And secondly, that the great body of the navy may be said to come from that portion of the whole, which leaves them their sword, their only inheritance; and *poverty left to itself*, never yet made friends, much less can it, in this age of refined and venal calculation.

There was a time when Oakheart felt this, and recollected how many bitter moments he had passed, from ungenerous *neglect*; for the most deserving, are ever the least forward to ask favours, or to appear to desire them—lest it might be said they were *fishing* for an invitation, &c. Thence too, partly from something of this feeling, (once driven into the *habit*) so many of our naval officers never think of *society*—beyond the gunroom and the lobbies of the theatre,—till at last it must be confessed, they are fit for no other.

Heaven send this may not be thought an impertinent digression—but, (taking up a

seaman's trope) having got into a *head sea* of selfishness, and a cross current setting out of *supercilious* harbour, we could'nt help yawing about a bit.

To pursue the thread of our narrative, the officers, one and all, had met with so much civility, through the fostering attention of their captain, that they resolved, before they sailed, (now drawing near) to give a *ball* on board—where, after all, it could be much better done, than at any tavern on shore, whether the *Star and Garter*, *Fountain*, *George*, or any other public-house, the usual temple of Terpsichore, at such general assemblies of provincial notables.

Smart cards of invitation, were duly delivered, and to heighten the brilliancy of their party, the naval and military of their acquaintance were not left out, of the garrison and fleet. On the day appointed (which was fixed for the first *fine* one) unusual pains were bestowed, in the cleaning and decorating the ship. The quarter-deck, the whole length, enclosed with the awnings, and lined with the flags; the standard, over-head, ensigns, blue, white, and red, for the sides, and Spanish and French, in festoons, &c. And



many a *pennant* wreathed in spiral curls round the stanchions, under the half deck, where tables were contrived, to give a magnificent supper.

The capstan, on deck, converted into an elegant tripod, raised its head in flowers and the fruits of the season; the spanker boom, raised, gave room for a platform on the sky-light, for all sorts of cakes, jellies, wines, ices, cold punch, &c.

The carronades thrown fore and aft, left their *slides*, as agreeable divans to lounge on; carefully covered with various cloths and flags.

Nor, were the ship's-company excluded from the treat—for, first, it was decided on by the captain and the three lieutenants, in close committee, and at his expence, that *they should dance too*, in the waist, that they should, every man, have a gill of rum; and a barrel of *extra-stout*, was to be broached, *forward*. So that they might not silently re-pine at the good things, partaken of by the *gods* and goddesses *aft*—and to conclude—the tables, after the ladies had ascended, from supper—were to be given up, for *their*

entertainment, under the presidency of Mr. Pipes, the boatswain, (who "*kindly condescended* to take the *chair*,"") supported by his three mates! and how much better this plan, than that the most substantial and better half of the feast, left, should go to feed the rapacious maws of *tavern-keepers*, and *pastry cooks*, as in most public feasts, is the case.

Things being thus settled, the men dressed in white trousers, and blue jackets; the officers in silks, and pumps, &c. (dinner and grog long before discussed) the hour drew nigh, when all the ship's boats were manned, and sent for the *company*.

*Whipping* the ladies in, in a *chair*, was too tedious—a *ladder* was fitted to the side; so easy of ascent, and so safe, that some of the girls declared, it was much less troublesome to get up, than Lady Packem's staircase!

Messrs Shroud and Rodman with a few *aides-de-camp*, among whom was Hawser, planted themselves at the gang-way, to receive their fair guests—bid them welcome, taking them by the hand—and so, pass them over to the seats (chairs and *carronade di-*

*vans*) ranged all round. A few lustres too, had been hired ; and lamps, (candles found not to answer) so that the quarter deck, presented the most brilliant *coup-d'œil*.

The captain headed a long string of boats, in the barge, full of lovely creatures ; among whom, were some of the first families of the county, many of whom, had come ten, fifteen, nay twenty miles, in their carriages !

And now behold them, thick arriving, following each other up — much as at Ladies Croud'ems, and Squeez'ems, and a number of other fashionables, in the west end of the town ; on those nights, in which they were to out-do all former out-doings — and *excel* each other if possible — *that*, being the great provocative — to hot-house plants, and rare dishes, and Collinet, and a few *lions* interspersed !

Alas ! what heart burnings, what heart breakings, a *lion* more or less has occasioned ! a flower, an exotic, more or less ! Collinet's *grande harmonie*, (or very sorry) his *small one* ! “ O, Mr. Collinèt ! O, Mr. Weippert ! but one fiddle more ! and I should have — Well, no matter ! ” The tars knew nothing of this — there was a very decent band, which

played, "None but the brave deserve the fair," and a few Italian airs, as the company, all on tip-toe with joy, skipped up the ladder, complimented by the captain and officers, as they handed them to their seats, and answered the many enquiries and exclamations of delight and surprise; such as, "Good heavens! this is quite a paradise! how could you so contrive things! would you think yourself in a ship? and see mamma, the floor is chalked, just as it is at Almacks and Lady *No-ices*! and I declare, the device is very pretty—and the other side the same! Aye, and look what a superb *bouquet*, is on yonder stand!" "Yes! and things set out exactly, as if we were transported to Somariva's—the Isola Bella, or Signora Mastiani's at Pisa! Well, really, this is quite delightful!"

While all this chat was going on, in groups, walking about, (for, few chose at first to sit still,) others crowded on—and shortly, the whole, presented a fairy scene of splendour. The admiral, most of the captains, lieutenants, and mids, of the ships in port, with their gold lace epaulettes, white patches, and radiant youthful faces, kept up the balance, or rather, well harmonized with the female

loveliness, silks, satins, jewels, feathers, and flowers, that fluttered to and fro.

And now being pretty well all on board, the ball was opened by the captain, and a *toast*, and a goodly double row, from the *taf-rail* to the *fife rail*, that is, the whole length of the deck.

We often hear of "Dancing with great spirit," and keeping it up till a late hour with great spirit,—but this was spirit itself—there were no fastidious young gentlemen nor ladies, "who did'nt dance;" no preferences were shewn either; it seemed, as if the frank and loyal god of the waters, had shed his happiest influence over all, on that night—many a girl, that had been horribly fastidious at the last county ball—now tripped it away without hesitation, with the first *youngster* that came, with—"May I have—the pleasure? the honor?"—"Most willingly, sir!"—and that was the bare truth.

No sooner was the first country dance disposed of, (in which, by the bye, it was hard to say, whether the band or dancers were most out of breath)—but, on the opposite side, struck up another set: these were quadrilles—not so many in number truly—but still there

were aspirants enough; some from the shore—some, even from among the blue coats; who had *shewed a leg* at the upper rooms at Bath, or at fashionable parties—where, the just-coming-in French *contre danse* began to attract, by its greater variety and elegance.

Hawser, who had contrived to make himself look at least as well as any of his messmates, now *came out*—that is, was remarked to dance with great ease and grace; while, to say truth, some of the others, now and then, floundered about—but not enough to cause any confusion! all went off *swimmingly*.

This being over, while the men in crowds formed a sort of countless audience, on the booms and front of the quarter deck—the captain made the signal, when a quicker tune being struck up, from the fiddles—they went at it (in the *waist*,) heel and toe, in a reel, slapping their heels as they turned, with a particular kind of “Yeohoy”! here we go, “Happy go lucky!”

And now rushed all the ball-room on the gangways, to witness this second ball, which, from the lightness of heart displayed, as well as heel—the grotesque oddity of some of the performers—and the extreme novelty of the

whole, quite delighted them: some laughed heartily—some looked on with intense earnestness, not one but was highly amused—and surely this was quite as good—as—what shall we say—a Persian ambassador, with a greasy cap and beard—or—a German baron, with a hard name, and large pair of mustachios, Alas! they are no longer novelties now-a-days—and may be safely considered, rather as *mice* than *lions*!

But to continue—many was the glance of love that night! many the heart ache! many the *violent* flirtation!—the parties as they walked up and down, partners of the dance—lost in soft reveries of bliss! doomed to be cut short—in a few hours!

“And when do you think you will come on shore?” “Heaven knows!” I’m so sorry you are going away so soon, mamma gives a dance next week—come, I’ll introduce you to her; I’m sure she’d be so glad to have you!” “Would to heaven I could come—I’d give the world!” then would they look at each other! and sigh, and sigh again—in pleasing embarrassment! Such, were some of the half whispers.

Our youth, had attached himself for a desperate while, to one fair lily of the vale—till at last she said, “Indeed Mr. Hawser—ma’ will think it very odd—so will others, at your dancing with nobody else ; I must beg you’ll ask some one for the next dance,”—and he obeyed with a heavy heart—till a fresh beauty solaced him with her lively prattle. Rodman, was observed, seated most of the evening, beside a great beauty, and a great heiress, it was said, they neither of them stirred after the first dance, so well pleased were they with each other.

The captain seemed the only man that was not inclined to be *particular*—but we forget Lieutenant Classic, who made himself very agreeable *to all*, from paying no exclusive attention ; however, the most love sick, were obliged to bustle and drop the arm of their fair charmers now and then, to do the honors of the quarter deck.

At a late hour, they were all handed down to supper—and new exclamations of real surprise, ran through the whole assembly—“they could not possibly have dreamt of such a magnificent display!”—Two tables (lit up with wax candles), on each side, groaned with all



sorts of good things and luxuries—down they all sat—very prettily paired off, and certainly as lovingly as “ever were turtles in the grove,” or as some of the jacks observed, as they peeped in,—that they were now “as loving as pairs of pet devils;” then would they say to each other, as they pointed slyly to this or that *belle*—“I say Jim, Bill, 'Tom! I say, Sal, can't hold a candle to that 'un, eh!—my eye, what a tight craft!”

Supper being discussed, with a world of minute attentions on one side, with the corresponding thanks, blushes, acknowledging looks, &c. on the other; much in the same way that all others have been, and all to come will be, on these occasions, as well at great civic feasts, as the more refined of the west-end, or the imitative luxury on board ship. All sides fully satisfied, and a pause being brought about, after the last libations of the tars, to the healths of their fair visitors, they all rose, and regained the deck once more, to trip it, (though past two in the morning,) on the light fantastic toe.

As had been agreed on, the pipe of one of the boatswain's mates, had hardly finished its last flourish of thrilling and inviting discord,

when the jacks, who had partly witnessed the said tables, garnished with "*prime grub*," and secondly, by the goodly assemblage of beaux and belles, now rushed in to '*clear the decks*,' or in other words, make a finish of certain half eaten turkeys, pies, rounds, and joints, which lie scattered in thick profusion, mixed up with a whole forest of bottles; in sooth the greater part, empty truly, glasses half filled, fruit, pastry, cakes, pyramids of sweets, ices, jellies, &c.

The warrant officers, *kindly* remained on the spot, to prevent the confusion that ensued, from being "worse confounded," and the boatswain's mates, distributed here and there, were at least *heard*, as they called out, "Avast there to starboard; every man a seat; hoy there! softly"—"That ere hurricane house there, in the middle, an't to be touched yet a while," pointing to a temple of sugar, which had hitherto withstood the more genteel warfare waged on it, by white, delicate, and taper fingers.

But, if by dint of bawling and gesticulation, they were at length all seated, thick as the flies of a hot August day, round the margin of some cut melon, spilled syrup, or rather let

us say, the head of a sugar cask, now did their organs of *destructiveness* play old gooseberry to the right and left, and hams and turkeys, and pies, quickly were made to vanish, leaving not a wreck behind.

And now the steward, aided by the master at arms, and one or two others, hoisted on the table, (finding, that not one drop of liquid remained in any one vessel on the board) a half puncheon of as stiff punch, as their hearts could desire—this was soon ladled out right and left, amidst songs, healths, hootings, and a vast variety of gabbling and noises, only interrupted twice, by a solemn and overwhelming appeal for *silence*, while the captain and officers were drank, with three times three, and ditto, the fair ladies ! the greater refinement of four times four, and nine times nine, not being as yet in vogue, by way of expressing loyalty and affection !

Long after sleep had overtaken the whole of these jolly dogs, (straggling off one by one, as the drowsy god shed his leaden influence over them—making their hammocks more welcome than the brilliant dance above), long after the ship's company then, had *turned in*, did they keep it up aft, as the phrase is, *with unabated*

*ting spirit*—till Aurora, peeped, blushing, over the Devon hills, and lit them unwillingly to the boats of the whole squadron, now manned and lustily rowed to shore, with many a lovely burthen.

Before Horatio handed his partner down the ladder, almost among the last, he said—“This is the worst of it!” “The sun seems envious of our happiness! but such delightful moments are ever much too fleeting—I could wish”—here he paused, and a gentle squeeze of the fair hand within his, perhaps told, as well as the most eloquent expression, what he *wished*—as he took a last look, at a very beautiful face—it was the same young lady he had danced with before.

“You could wish,” she replied, trying to conceal an almost equal reluctance to part, “I dare say to have no day! that would be too bad Mr. Hawser, particularly as we have a long, and, in some places, a steep and difficult road to drive over, before we get home.—And mind, if you can get leave, do not forget what mamma has told you!”—so saying, they bid adieu, amidst twenty others, with many bows, returned, by the waving of hands and handkerchiefs.

It is, indeed, the *worst of it*, to youth and health—the end of a ball! when, muffled in their cloaks, they say “*good bye*”—and when many an incipient flirtation is cut short most inexorably—feverish anticipations and impatience make, even the friendly bed no resting place, when in early life we often turn and toss an hour or two—till mixed with soft reveries of pure ideal bliss, the senses are locked up—till noon next day.

So far, the green and pleasing ignorance of youth!—alas! as we advance, the ends of such parties of pleasure become irksome, from fifty causes, little suspected in those days of freshness and simplicity—we do indeed tread the boards once more, and once again, but with little zest—affected by nothing—but heat and dust, and scandal—and old faces; the charm that once made it a fairy scene, has long fled before a length of years, and poor sober reality!—the fluttering bosom has ceased or changed, how sadly changed, down to other emotions, grafted on ambition—perchance the scheme of lazily leading out some “fair and forty,” of rich reputation—with a calculating end—the morning comes, and with it a head ache—the dread of cold—and a total

listlessness to what's going on—the beings round about one—like shapes and shadows, flitting before the sight, of some unreal phantasmagoria—the thousandth time told tale—and yet we would fain not confess it—fain not count the rolling years, that make us old ! heavens, *old!*—as it were in youth ! - for who that looks back twenty years, but fancies it the mere dream of an hour !

Another month glided on imperceptibly, still the Apollo lie quietly at her anchors, within that noble, that magnificent bulwark, the *Breakwater* : this speck of time was filled up, without much *ennui*, between the constant duties going on, (for, 'tis said, the work on board ship is never done), and the occasional leave on shore—when the officers, some of them, extended their rides on special invitations, to many miles in the interior of the surrounding country, to taste the sweets of those retired *palaces*, where the rich and the luxurious refine, in the most sensible manner, on the ordinary amusements, and occupations of a country life.

Here, between the billiard-table, hunting, fishing, delightful walks through the park, or the rural neighbourhood, drawing, chatting,

and music, the days flew by, only, perhaps, swifter to their sea visitors, than to their noble owner.

Then came the evening, and dinner, when debonnair, from their toilets, they once more met each other, as on a fresh holiday—then came the play of wits, battledore, and shuttlecock—the bell rings a last peal, and, next, the play of knives and forks. The drawing-room is regained, in due time, not only by the host of beauties, inmates of the house, but by the young fellows, followed tardily by the older boys—ashamed, however, of swilling over the table, till midnight, as of old !

Then follows, in the natural order, cards, music, and a carpet-dance, possibly set a going, by the taper fingers of some of the girls, who best can play the last dances in vogue in town ; while the more sedate, sit down at whist, or bother each other over the affairs of Europe—of recent changes and appointments, or, possibly, something more learned or edifying—of the progress of steam, chemistry, or the thousand novelties in art or nature, that start up at each instant to the inquiring mind.

Some sly pair may be flirting in a corner of a *divan*; while, at the other end, the dowagers are hard at work pulling to pieces the balls, routs, parties, matches, and *on dits* of the preceding spring, in town—"at every breath, a reputation dies"—but, let it not be said this was exclusive—certainly not—all these topics and diversions, dancing excepted, changed hands—and, in a twinkling, the ladies seized on the graver matter, while the males, played a little with the scandal of the day, by way of an agreeable relief from, perhaps, an argument not likely to close, to the entire satisfaction of both parties.

Turn we from these elegant and rural solitudes, where the ostentation of town is transplanted to these less genial lawns, at such a season, and let us look at Jack, in port:

From the knot of more refined "*luffs*" and "*mids*," who betake themselves to the nearest tavern, to play billiards, or crack a bottle—to *Jack*, over his gin.

Equally thoughtless, the former dash on to Stonehouse-lane, where erst the blue-eyed goddess, raised her countless temples; boasting a band of the fairest votaries nature could



create—nor were they all—all without sentiment—without feeling—here have been some heart-aches at parting!—albeit, of brief acquaintance—and many a devoted love and tenderness thrown away, where, not the prize-money of a galloon could have purchased it—yes, poor solitary, injured, unhappy creatures—you are but what they make ye!—nor must you all be condemned—for that unblushing effrontery, that callous selfishness, that want, and scorn, and low brutality, at last, create! The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law—nor is “the world before you where to chuse your place of rest—nor providence your guide.” Worse than the despised Jews of the *Ghetto* at Rome; though no palpable gate locks you in your *quarter*, with the setting sun! yet have you the common calamity of contempt, and unpitying scorn—and worse, when fierce, intolerant *opinion*, frowns you to bay, and shuts the door of heavenly charity on your repentant prayers!

But we must beware of growing serious, where the great majority of the fleet will be more apt to laugh—and if we only look at them, as they glide smiling along, bedizen in their ill assorted finery, or at the

theatre, the great scene of their display in this our chaste country (one would think expressly that modesty might be stared out of countenance); to see them, we say, on these two fields, peculiarly their own, we too must join in the heartless sneer.

Next comes the honest tar; simple, easily pleased—easily provoked—the pot house, and those swarms of creatures, little less coarse than himself, and infinitely more cunning, soon bring him up—bamboozle him in ten thousand ways—happy he, who can even show for his twenty, or forty, or one hundred pounds, safely stowed in his pocket on going ashore, a Jew's jacket and trousers; (paid for at treble their worth) on his return from his cruize! What has he been about?—look no further than the next lane—the handiest gin shop; there, amidst fumes of tobacco, he *hangs out*—in a happy fuddle, if not quite drunk, all day—between dancing and extended on the benches asleep; while some wretched scraper, keeps up a jingling of queer sounds, to tickle their ears withal—and Poll and Bess, as they jig it, *set* alternately to the fancy man—or possibly wind up with a fight, for who shall have the *fleecing of him*.

Here reigns the confusion of Babel—and beer, and rum, and gin, alone closes their mouths, while in the act of swallowing!

Jack broods over this, at his leisure, when on board; bl——ts his eyes—if they shall do him that way next time—he'll see them in b——y h——ll first; and thus, with many knowing winks, and shakings of the head, philosophizes.

Then come these dear creatures on board; and wheedling him a little, explain every thing to him in the most comfortable way imaginable!—not one word does he understand of the *wherefore*, but supposes (being flattered) that its *all right*, and that the roll of bank notes, must have been *lost*, since Sall swears to it, by a long string of the most horrible oaths.

But idleness on board will never do—parties under all the warrant officers, are constantly employed in their respective craft—and gunners, carpenters, and boatswains, cut out work, from rope, junk, wood, and iron, *ad infinitum*—while the *grass combers* (as they call those, not seamen) are set to *picking oakum*, by way of keeping their hands out of mischief.

While those, of the officers not on shore, may be found, some making a noise on a flute, some writing up their logs, some drawing, and some lounging on the lockers, in a happy state of vacuity—in which party, was sure to be seen Belair, when he did not sport his person on shore ; occasionally joined by *Old Soundings*, (Weazel), when his log was written — but more of pastime, anon ; we must say a word of *the youngster*.

Horatio had in this short space of his sea-service, grown a fine manly fellow, for it is wonderful, what a few months does, about this time of life, in expanding the figure, and bringing it out in all its perfection—but how is just such a description to be given, as would convey the identical person to the mind's eye, and yet avoid, all that common place, of excellence, that rather, we fear, destroys than creates a charm.

Thence, perhaps, the heroes of some, otherwise good novelists, are so often failures, though studiously decked out with all sorts of first rate qualities, moral and physical ! We have no longer Tom Jones's or Booth's, *excellent* in their *imperfections* !

Let us see what is better than decking out a lifeless statue! Who has been in town, on a fine day in April and May, when the best blood of our country, male and female, may be seen to such advantage, in Bond street, Regent street, Hyde Park, and lastly in Kensington gardens; the only spot where the *ton* condescend to mix, *on foot*, with the plebeians, and the host of imitators, of the second and third orders! Such manliness of form, joined to all sorts of features, beautiful even in variety; unlike the tame school of continental excellence! and for loveliness, in the other sex, in the same endless difference of style — match it the world! — impossible! — then just such a good-looking manly young fellow, was Horatio, as some of those lads from Eton or Harrow; going to be matriculated at Oxford or Cambridge, others to sea, while others again, are panting for a cornetcy or ensigncy, and while yet they have a holiday, are sporting their figures about town, in high season; enjoying all the whirl of pleasure, that such a time of life, paints in irresistibly splendid colours.

He was after all, neither this, nor that—but on the whole, was as well as could be wish-

ed—and women and relations would have sworn he was remarkably handsome—but so were there, many on board, of the same stamp, and whose faces taken separately, would decidedly have been preferred by a Canova. Indeed, except the unfortunate Smallnose, Toby the clerk, Weazel, Bolus, and one or two others, (too homely to mention) there was hardly an ugly man on board. Now, Jack, though he does not care a fig for beauty, in the abstract, and whose ideas, on that abstruse subject, have never been formed by contemplating the finest models of the ancients—and have occasionally singular aberrations from *classic dictum*, yet does he find out *homeliness* of visage, with surprising quickness, and has a most unconquerable aversion to it! so that to be called “*Hatchet-faced*,” “Ugly-mug,” “Shovel-nosed,” &c., &c.; is the greatest stretch of forbearance to be expected, towards those unfortunates, who are not cast in nature’s choicest mould. And thence, while they one and all, allowed our hero to be a pretty “Good looking chap,” the unfortunate Toby was compared to a forked radish, with a turnip top; the school-master too,

was likened in his attenuation, to a dried herring, and his snout to that of a skuttle-fish; the doctor was called goggle-eye, and his mate pudding-face. The second lieutenant, though a good-looking man, was *parrot-nosed*; and the purser, from an unhappy and sinister cast, in his left organ of vision, was yclept the swivel-eyed cat-fish.

Billybuffer was compared to a rum-punchoon, and from said rotundity, shared equally the name of *Old Garbage*, being frequently, with faces of concern and condolence, asked after the health and state of his *corporation*! which never failed to stir up his bile; when, the wits were fain to get out of the way of his *fin*.

Thus, scarce a soul on board, whose defects had not some odd, and not inappropriate calling, by which the individual was as well known as by his lawful cognomen, signed and sealed in the ship's books. The follower of Horatio's, and newly-entered hand, Massa Dan, went to make a pair of "*snow-balls*," *Cæsar* standing alone to represent *Africa*, before the arrival of his sable brother.

If Nature had done much for Horatio's outside, she had not left him ill furnished within; and he might devoutly have thanked God for a constitution of iron; he was never ill, exposed as were all on board, in the hot climate they had just left, to be wet through and through for four hours on deck, after relieving the watch, dripping wet, from a very different source, perspiration! he felt no ill effects from it—while now and then some of the others, though not badly seasoned to it, *bore up* for the sick list, from severe colds, fevers, and dysenteries. We have before observed that his mind was naturally without blemish, and fair to receive the best impressions, rejecting the false, as from instinct—nor did he neglect to profit by the kindness of the second lieutenant, when he soon became a tolerable navigator; while, on deck, he was not inattentive to what was going on in seamanship—so that about this time, he was as fit to be left on deck, in charge of the watch (if such a thing had by possibility been required) as any of the oldsters; having far outstripped most of the youngsters in cleverness, as he



had in shooting up into that appearance between man and boy so indefinite, and quaintly termed on board ship, a *hobody-hoy!*—he was found, on more occasions than his jumping overboard out of the jolly boat, to have his full share of nerve and decision on ticklish occasions; but what he was most liked for, on the whole, was a straight-forward good sense and affability, great cheerfulness and good nature, though somewhat irascible and impatient—mere clouds that quickly blew over.

But enough of what he was—*character*, if there is any, must be left to develope itself—we only flounder into the common error, in stringing together, beforehand, a parcel of virtues, in anticipation, as it were; when, as we are but true and faithful historians, he may be found wretchedly deficient, where they assume “the name of *action*.”

But we cannot omit that this youth was most horribly amorous, and had already got himself into more than one premunire, on account of certain fair syrens, and for the which his *tender* feelings were occasionally hurt; but in these cases, as in most others in life, experience went for nothing—one glance from a pair of large, soft, blue eyes, half

shrouded by their dark silken lashes, would have, in an instant, undone the wisdom, oral and written, of fifty sages at his elbow, could he have employed and paid so many worthy and virtuous Mentors; but alas! unhappily, his only Mentor was Lieutenant Rodman, (somewhat given to frailty himself,) if we except Toby, whose utmost philosophy, went but to devise cunning plans, not for cheating the dear creatures out of their *hearts*, but out of their money!—doubly cruel, when 'tis considered how hardly it must have been earned at such hands.

Thus, their precept and example all ran riot, and pious morality had been banished long since from certain boundaries, including the anchorage, and a certain portion of *terra firma*, under the immediate dominion of the worthy municipality of Plymouth.

The “*blue peter*,” that most detested of His Majesty’s lawful yards of buntin, (when extended at the fore top-gallant mast head!) now shook in the breeze, and told a simple tale! Gay had been discharged into the flag ship, and higher destinies awaited him; as 'twas said that he was about to be “*made*,” and of this, he himself seemed to have a pleas-

ing anticipation—for a while, at least he had shaken off his slothful habits, together with those vile purser's *togs* or habiliments, in the which, he was but lately "*done up*," and a trunk full of fine things, of the last and most approved cut, sent down from Nugee, or Cooper, or Stultz's, now shewed him off as the greatest beau in the fleet.

But Gay's was the appearance of a *gentleman*, who did not wear his new coat, as if for the benefit of the tailor, or as if conscious every instant, of its finery—but as my Lord Chesterfield recommended to young Stanhope—when once dressed, he thought no more about the matter; not that we can afford to draw a close parallel between a young man of fashion and fortune, and a young man limited in his means, and placed, where he *must* trouble himself something further about his *coat*, and where, brushing and folding it up, when on board, are almost as indispensable, as putting it on, there being no *valet* allowed by the Admiralty for their lordships.

In addition to certain twitches felt by the officers of the ship, on the hoisting of the said ominous flag, (we include all the juvenile fry), *Jack*, as he took his broth and fresh beef

once more, before he came on *salt junk*, was seen to cogitate, and hitch up his trousers, as if compelled to *think* more than usual, as the gentle Mrs. Twofist, one of the bumboat women, stood at his elbow, for the second or third time, pouring forth such endearing and soothing strains as—"Well, I say, Mister Captain, (possibly of the main top or the *head*,) han't you a going to settle that small account, it's a long time a standing! when I bringed you off the last *bladder*; (at this word the voice of this redoubted lady fell to that key most likely not to penetrate above the hatchway)—I say, didn't you say, afore 'Tim Hard-up and Sam Plush, as how, as you was a man, you'd hand out; and now more nor three weeks, and I han't seen the colour of a d—d sixpence, bl—t my eyes, I han't; you mustn't come no nonsense mun, I won't stand it no more—the first leeftenant shall know of it, so it's no use saying no more about it—are you a going to pay, that's the word?"

Various looks and *expectations* answered this pithy appeal; and when wound up by the direct query, the said *captain*, with a peculiar twist of his features and shoulders, and

eyeing the lady askance, growled out—"To be sure, mother, what I says, I says, that's enough—what's the use of being so arnest—for the matter o' that, you knows better nor to go aft about it—two can play at that." Here the wink of both eyes ran round the mess table, before which, the aforesaid claimant stood, casting the shadow of at least two yards and a half of solid rotundity, with a face, in which might be easily traced, how much gin had aided a natural irascibility, in lighting it up to a cherry red; and from which two little grey eyes, deep-seated above the obtruding cheeks, darted such an expression, as a good mouser may be supposed to do, on the first view of an old and determined rat, who holds her at bay, for a moment, while he retreats backwards through his hole!

The said intimation, equally baffling the meek Mrs. Twofist; nor was it mended, when with an oath, the particular pair of the captain's messmates she had mentioned as witnesses, and who had helped to discuss the inside of the bladder (of gin) in question, disclaimed all knowledge, not only of the solemn engagement, but of the precious fluid itself! not being able to recollect any such treaty

or negociation!—in such critical moments, Jack's generosity prevailed over his cunning, and finding Mother Twofist *palled*, he gave her his *flipper*, and, with a hearty squeeze, "D—d his *top lights* if he had a *skiver* to his name; that was the *rule* truth; but she *mought* depend on the word of a *man*, that *when* they came in again, she might count *on all being right*; and it was no use taking on, nor making a *row*, for what was the good?"

To this admirable appeal and reasoning, the said dame shook her head, saying, as she left them for another set of creditors—"Well, well, just as you please gemen—you has it all your own way—I must suffer I s'pose, though I'm up late and arly to sarve ye, and comes off, when narrow another wherry durst show its nose, but good natur's always put upon!—I s'pose I must wait awhile."

And now, working her way fore and aft, together with some half dozen others, of the same size and calling, the good lady might be seen busy with other messes; some with better success, while others swore her down (no easy matter) that she was a *b——y liar*—they not owing her a rap.

But well these poor hardly used creatures, might console themselves, since, in imitation of more dashing purveyors, they generally charged a thousand per cent. profit, and could, in good sooth, afford a few *dead losses* in bad debts, under the firm conviction, that at least two-thirds of what money came in to harbour in the pockets of the sailors, would as surely be transferred to their own.

Nor did these leeches ever drop off till the said *blue peter*, acting like salt, made them let go their hold!—such scenes were mixed up with others simultaneous, all along the deck, of a something more refined and melting nature, which we have attempted a sketch, when weighing at *Spithead*, where the grief of parting, or being forced to *let go*, as in the case of those other leeches, seemed only to derive consolation in the knowledge, that there was no more blood in the body, in other words, not a sixpence left fore and aft.

From these inevitable and coarser scenes of selfishness, let us look aft, where with an excessive grave and business like countenance, purser Sly was settling with his mess-mates, not only for certain dire out-goings for the late *ball*, which mounted to a sum

total so monstrous, that though attacked by the most subtle division, and rule of three, could no way be reduced below the full amount of *one quarter's* pay from each individual!—when this most laughter killing sum was first annouced from the heighth of his desk or pulpit, to the right and left, various were the expressions of repentance and astonishment.

One begged him to repeat it aloud, another to cast it up again, and divide carefully by *seven* and not six, which, in the hurry it was feared he had!—Shroud “d——d his eyes if he’d give any more balls for one while.” Classic bore it like a man, as he rapped his boot with the point of his sword; he was just going on board the flag on duty. Rodman observed that such things done handsomely, could not be done for *nothing*. Belair looked melancholy pale, as he fumbled about for the money, and Weazel (otherwise *Old Soundings*) after eyeing the purser some time with a mixture of suspicion and wrath, said, with a very big oath, that he had better overhaul the cargo of *items*, “for why,” said he, “its beyond the nature of things, and totally a dead reckoning without observation,



‘and no more nor the looming of Beechy Head’ in a fog”—which, on seeing clearly, comes down in its dimensions. At this, he tried to disperse the *fog*, by trying to recollect how many fowls, turkeys, fish, bottles of wine, loaves of bread, baskets of fruit, and flowers, &c., had been destroyed on that fatal night; in the midst of this, the purser threw down his goose quill, and looking down on the doughty measurer of fathoms, begged him, with due solemnity, not to throw any *slur* on his *character* by such base insinuations, or a wicked attempt to calculate what was beyond all calculation!—“or if you must be particular, sir, I’d recommend your casting up the enormous quantity, you yourself destroyed, and made to disappear from the face of the earth, on that very night; when, to my certain knowledge, you ate and drank more than any two able bodied seamen in his Majesty’s service.”

At this rebuke, Weazel’s eyes began to twinkle and revolve like a warning light on a low shore, and which, indeed, but for the timely interference of those around, portended fearfully for the hull of the purser’s *craft*—for, rising suddenly, and advancing one of his fins, or fists, or *mauleys*, within some half

inch of the purser's nose, he desired to know (by "all the devils in hell") if he meant to offer him any personality; whereat the purser begged to "have nothing to say to him," if he "meant any violence!" at the same instant drawing back that member, which we have before noticed as something tender and inflamed, and which now seemed to shine with unwonted lustre, contrasted with its setting, in a very pale visage.

There is no knowing how far the wrath of the magnanimous "*Soundings*" would have carried him, when so whetted by the positive loss of certain pieces of gold, had not Belair very good naturedly thrown his arm between the projecting promontories of the belligerents—and begged for peace, and quietness, and "for God's sake!—My good Soundings, quoth he, "you must I fear, *douse your dust* without more ado—and you may *calculate* as much as you like at your leisure, when we get to sea."

"Moreover," said the purser, affecting as much calmness and dignity as possible, "there is the running account in harbour, and sea stock, for Port wine, potatoes, pickles, sheep, geese, fowls, &c., and a milch goat" ("Damn

the goat" muttered the half pacified Weazel) —"a matter I take it of £6. 10s. a piece—but the books are open to any gentleman's inspection;"—"I'll inspect," said the master,) "or I'll throw them up altogether, if I'm to be bullied and brow beat, because some people must be fed and crammed for nothing! d—n me!" As he uttered this last word, the purser tried to look fierce in his turn—but, as his eye met that of the redoubtable Weazel, who now sat grinning terribly a ghastly grin, his blinkers fixed intently on the accomptant, the latter was fain to glance them thrice round the table, as an appeal from his savage opponent.

"Do you hold your *gab*, old Soundings," cried Shroud, who now thought his weight and dignity called from their lurking places; "Do you pay the money, that's all you have to do, and thank God for all his mercies to you—wern't you near running off with an heiress!—what's her name, over the hill? whose heart you stole that very night!—didn't you stick to her like a leech! the devil wouldn't have shook you off—let alone that poor crazy craft, who hobbled about as if she hadn't strength to kill a flea—but she had the

chink, old boy ! and yet, spite of this piece of good fortune, here you are, grumbling and growling about a poor twenty pounds !—Twenty pounds ! when you are on the point of being spliced—for I tell you all, he's cursed close ! he doesn't go ashore so often, and no where to be seen ; mind that, and no where to be seen about ; for nothing !—unless you'd call thirty thousand nothing !—I say, what is it after all, old boy, but *throwing a sprat to catch a mackarel !*”

At this speech, the laugh went so hard against the master, that he was fain to retreat to his den like a bear, in search of the money, growling out certain mutterings, in which the words mackarel and *sharks*, and *pursers*, and *cheats*, were alone audible.

In fact there had been at the ball a lean fantastical demirep of fashion, who had long dashed, both in town, and out of town, the very essence of conceit, affectation, and ugliness.

This lady thought the possession of thirty thousand pounds (for it was no less a sum) could at any time get her a husband ; thence, had she fooled it to the “very top o'the bent,”—refused some good offers ; and had made desperate sets at others, who were not so

much in love with money, as to take her precious person with it. Thus time flew on, and just about this epoch, found her at her country seat, verging on fifty, as heartless, as foolish, and as gay as ever!—nor had she once suspected, that near twenty years had glided away, since she commenced old maid!—nor was this close idea the less confirmed, by the awkward and gross flattery of the master, who handed her out, and almost danced her to death, the night of the ball.

This loving couple sat together at supper—and as she had an innate love of flirting, though she would have fainted at the bare idea of Weazel, as her lord and master, yet did he do very well for this moment—agreeably relieving the *toadying* of a poor “*dame de compagnie*,” she kept by her, for no other purpose but to see with her eyes—and be in short a stalking echo for her opinions, from the head of a pin, to the head of the Lord Chancellor, or the heads of all the governments of Europe, when she chose to talk politics; not unfrequently the case, after being beaten at whist—when the king of spades was thrown down to take up the king of France; and possibly the knave of clubs made way for

some greater knave, figuring within her circle.

On the night of the ball, many were the sly glances directed at Weazel, and this lady, as we have said, being the best pair of originals on the floor, or deck; and many were the speculations, *pro* and *con*. The officers of the fleet, and particularly of the ship, who knew the *qualifications* of their messmate so well, were not sparing of their good wishes for his success, intermixed with sly rubs, first at him, then at the lady; who was most preposterously dressed out in taffeta, with a plume of feathers, that made her very careful as she sat at supper, lest they should be spoiled against the *beams*. The *master* consoling her by the assurance, that there were no *cobwebs* overhead—while, as he led her aft, afterwards, she was obliged to proceed, bent forwards, like the figure of C.

Many were the laughs among the girls at her expence, and looking to her comical gallant, many the devout wish, that such a knight might carry off the prize, in good earnest, as the crossiest, most meddling, exaggerating, tattling, mischief-making puss in the whole county.

But however they might have wished—they knew there was little chance for any *unsophisticated* tar—for she had the most sovereign contempt (when snug in her own drawing room) for the whole race—calling them a set of bears, without (she added by way of pun) the merit of that respectable beast, as they were too *poor* to be *fat*!

What chance there was for the unfortunate *Weazel*, alas! may be conjectured from these her fixed notions—though, indeed, *Weazel* was what might be called, in very respectable *case*, as regarded his outward man, and carried before him a corporation that was only second in significance, to that more round and weighty, of his mate, Mr. Billybuffer.

Ever since that ball, the unhappy master had heard of nothing but this affair of the rich old maid—and as, in truth, he had not seen nor heard any more of her, he began to wish she had been rather at the bottom of the Red Sea, than his partner; or within *hail* of him, as he expressed it.

## CHAPTER XVII.

In which the Ship once more goes to Sea—and Massa *Dan* tells a story of the Back-woods of America, with other vastly interesting Matters.

---

——“ Who you tell dat to, d—n you liber ! heh ! you no make fool o’me, I tell you boy ! you mus “ *Eat more mush and milk* ” and get up a curst sight arlier in de morning, ’fore you make *Cæsar* b’lieve you cus’ long ’tory, ’bout dem ere Indian niggers, in de backwood ! how you say, he see ’em white man, when ’em hid under ground ! and kill ’em mile off !! and smell ’em ’tree mile !!! and knock button off blue coat, two hundred yard off, wid ’em rifle !—who you tell you d—n lie to, eh ! I believe in my ha’t, you lie like devil ! ”

Such was the apostrophe, in a *friendly* way, of *Cæsar* to *Dan*, as they sat opposite each other at the mess table, over the last of that day’s *plush*, which, as the speaker was *cook*



of the day, had somewhat elevated him ; and, in a lesser degree, his sable chum, who had just called the attention of said African, and the rest of his messmates, to one of those stories of the backwoods of the United States, during the war ; in which, was mixed much of the marvellous ; and in which he ever made it a rule to figure, as the hero.

The small light that reached the *berth*, where sat Dan and Cæsar, came down through two tubes, or scuttles, from the forecastle, and was close in the stem of the frigate, or “chock forward in the bows,”—all around was of that dingy light, scarcely sufficient to have identified the said pair, as more than a shade darker than their neighbours ; but that the rays from Sol, of a very fine day, darting down these tunnels, struck full on the shining ebony of Cæsar’s flat nose and features ; and from their greasy polish, glanced, reflected immediately over the no less shining countenance of Massa *Dan*—who, with his eyes so turned, that nothing but a small streak of white could be seen, now sat grinning, with an expression of contemptuous superiority, at the incredulous, and somewhat uncivil rebuff, by which he was thus interrupted, in the véry

outset of one of his longest and most marvellous *yarns*, or stories.

The said interruption too, happened just as he had premised, to the more willing ears of the captain of the fore-castle, who was at the head of the mess, and whom he had propitiated with a full *horn* of *plush*, (surplus) that “ ’Em Indians was very queer chaps, and do ’tings, dat do man nigger, or no nigger, could do, in de whole ’varsal world—dat so help him gad, dese red-men, got ear, eye, arm, and foot, more sharp and ’cute nor devil; and sleep wid one eye open, like king-cajo, or possum, ’mong de hiccory leaves!”

“ D——n your black cocoa nut, let the man go on, can’t ye—what the h—ll do you know about any thing, but the Guinea shore; go on Dan, my hearty; don’t mind him; if brother snow-ball luffs up athwart your bows again, by “ *the piper that played before Moses*” I’ll jam that ram’s nob of his’n against the stanchion, and make him look “ *Seven ways for Sunday*.”

This pithy speech of the captain’s, enforced with a thump on the table, that made the several horns dance again, was accompanied with a knowing wink to those about him, who,

some lying on the chests, some still sitting up, were more or less inclined to listen to the old "*nigger's*" yarn, as they termed it—though they one and all, swore at the end of each tale, that it was all humbug, and a d—d lie ! but there was a wide difference between the incredulity of fellows, who had some *gumption*, as they termed it, and a mere *coast o' Guinea snow-ball* ! so that the interference of the captain of the forecastle, was clinched all round with—"aye, aye, hold your gab—his yarns are as good as your'n any day, about old king Quashibo—and kill 'em, and eat 'em's—in the 'Shantee country."

Thus encouraged, Dan with a leer of triumph at Cæsar, took a sip at his horn—and looking first up, then down, then round about, in a sort of confusion of modesty, at finding himself the oracle of the moment—hem'd—and spit—and took a fresh quid—and thus proceeded.

"I don't mind Cæsar, 'case he no know nutting, but wha' nigger come from ; for my part, I hope devil 'fetch me, if I tell lie—bess of my rec'election—for why ! long time gone since 'Merican war, more nor dat, I neder crab nor creole, but true Barbadian born, and

was bred up, and sarve my time wid old missa Tugpsalm in Virgini State; he keep de biggest *store* in de town—and when war come, de 'sembly of Congress make massa colonel—dat de way I get to see someting—and know someting! not like you know-nut-ting nigger!”

“Who you call nigger?” cried Cæsar, roused once more by this sort of *side wipe*, or inuendo—“Who you call nigger, rat you, answer me dat?”

“I call no man nigger,” returned Dan, “Garra mighty forbid, I call man nigger!” Cæsar once more lay his wooly mop on his two enormous fists, on the table, in a quiescent posture, at once favorable to listening and to sleep, as the case might *require*; Dan, went on.

“As I tell you, boys, massa one day call me—say, ‘Dan-boy, ‘I call for de war’! dat 'ere foolish old country make war—time for every man to be free; I say yes, massa; though God know, I slave fas enough for massa—but he no see dat! white man all for 'em sef!’ I say, ‘Yes massa, dat very good, for be free man, or die!’ he say, ‘Dan, you ver good boy, you get de old mare, and de pie ball hos, saddle, and put two blanket on 'em, and four

pistol, two for you, two for me; mus fight like devil.'

"When I hear massa talk for fight so hard, I don't deny, trouble come over me! tow, for alt dat, I was in dem days a smart chap, I tell you! I go in de out-house, for saddle de horse; Jemima was making de *mush* and de *homany*; I say, 'Jemima, I go to de war wid massa, give me some breakfass quick'—no knowing how soon I get head knock off, wid king soger, and dem damn red Indian, as lay in em bush, side de road, in de wood! she make face; I say, 'what's a use for cry! man no live for ever! give some breakfass quick,' massa in great hurry to fight—and me too—where is de *homany*, where's de molasses? don't make no moa nonsense, take you arm from 'bout my neck, and let me go—where is de *homany*?"

So far had Daniel got, calculating, like many other able narrators, that a minute circumstantial opening, paves the way to a more intense interest, as the action increases, and facts thicken—but alas! Dan's judgment was in this, something at fault; and in sooth would have kept him with *Jemima*, over the *hominy* and molasses, God knows how long,

had he not been hastened to saddle the horses, and get ready for his adventures, by one of the foretopmen of the mess, crying out—"D——n your hominy and your breakfast, heave ahead; what's *homanee* to us! if you're a going to keep us here all day for nothing, why say so at once! shiver my timbers!"—"can't you let him be," said another, opening one eye, "its the natur of the beast; give him line—he'll haul in after awhile."

Silence once more obtained, the warrior continued—"You in d——n hurry, you want all at once, like old massa Tug-psalm's pig, when I feed 'm wid Indian corn! but I give 'em little and don't mind 'em 'queak!—I soon saddle 'em hos (horses) and load all four pistol—Gad help me, was so cold, my finger so numb, most froze! I tell massa all ready—snow good six foot on de road—who care for dat?—no born in de wood for be scared by owl.

"Massa come out wid long blue cloak, and bear skin cap, den after he cry, bid missy farewell, say him prayer, and sing psalm."—"Thirteenth stave beginning at the bung-hole," said the captain of the fore-castle in a pig's whisper, to his next neigh-

bour.)—"He mount, I mount, and soon on road for Baltimore, and trot fass as 'em lay leg to ground I tell you—no child play, I tell you; not good road like in old country, but rut deep, as after hold; one time massa come down wid 'em hos, by old pine stump—I run look for 'em—help me Gad! I was hunt, hunt, hunt, long time in de snow; no find 'em, nor hos! by and bye he call out, 'Where are you d—n nigger?' I run, for I know by dat sound 'twas massa, and I help 'em out of hole—den we ride sore hard day and night, pass Baltimore, till we come to de Allegany mountains;"—"How far's that snow-ball?" interrupted the sly captain of the forecastle; two, tre hundred mile," continued Dan,—“What, and no fighting yet?"—"Top, by and bye you hear som'ting," resumed Dan.

“We ride on pass *long pine-swamp*, afore we begin to rise de Allegany; I was behind old massa bout an hundred yard; I say, 'massa, massa!' He say, 'what you want, d—n hangman? if you boder me, I give you cow-kin, so help me God!' for I not take notice dat massa was singing psalm and tanks-giving to de Lord, when neber durst 'sturb him: but I see track of Indian, when I cross

over long side creek, as was now froze over, hard as a corn cob, so I don't mind old master cow'kin, but I ride up, and I tell him to look at de red oak branch cut down to de left;—and farder in de wood, de smoke of Indian fire! Massa drop 'em psalm for anoder time; he say—'right boy, must look sharp in de bush;' be sure I look dom sharp, and never let on nutting—I look at pistol, see if all in orda—bless you, a was mounted wi' silver, better nor massa's; besides he got him long sword, more nor two yard long, and sharp as needle I tell you!

'“I look, massa look! no see nutting more for good hour, all at once de road turn top de rock, through de wood, a finest white oak ever I seed wid my eye,—dem days I have eye like hawk; I look 'mong de tree—massa not ten yard afore me, I say 'Massa keep close—mind what I say, red man not far off, I tell you!—you see dat 'are grey squirrel working round 'em white oak branch, good hundred feet way, way up dere! what for he so frighten?' massa say, 'You fool, he frighten because I come here!'—I shake my head, I know massa neber frighten nutting but 'em nigger!—I say 'Massa take care dere, have you long tommy



(dat was 'em sword sharp as squirrel toose,) in you hand ready—my mind misgive me,'—well sir, sure enough, we no get further nor you hear *conque shell* in corn field further on, when I hear noise in leaf, just side de road 'mong de bush, where it so thick, de rattle snake hardly able to crawl — I say 'What dat?' "

As Dan reached this critical part of his story, his nostrils dilated, his wool seemed to encrease in altitude, his eye balls glared, and he stared directly in, towards the foremast and stanchions, which, as they remained in shades might not inaptly put him in mind of the woods and bushes; but he had by this time worked himself up to almost as much emotion, as might have existed thirty years before on the Allegany, when, coming down with his master, the said (Colonel) Hezekiah Tug-Psalm, he had a narrow chance for his life, from the daring attempt of a stray Indian of the hostile tribes; in those days, not yet driven back from the western parts of the state of Pennsylvania—tribes, alternately in the pay of the mother country, and her transatlantic children; at once to annoy their common foe,

and lend the helping hand, unwittingly, to their own extermination, in the sequel."

The attention of those about Dan, not previously asleep, was now aroused ; so that, as he came towards the field of action, a dead silence prevailed. Dan, supporting himself in a crouching attitude by the table, (for he now acted the scene over again) proceeded thus:—" Mind dat—I say, massa, what dat?" Massa say, 'I don't know; what you see, boy, ah?' I say, " nutting! but I neber let on—by and by—*whiz* come tomahawk! he come so close my head, sir, dat em cut piece my new beaver hat clean slick off, and he fall down under hos foot. I say, 'massa, you see dat;' he say, 'what?' but no use talking—I say, take 'care! here de Indian—I pull out pistol, and fire quick; gad rat, its no use; I fire in bush, can't see nutting; de tomahawk stick in young cedar, toder side de road, matter of fifty yards off; just as I was tinkin' for go fetch em, I see de d—n hang man, red man, jump a matter o' fifteen foot, slick away, out de bush, on de road; where him stood 'tock still, and fix em eye on massa! all de time de d—n red man reach up behind

'em back for oder tomahawk ; what devil massa do, when em 'tand 'till, and not do nutting, wid him long tommy, sharp as needle, I no know. I say, ' Massa, now you time put 'pur to Hos, and cut em down, through em d—n 'kull—its no use, massa, wheel right round, and come close 'a hind me ; and 'a say, ' de Lord will, be done !'—I say, ' Devil *will*, be done—Gara Mighty forgive me, you put your truss in de Lord—you better put you truss in you long tommy !—why don't you fire ? —he say no—it all mistake, dis is friend red man ! I say, what you say ? *mis-take* ! you no see he most cut my nose off, wid d—n tomahawk—what for, *mistake* ?—my blood up, I tell you ; I not be fooled so ; I say, I'll do for him ; I pull out oder pistol, but massa no let me fire yet—he say, call the good man flind, and give him dollar (for I carry de dollar bag behind me). I say, ' What for ? what devil ail you, massa ? *he* by and by kill you, by and by kill me !—but mind, sir—I fix dis dom hang man wid my eye—my eye sharp as Missouri eagle—I fix him—by dis time he got oder tomahawk in 'em fis, and only watch 'em chance to fling at massa. I call out, what you want, ah ? dollar ! ha !—

rum! ha! I show him dumb dollar, and de handle de pistol; he fool think dat rum bottle—ha!—I say, you good man come dis way, no hurt, good man; here dollar for you. Sure enough, sir, he jump up, and first ting he do, he seize massa bridle, and take aim for strike—I see was dead man in minute; for massa no strike wid tommy, but try to 'suade a d—n hang man to be good man, and let go 'em bridle, for have de rum and de dollar!—I pull de old man round, and take good aim at red nigger head—he lift em hand to strike; I let fly; paff! de bullet go clean through him 'kull, and he roll on de ground, still fast de bridle of *old Ball*—why you no cut him hand off? I call out to massa; massa stupid; de d—n hang man not dead yet, I take tommy out em hand, and cut em hand slick off; I say, dere rum and dollar for you, d—n tief.—When massa see him down, and rolling in de snow, he say, well done, Dan, boy; I give you forty dollar for dat job, some day'—Gara Mighty, he only give half, only twenty dollar! d—n hang man! I say, 'Massa, put s'pur to old Ball, we muss ride hard; dere more Indian near; one chance enough for be scalped for dat day; and sure enough we

neber looked behind once, afore we got down at old Col. Caleb Cornstalk's, more nor twelve mile, at de sign of de General Paoli. Massa dat night, by de fire, tell de Colonel all about de fight, but tell curse lie ; when he say he do de Indian business himsef ; dat I fire and miss 'em, and he cut 'em head off wid single lick of de long tommy ! Help me, Gara Mighty, he neber did no more nor a blind puppy ! if I lie, I hope dis drap," lifting the last sup of his horn to his lips, " may choak Daniel Wampum Hickory."

Here, having ended, Dan looked round for that applause, which generally accompanied his yarns ; (if not told plumply and quietly that it was a lie) in the simple nod of approbation, or occasionally a " Well, that beats all as 'er I heard ! its no use denying that old Chopchank has seen some ups and downs in the world — that's no bad yarn, if you'd a cut it a matter shorter, Dan."

On this occasion, the captain of the fore-castle observed, after a pause, in which he mustered up a considerable portion of sapience, in his sun burnt phiz, " that if he'd a been there, he'd a pitched such a colonel over horses *bows*, for a lubberly swab !—why

did'nt you make him give you your freedom then? or a left him to be spiflicated by the Indian: that was the time!—I'd a seen him in h—l first, sooner nor have moved a hand for him, since he hung an —— so himself; he mought have got off with *red face*, the best way he could."

To this Dan assented, but said, that as it turned out afterwards, coming into the State of Pennsylvania, partly made him a free man; and after sticking to this same Colonel Hezekiah 'Tug-psalm through all his psalmsinging and fighting during the war, they sat down in Philadelphia, where, partly because he could not help it—partly because he feared he'd run away, and partly some small visitings of conscience, and gratitude for this affair—he made a sort of merit of necessity; and one bright morning, told Dan he was a *free man*! from that day!" — but that he (the Colonel) expected he'd not leave him without a "*nigger*" while he sat in Congress, in that town.

This, Dan jumped at of course; nor was it, till after he had seen his quandam master Tug-Psalm down as far as Wilmington, on the *Brandywine*, on his way home, that Dan set

up for himself with a *cross and saw* as wood-cutter—nor did he cast one lingering look behind, at the dingy Jemina; but paid his *distresses* to another damsel nearer his own premises, in Spruce Street, or the Northern Liberties, (for we cannot be quite sure of the then domicile of the said Daniel) who, in due time, gave him all herself to wife, for better, for worse—though, as Dan had oft occasion to mutter between his teeth afterwards, there was no “*better*” about the matter: and this was one of the *moving* causes that compelled him to make “*himself scarce*” (after having been lashed by her tongue a comfortable number of years) and take to seeing the sea, and something more of the world at large, even down to the propitious moment of this tale, among his new messmates.

The Apollo was fairly at sea; but it would have been unfair to describe the operations of weighing and making sail a second time: a sea life, and the every-day business of that life, is far too monotonous to have begun this chapter with in the regular way; by first going through the business of weighing the anchor, and making sail out of the Sound, which had been done the very morning of the

relation of the preceding story we have happily brought to a close.

High were the hopes that filled, in various modulations, the many jolly fellows aboard; from the captain, forward to the foremast berth, or mess of the foremast men, where we have just heard the *yarn* of one of the party, as they waited for the hour to expire allowed to dinner, before the boatswain's mate's pipe summoned them on deck, or lingered below, not having the watch.

The day was beautiful, the breeze fair, and the *old lass* spanked away to the westward, as if conscious of her errand, namely, to take, burn, sink, or destroy all and every enemy's cruizer, or craft, she could come across. To pursue, we say, with any thing like fidelity, the sensations of her *living cargo*, we are obliged to confess, that though high hopes flashed on the minds of the whole *generally*, some for glory, others for prize money, others at the *change*, already tired of "continuing *in one stay*," yet is the first day of putting to sea, (unless immediately in chace of something), dull—invariably *dull*, abaft the main mast!—in other words, among the officers; some were ruminating on the devilish



expences of the shore and taverns; now, having leisure, for the first time, to examine the state of their purses, which, being at zero, naturally produced a counter examination of latent and forgotten *causes*, to be traced to the too evident and unwelcome *effects*.

In the mids' berth they missed Gay, as a man would one of his arms; most of the lads were seen with their desks and papers before them—some to bring *their hands in to days' works* as quickly as possible before two bells, or one o'clock next day.

Others running over sundry expensive items, of which they had but a confused and feverish recollection at the moment, and might, as we have hinted, be deemed unreal, but that the state of their finances forbade any such fallacious reasoning, or consolation—and truly not one equivalent gained, but a few moments of what it had been agreed (*why*, no one *felt*,) to call *fun*.

Others again, of which number was Horatio, ruminated on the dear girl left behind; and though in such light and inconstant strains and vows, at which indeed Jove may laugh, still there was food and room for an hour or two's sadness—or rather let us call it *ennui*—

—nobody talked—and as they sat at table, at the same hour of noon, in common with the ship's company, no flash of merriment broke in on the silence—even Toby, the clerk, as he doggedly plied the grog bottle, seemed earnestly cogitating on *somewhat*; poising his head on his hand, his elbow on the table, with his fore finger on his nose, making an exact right angle with a quill behind his ear, something in the way in which we see it stuck for the convenience of small city clerks of vast and pressing business! This served to denote a sort of diligence and importance, and was moreover a sign of his craft and particular calling, even at moments when the said secretary more resembled a Silenus, or any other fuddled follower of master Bacchus; but, in imitation of *gentlemen*, Toby often affirmed, with an oath, that it was low and vulgar to work, or even think, *after dinner*!—the morn'g's alone proper for study and business!

Nor would this maxim have been amiss, had the said hour of dinner fallen later in the day than high noon—possibly he had never taken this vast difference in the disproportion of time into his serious consideration. That

serious study was cut short at this early hour, was, in his case, certain—not so certain, but that he turned over the leaves of his ledger even after gentlemanly hours; but it went sorely against the grain; and what was worse, the *entries* at such moments were sadly irregular, requiring the scrapings of his penknife the next morning, as a corrective.

In harbour, the books went sadly behind, no longer appearing so often before the “*big man*” aft, nor could it be supposed he could suddenly go to work in earnest on the *first day*!

No; as he sat with his pen behind his ear *all ready*, he muttered something about “making a day of it, please God, *tomorrow*”—then relapsed into a brown study; nor was it till numerous applications to his mouth had unbent his brow, that he gave them the first stave of “*Dear Tom, this brown Jug,*” which song, however, was, in all its length, reserved for *Saturday nights*, when Toby invariably got *glorious*.

But the walls rang not now responsive in chorus; and presently all their attentions were called to a general settling with the caterer, who, after letting them know of the *outgoings*, announced the *comings in* of—three

sacks of *potatoes* and one of *onions*, by way of sea stock; observing, “that if gentlemen chose to hand out more money, it would have enabled him to have got a better provision for the cruize—but they knew best; and with reference to the *breakages*, it was impossible to replace them at this rate; some people, (alluding to the secretary), had recommended a keg of gin! but for his part, he thought a few pounds of portable soup better, or a few pounds of coffee—but that if things were carried on decently, the first step required was to get an entire new stock of plates, dishes, cups and saucers—not one being whole at that moment; that he had wished to have got a suit of clothes for Jem, the boy, who was not fit to be seen, and a disgrace to a gibbet!”—at this, Jem, who stood behind him, pricked up his ears!—“but gentlemen knew best; for his part, if things went on so next time they came into port, he’d throw the catership up, and acquaint the captain why!”

This harangue was received in a sort of penitent silence, only broken in on by Toby’s remarking, that “if he’d a known of it, he’d not have begrudged any sum in reason;” in this he was echoed presently by every mo-

ther's son of them—but the caterer gave his noddle an incredulous shake—and Toby added, by way of smoothing down, as he filled and passed the bottle, “that he voted they drank the caterer's health for his great vigilance and foresight, in gathering together the said bags of potatoes and onions, as they were not only very wholesome food, but with salt beef and pork, did knock up a most savoury mess!”

Mr. Billybuffer's health was accordingly drank, *in solemn silence*; not that this portly functionary thought himself bound to take any notice of it, in a neat speech, or further, than by a significant shrug of his shoulders! as much as to say—“Aye aye, it's always the way!”

Presently after, they all dispersed; as usual, some to take a nap on their chests with a pillow (kept stowed within, out of their hammocks, expressly for this *siesta*) others to their desks, balanced on their knees, as they sat on the *combings*, or on a stool at the hatchway, so as to get light enough to see by—while others went on deck—leaving only Toby, and a couple of the most grog-loving

oldsters, *still hugging the berth aboard*, half asleep over their *tots*.

Thus having disposed of the connecting links between these *high contracting powers*, let us cast our eyes further aft, where sat the purser, likewise making up his mess accounts, more to his, and much less to his messmates, satisfaction.

Weazel, had long since *dowsed his dust*, that is to say, paid scot and lot, but he had hardly recovered his equanimity of temper towards Master *Nipcheese*, frequently eyeing him from the corner of his twinkler, with a mixed expression of contempt and dissatisfaction ; but stormy matters had blown over, and peace was established, all the monies were collected, bills paid, and *stock* laid in ; and if not in the very best way—yet well enough, to enable them to have a tolerable good dinner on table for the first month, of any given cruize ! that is, for instance—pair of fowls at top—pea soup at bottom ; a huge dish of potatoes, on right flank, smiled in their flowery jackets, over at their neighbours, a dish of boiled onions—which smoked immediately beneath a towering round of corned beef ;

which, in its turn, was bottomed by a *double piece* of pork ; pickles graced the corners ; while silver forks, and ladle, gave a dignity to the whole, extremely imposing to the eyes of the mid—as he stepped in through the gun-room door, after the last sound of “ *O the roast beef of old England !*” as played off, with great vigour, by the drummer of marines, under the half deck.

Nor must we forget the effect of two large decanters, filled with port, and two smaller, with good Jamaica rum—the whole, leaving not a vacant space for the eye to rest on !

As, however, we have been something minute in an earlier part of the day with the sailors, let us send the purser, and his papers, packing, and imagine them all seated at this feast ; having brooded, and lounged over disagreeables during the forenoon, without any particular communion with each other—now whetted with wine, spirits, and appetite.

Rodman and Shroud, dined in the cabin : the first having the forenoon watch ; the second, as an invariable rule, the *first day at sea* ; “ A spanking breeze, old boy,” said Classic, as, jumping down the vertical ladder through the skylight, he hit Weazel a friendly

whack on his shoulder, just as he had placed his chair in the immediate vicinity of the round of beef, or rather let us say, as it was the first day out, a roast sirloin ; for the *corned* rounds, only came on, when the fresh beef was exhausted. “ A spanking breeze, eh, old cock ; and now for clearing the land in a shake, and coming across something to warm the cockles of your old heart ! give me a chair, boy ! Where’s that sleepy headed monkey of mine ? a chair, sir ! ” — Weazel rubbed his shoulder — “ What gentleman dines here ? ” continued Classic, as he seated himself. “ O ! Mr. Lackwit—purser, make a little more room for Mr. Lackwit.” All being now seated, the purser ladled out the pea soup with becoming dignity, while the steward, and his assistant, with all the boys of all the officers, placed themselves behind their respective chairs, and private Simon Dozey, behind Belair ; having been promoted to that post, *pro tempore*, where he grinned most hugely from time to time ; having got over the qualms and trouble of his first appearance *on that stage*.

A glass of wine now having gone round, (according to the received usage, by asking each other, in those days,) the more solid



eatables were discussed, with infinite relish ; during which serious occupation, there was little breath thrown away ; but no sooner had cheese and beer disappeared with the cloth—and a few biscuits, and the wine graced the polished oaken board, than some of them ventured a few remarks, first on the state of the weather, which it was agreed *nem. con.* could not be finer !

As the wine and grog circulated, aided by hot water, sugar, and lemon, as the given quantity of port wine (a pint each,) disappeared—the conversation, which at first seemed to have settled on the weather, now branched to more solid subjects ; “ Strike me comical,” cried Weazel, turning to Classic, “ What makes you so funny to day ?—there’s Belair, why don’t you rouse him up a bit, he han’t got a word to throw away to a dog ! boy ! take these here *marine officers* off the table,” pushing the empty bottles on one side—“ Well done *Soundings*,” retorted Belair, who had been something silent—“ Why, who’d have thought it ! he’s getting witty ! come, there’s some hopes of you yet ; but I thought you were going to give us the *go by*—what have you done with that piece of antiquity ? she,

with the fine estate—who set her heart on you! come, don't deny it."

Here the wink went round, and the master looked about for an answer—first inside of a lemon, next inside of his glass, then the sugar dish—"Ah!" said the doctor, from the other side, "that master! that master! he'll be the death of some poor girl yet!" Weazel, gave his left shoulder a hoist—"Poor, fiddle stick's end," said Classic, "the master scorns it—no, no, *rich*, you rogue, *rich*, and if she's a *girl*, she's a good tough old girl, not so easily killed, is she Soundings?"

This appeal was accompanied with the usual whack on the master's shoulder, who now, having made his punch, and hitched his chair a little further off from the Lieutenant, took a sip,—gave his head a shake, and came out at last with "Aye, aye, you're all got your jawing tacks aboard—'*brag's a good dog, but holdfast's a better*,' he, he, he! perhaps, I'm got as good a chance as any on you, to pick up a fortune!—you may laugh—aye, a fortune! but I don't say nothing of any names one way or t'other—dash my buttons, you're out there; I never seed that old woman from that day to this."

Here three or four spoke together, declaring how devilish sly the old master was, and that he had been seen more than once going over the hill, on the Hamoaze side, towards the lady's park.

"Confess, now, old boy," said Belair, "where did you toddle off to, when you and I took a steak together at the Blue Anchor, last Thursday?" "Where," cried Weazel, "where!—why—why—what's that to you? if you come to that—but I didn't go there any how—no; she was not so coming." "Ha! its clear," cried the purser, "that there is considerable mystery in the master's movements;" "There's none, howsomdever, in your's," retorted the master: "what were you a saying to the fat landlady of the Boar and Sausage, when I just stepped in, the night when we all went to dine with my lord—what's his name there—the 'tother side of the river?"—"Yes, yes, you had better not say much, doctor, old Soundings will be too hard for you," interrupted Classic; "you forget how cursed deep he's got, since he has taken to the study of the *ancients*, eh, old boy?"

The doctor had grown very red in the face, and began to goggle like an owl; but this

timely stroke helped him out, and he rallied in an affected laugh: while Simon Dozey, who had still lingered the last behind his master's chair, giggled audibly, to the great horror of the master, who cried out, turning sharp round, "What's that raw marine a laughing at, I should like to know?—come, Mr. Gulpin, make yourself scarce, if you don't want what you can't eat."

At this salute, the recruit took himself off in double quick time; while his officer, taking up the cudgels for him, as in duty bound, dryly observed, "That he thought the master too much of a philosopher, since he studied *antiquity*, to be moved at the risibility of the poor fellow: and really, my dear *Soundings*," continued he, "how was it possible for him to keep his countenance any more than the rest of us?" "D—n me! he, nor no one shall laugh at me, though," cried Weazel, rather raising his voice. "Come, old boy," said Classic, "don't ride rusty, its all in good part, you can't expect to cut us all out, and take off the dainty bits out of our mouths, as it were, and not have a word said about it; no, come, d—n it, that's too bad!"

All this time Mr. Lackwit had sat, enjoying

the quizzing, without presuming to interfere, by any remark ; for, on, or off deck, there is a sort of implied deference to the *officers*, which does not allow of a great deal of familiarity—and he had kept up a more sedate conversation about the cut of coats, new fashions, and the price of stocks, with the purser ; who, looking upon him as a very superior young man, paid a deference to his opinions almost as profound as if he had been actually a messmate ; to the which he was induced, to be sure, by the knowledge—that Lackwit was the son of a very rich man ; a thing in itself commanding his very utmost respect.

“ Well, purser,” at length said Belair, “ what have you got to say about the matter ? here’s the master very sore at your laughing at him.” “ Who ? I laugh at Mr. Weazel ! not I, on my honor ! I hope Mr. Weazel will be pleased to observe that I took particular care not to laugh at him.”

“ I don’t care, not I, what care ye take,” cried Weazel, “ its all one to me. Come, push round the bottle ; here’s to a short and merry cruize—a rich prize, or hard fighting, or both, rabbit it !” “ Do you mean the prize

you've left behind, or one from the coast of France?" said Classic; "but come, (seeing the master making wry faces) I won't be too hard on you!" "You, indeed," retorted the master, "you! I like that! he, he, he! why, indeed, for the matter of that, who do you love or like? what maid, old or young, have you sparked? its all very well for you to talk, who hate women, in my belief, in the bunch—I don't know as ever I seed you say a civil thing to one yet, high or low; you know what a stir you made about Miss Evelina Dawson's coming to table; at Sheerness, just as if she'd a *pison'd* you!"

"There you mistake," said Classic, something reddening at this counter attack, "there is a wide difference between being familiar with such trash, and fastening *tooth and toe nail* on an old woman of fifty, as you did, old boy; and a reasonable liking for a well-educated young lady! but how should you know B from a bull's foot."

"Come, never mind, master," cried the doctor, "odd rabbit it, he's too hard for you; let's change the subject. Who knows where we're going?" "Why, who cares," cried Weazel, so as *cropy'll* only come out, and

give us a sight of him, all's one to me." "Well, I'll tell you what the captain said just before Rodman came up to relieve me at four bells," rejoined the lieutenant, "from which you may draw your various conclusions. He said, apropos of you, purser, that the moment we came in again, he would apply to have your slops of a better quality, if possible, having some faint hopes from his interest opposite Whitehall :

"Pray, may I ask," said the purser, who supposed this some waggery of Classic's, "what the men's slops, confided to my charge, had to do with where we are going to? I rather think, if I'm not mistaken, the *slops*, such as they are, will remain just as they are, long after your time and mine ; it will require more interest than the captain, or a dozen captains have, to alter their quality, which is quite good enough, and ordered by wiser heads than any afloat, if I'm not mistaken ; that won't take—try something else."

"I assure you, purser, its a true bill—why, I'll tell you what induced the captain to remark it ; that new black they have just got on board, what's his name, Daniel something, had got on one of your cursed coarse blue

jackets, that fitted him about as well as if the flying jib had been chucked over his mast head ; the captain asked who he was ; for the fellow came blundering on across us to *windward*, and without touching his hat—this led to his jacket's being remarked ; for you know, purser, your slops may be known a mile off ; they are all of one quality."

"What quality, may I ask ?" said the purser, "What quality, why good hopsack, to be sure !—I certainly agree with him that it is a great shame such trash should continue to be brought on board—*dear* to the poor fellows, at any price—if clothes are necessary, let them in God's name be of an enduring stuff and of a tolerable texture ; by the bye, Belair, your galoots are no better off—never, never did I see such *blanketing* as they are done up in, it is impossible to call it cloth—though I will do you the credit to say your tailor has altered them into a pretty good fit ; they no longer hang about them like bags—then, the colour !—who ever saw such an apology for scarlet !"

"O ! as for that," returned Belair, "you might as well find fault with the whole army, which is of the very same colour and quality,



I can tell you"—“*Odd rabbit it*, no no,” interrupted the doctor! “no, marine, there you’re wrong—let me see; where did I see one of his Majesty’s regiments of horse, the other day—the cloth was pretty fine, and scarlet I’ll be on oath;”—“Yes, yes,” continued Classic, “the little doctor means the guards now down at Plymouth—they are an exception to be sure; but that is but a trifling exception after all, the foot guards are no better off than the line—and though, for my own part, I do not presume to find *fault* mind ye—yet I confess the thing strikes me as very preposterous and glaring.”

“Odd rabbit it,” said the doctor, “don’t you know that the colonels of regiments get so much a year to clothe the men, and thence the colonelcy is supposed to be *worth so much* !”

“O! I cry your mercy!—but setting all this aside, I will now let the purser know what his slops have to do with our destination. The captain, while making this remark, observed it could not be long before he tried the experiment; as we were only going for a few weeks off the west coast of Ireland, and

so down as far as the Bay of Biscay ; however, please God, this time, I hope we shall not come in empty handed — now sinking the slops, at a venture, what'll you take for your prize money purser ?”

Sly had drawn himself up on his dignity, but at this question, which promised some sort of assured profit, he relaxed and answered, “ What will you give me ? ” — “ *Odd rabbit it,*” said the doctor (which was his favorite expletive,) why purser I'll give you a pound,” — “ Indeed ! ” “ Well come, I'll throw my Mantons, as good a pair as ever *hung* fire, into the bargain ! ” — “ Indeed,” returned the imperturbable Sly, “ better throw 'em overboard ! ” — “ That I'm sure the doctor will, on one condition,” said the lieutenant ! — “ May I ask what condition,” enquired the purser ; “ Why, if you'll let him first tie them round your neck ! ” “ *Odd rabbit it,*” said the doctor, “ come, come ! now that's too hard — the purser thinks I'm in fun, but I'm not, i'faith, he shall have them 'pon honor ! ” “ Stop doctor, continued Classic, “ *honesty* before *age*, my bargain comes first, I'll give Sly an order on my banker for ten pounds — pos ! ” “ What will

you," cried the eager purser, "ten pounds!—done — no, stop, let me see — umph, ten pounds."

"Take him, take him, purser," now echoed from all sides—"No, stop," said Sly, "if he'll give me till to-morrow to consider"—"Aye, and calculate," cried Classic, "no, no, I'm off—now or never;" the purser shook his head, and closed his books with saying, "that he was sure the lieutenant knew something more of matters than he chose to let out."

After this they went into a long and learned argument, in which, at least, two spoke at once on the merits of particular places of entertainment on shore; comparing one port with another—from this branch, on which no soul agreed with his neighbour;—they ran off into the merits of the different ships, and captains they had left in port; all perfect in the abstract, but not one without numberless glaring defects; as seen through their microscopic tact, as sailors—this ship was too much by the head, that, the masts were all hanging over the taffrail—another's *streak* was painted too broad, she looked like an *East Indiaman*—a fifth's yards were never

squared, nor her sides washed ; a sixth's officers were desperately *rum i'the drapery*, and the first lieutenant a perfect old woman !—

“Apropos of old women, I went on board that fine three decker, the ‘*None-such*’ the other day, gentlemen,” said Lackwit, (who now thought as he grew warmed with wine and grog, the time was come to bear a part in the conversation) —and you never saw such a mess as she was in, I don’t mean her decks, but on the quarter deck, were unpacking, two or three bales of bibles, and serving out to the ship’s company—while the first lieutenant investigated (under the captain’s occasional higher superintendence) the peculiar qualities of each candidate—the skipper, such a figure I never before saw in my life !”

“How do you mean Mr. Lackwit,” asked Weazel !—“Why sir, I mean in *dress* !—he was walking up and down the larboard side with his hands in his pockets, dressed more like an old clothes man than the captain of a three decker ;” “Why how *was* he dressed ? I’ve heard as he’s turned *psalm singer*,” said Weazel. “Why, sir,” continued Lackwit, “he had on an old surtout coat, turned quite green, patched with new blue cloth, and

some places sewn up with white thread!—and neither straps nor epaulettes on, an old beaver turned up behind, sat on the nape of his neck, almost falling off his head, with a pair of greasy blue stocking pantaloons on, and coarse worsted grey stockings, and his shoes like a ploughman's!"—"Truly a very pretty figure," said Classic, "but what did he say?" "Why, sir, at first I could not believe it was the captain, till I heard him *sing out*, as I went over to where he was walking, to speak to an old messmate of mine; he called out to the first lieutenant, who seemed busy enough, handing out the bibles—"Mr.—a—a—a—see—see that they understand the nature of it—and—a—a—make no dog ears—and take great care of it, and put it by in their chests carefully—and mind they read it often—those who you find d——n me, any way backward, let them be put in a class, to commune with those good men, Tom Hopeful, and James Holystone on the forecastle—and d'ye hear, Mr.—a—a—a—, let it be known, that I'll have no swearing, d——n me! no swearing! I shall take notice of those that behave properly and meekly—and subdue all unruly passions and wickedness! any that are rampant and wick-

ed, and use prophane words, I'll put in the black list, as sure as they live, d——n me—and flog, d——n me!"

"What did the first lieutenant say to all this?" "Why, sir, I thought I saw him smile inwardly, as he sung out '*Aye, aye, sir!*'"—

"It is to me inconceivable," said Rodman, "how men can make such asses of themselves, and turn their ships into floating and methodistical conventicles!"

"What," said Sly, "would you banish prayer! and religion! from his Majesty's navy? indeed, my dear sir, you do not speak advisedly!"—"But *you* do, Master Sly, doubtless;" returned Classic, "no, since you must know, I would not—I am the last person on board you ought to think capable of that; since I, myself, as you are aware, was intended for the church;—it is only such crack brained, poor souls, as this man, that do what they can to bring a proper religious feeling into disrespect, among the men!—who cannot chuse but laugh outright, or turn hypocrites, and by way of *currying* favour, and to be made *quarter masters*, or get *warrants*, or avoid the *cat*, go about the decks affecting sanctity, turning up their eyes to heaven—in

mock godliness!—for no sooner does the said captain turn his back, than they thrust their tongues in their cheeks and “d——n their eyes, if they hav’nt done the old boy, snug!”

“But, sir,” continued Lackwit, “that’s not the best of the joke, my old messmates told me, that the captain is the stingiest hunks in the squadron, in every thing, *except* bibles—never asks a soul to dinner—and has been known to have a miserable fowl cut in half, so as to serve two days for dinner! though every body knows he has a good private fortune, independent of his pay!” (Here a groan ran round the table!)

“Then, sir, how d’ye think he amuses himself in his cabin?” “O psalm singing, I suppose!”—“Yes, sir! the mids sometimes listen under the hoop awning to his audible chant—but he relaxes into more homely exercise occasionally; the first lieutenant often finding him hard at work, in a flannel night gown, *churning butter*—which he says is very amusing and healthful exercise! at other times, of a morning, when he goes in to report eight o’clock, or a signal from the admiral, to get up top gallant yards, &c. he finds him in the same flannel night gown, with an old cap and

kerchief, tied round his head, exactly like an old woman, bestrided on a sort of see-saw in the after cabin, made of a plank, balanced at one end, on which he rides, as he says, for wholesome exercise ! In short, sir, he is the laughing stock of the whole ship !”—“ Aye, and the whole fleet into the bargain,” rejoined the lieutenant, “ I have heard of him before to-day—the more’s the pity, so fine a ship, and so fine a set of fellows should be condemned to such a goose !—and yet, that very man has shewn himself a brave fellow, when he had that brig with a bluff name, I forget now, (after some lord’s fox hounds !) no matter, he took a sloop twice his size, and brought her in, in great style.” “ Aye,” said Weazel, hitching up his *haut de chausses*, “ that ere was afore he got the *new light* ; I remember’s him very well—no one could swear a better stick, nor he could, *blow me tight*, else.”

From this extraordinary post captain, who, by the bye, did not stand alone in oddity ; and methodistical obliquity—the conversation turned, by degrees, as it will every where, to particular stories, of this, and that ; when once set a going, as in this instance.



The purser, finding Belair had gone to take a quiet nap to *restore nature*, having absolutely been awake, and partly on his legs, ever since half past eight that morning!—that Mr. Lackwit had made his bow, with his face considerably reddened, and the doctor gone to the *sick bay*, to look after Mr. Gravity, and the loplolly boy, and the sick—slipped into his cabin, and, from his *private locker*, produced a bottle of London *particular*, inviting Weazel in, and Classic, who, now and then, condescended to partake.

The door was carefully shut—*snug* was the word!—the captain's dinner was heard to be ready, by beat of drum; and Classic was told that Mr. Billybuffer was in charge of the watch, so as not to require his presence in the dog watch.

This invite was partly to propitiate Weazel—partly to indulge himself, on the purser's part; who, whatever he might take of the wine he gave the mess, as “the very best”—yet knew a *difference*—and *did* contrive to get *better*—and to its full enjoyment, without troublesome, and invidious questions, he always took care to invite either the first, or one of the lieutenants, as people of most conse-

quence—the master, not so often—the marine officer—never.

As smoking was not disagreeable, and Weazel, as well as himself, had been in the West Indies, a cigar a piece soon puffed in a sort of cross fire, over the small table in his cabin, at which they now all three sat, *cheek by jowl*.

The master, as they sipped their wine, gave them a desperate tough yarn (and oft told before) about the Honduras, where, “as how,” he killed a crocodile, and was near getting shot by a Spaniard, and a true Castillian!

This tough and tedious account, however, was listened to, very patiently with sundry ohs and ahs! as in duty bound—and, to be sure, though the identical story had been heard, at least, ten times before, in substance, yet did Weazel give it the merit at each recital of never ending variety!—for never did he tell it twice in the same way:—partly that he was something *oblivious*, and again, that it was susceptible of wonderful embellishment, and was, in truth, strung on a string of very meagre facts, stuffed and eked out with much of pure invention;—and, for the said *variety*, they were wholly his debtors.

Having at length finished, the purser took up the cudgels, and gave them a good half hour's work, of the most improbable twaddle ; of the most distinguished respect, and kindness shewn to him by a noble lord, who had invited him *twice!* to his house, in Brook-street, in the year — This was made still more hard of digestion, by the most self complacent lies, of his unshaken integrity, and honesty, in a ticklish case ; where the government had thrown certain supplies of fresh beef, and other things, into his hands, on some foreign station.

All this was received with the same kind-hearted, and good fellowship credit, by the master, who had so often drawn largely on the purser's credulity, and the lieutenants, who, on such an occasion, drinking the man's wine, thought a perfect acquiescence but fair payment ; as may be traced to more polished tables, on *terra firma* ; thence the same interjections came in as chorus, at certain pauses, of, " Oh ! oh !" " how odd ! indeed !" the deuce !" " ecod, that was nobly, well done !" and the like.

Weazel, indeed somewhat unluckily, not having the same tact and breeding that came to the share of Classic—at the end of one

of these instances of wonderful self denial, of the purser's, asked innocently enough, as if wishing to know the precise date of the said *virtue*, 'if that was'nt the same year as he built the jim crack house of his'n, with the fine pillars and portico out there, at South Sea?' (where, by the bye, Mrs. Sly lived "*The lady of P. Sly, Esq.?*"') in no mean style, and kept her *boy* in a smart livery! and where, occasionally, the purser's *favorites* cut their mutton!

But bating this slight, and unfortunate juxta position of opposite consequences, and *non sequiturs*—all went down smooth, as the old Madeira, they now so harmoniously tipped over tongue.

Just as the purser was out of breath, the doctor came down—and hallooing to know where they had got to, "odd rabbit it"—was received within this *sanctum sanctorum*, to make up the *partie quareé*.

"I wish you'd a been here sooner, little man," said Weazel, you've missed a good thing, *I tell you!* but never mind, the purser's going to give us another bottle—now Classic, suppose you give us the rest of that story about them 'ere two *vulians* in the *Hinges!* up among the mountains you know; where,

he killed the woman ; I say, you two never heard the beat of it, for rascality and hellishness !

“ What is it,” quoth the doctor, “ Come, let’s have it—come Classic, that’s a good fellow let’s have it—there’s lots of time before they go to quarters.”

“ You know, master,” said the latter, “ I hate telling stories, and faith I forget it almost ; if the master alludes to a very horrible scene, acted many years ago, at one of the *up country stations* in India—when I first heard it, I thought it too atrocious to be real ; and yet I was assured the whole was a fact, by a man who happened to be living on the spot at the time.”

“ Come dang it,” said the master, “ do let’s have it, I didn’t hear but half, the last time—you’ll soon overhaul the head lands, and leading marks, and *certainly*, no man I knows, can tell half such a thing as that, for blood and deviltry.”

Fresh cigars were lighted, and Classic, and the doctor joining, they soon filled the cabin with a good comfortable dense smoke ; the best possible atmosphere for the growth of

conviviality, and attention to all sorts of stories; from a cock and a bull, to the most pathetic, terrible, and sublime.

No sound was heard but the silent *puffing* of his friends; and after a pause, they at length induced the lieutenant, to comply with their wishes; when, taking his cigar from his mouth, and knocking off the *real Havanah* white length of ashes, from the end, on fire, he thus began a story, so long, that it will be impossible to begin it in this chapter.

We have before premised, that this our history does not advance, on the ship's sailing from Plymouth; and though she now spanked through the blue waters, with the dear old island fading from their inquisitive glasses, on her starboard quarter,—yet cannot we, for divers good causes, and considerations, get on quite so fast—firstly, the whole of what is to come, may not be worth this one story,—secondly, the captain was at dinner; and there is no necessity to break up the snug party we have just left, for a good hour and a half—and thirdly, we are obliged to rummage into certain cellules of the brain, or memory, for certain historical facts; and until their

forthcoming is announced, another *tale* may not be amiss — besides, it is *positively* the fashion now-a-days.

That it is not related in this very chapter, is more in deference to that other story, we have heard about noon, in the bows of the ship, than want of *room*, but this chapter is long enough—and you, gentle reader, be you mid, luff, or skipper, private dandy, sweet girl, or sage old maid—may you, before you open the book again, refresh your exhausted attention—or being nearly asleep over this chapter, open your eyes something wider on the next.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

In which Lieutenant Classic relates the Story of the "*Hill Fort*" in the Purser's Cabin, over a Bottle of London *particular*.

---

THE lieutenant, after having taken a sip at his glass, and knocked the ashes from his cigar, by way of following the fashion, though not a professed smoker, thus began.

"You must know then, that not far from the confluence of the Jumma and Ganges, in India, in one of the many Hill forts, as they are called, in that country, (but in fact seated among very high mountains, only inferior to the towering Himalas,) were stationed one of the company's regiments, at once as a cantonment for the troops, in an equal distribution over that vast territory, and a check on the surrounding *Rajahs* and *Begums* ; who it was not (nor is to this day) thought political to strip of all appearance of power, though in truth they possess little beyond the name."

"Avast there, just a bit," said Weazel, "I beg pardon—but what's a *Bigum*?" "Gene-



rally an old woman," returned Classic, drily; the master stared, and shook his head; the other continued.

"Nothing could be more romantic, and indeed sublime, than the situation in which the officers, now for the first time drawn off the more sultry and southern plains, found themselves—their spirits revived with more than half their men's, (*up-country men*, some of them Afgans, and thus stationed in the immediate neighbourhood of their natal huts). Much as our own regiments, who are in garrison, and abroad, the officers amused themselves when off duty, in various ways, as may be supposed; only differing in a greater degree of luxury from those at home—and blending with billiards, horse-racing, cards, and tea parties and balls, at each other's houses, an occasional lion or tiger hunt, and a nautch. Their wives were mounted on an elephant possibly, instead of taking a ride out in a little pony-chaise, or lounged luxuriously in a palanqueen—instead of walking, on ordinary occasions."

"Aye, aye," said Weazel, "they cut it fat enough—an ensign lives like a prince, they tells me, and marries directly as he goes out,

*afore they've* any beard on their chins.”—  
 “Odd rabbit you! hold your gab, Weazel,”  
 said the doctor. Classic went on without  
 taking any notice.

“Sometimes the officers’ wives went in state to pay a visit of ceremony to some of the *Zenanas*—where, after being perfumed, and receiving a *nuzer* of *rupees*, at the fair hands of those *dowager queens*, and making their own presents of what they conceived most curious, within their means, (brought up the country from the European shops or stores at Calcutta), they rode back home in the same order:—not that they were always at liberty to go out of their own forts; for it sometimes happened that detachments were sent out to quell refractory chiefs; in which case, the open country became dangerous to traverse, from predatory parties of horse, (a sort of Pindarees we have heard so much of,)—but even on these occasions, they did not want for amusement, among themselves, and passed their time, as I have said, after the same manner our ladies do at home, while the gentlemen, from the colonel downwards, played billiards, read novels, and had musical parties. There happened to be in the command of the

regiment, at this time, a gentleman, who had been the greater part of his life in the service of one of the native princes; a fine open-hearted dashing fellow, but a man of uncontrollable passions—from never having been obliged to check them, this violence of disposition had now got the mastery so completely, that though nothing extraordinary had been observed in him since he had joined the regiment, yet several anecdotes were in circulation, shewing his savage obduracy, and vindictive disposition, if roused by any vexatious, or uncommon circumstance.

“Englishmen generally live with each other with so little of mystery, and so little violence, their equal rights resting on so broad and understood a basis, that while nothing struck them particularly, except, perhaps, too great a severity to the men, little attention was paid to tales, supposed, not without reason, (as coming from his *Sirdars* or the *Ayahs* of his lady,) as at least one half pure fiction—so much do the natives deal in hyperbole.”

“What’s that?” quoth Weazel—Classic smiled.

“Among other things whispered about, it was said that the colonel, falling desperately

in love with his lady, which was returned with equal ardour, he had run off with her in spite of her father, an old French engineer officer, employed at the same court with himself; and had, while so doing, shot a young man, a distant relation of her's, who attempted to prevent their union. This act of violence and outrage, (for it was not done in a duel,) had greatly shocked the beautiful girl, who had given him her hand; for though she had never *loved* him, as the colonel, in his blind rage, imagined, yet as they had been brought up together, and were both French, she cherished an almost sisterly affection for him; however, therefore, she might have been attached to her husband, so fatal a beginning could not fail to be but a gloomy forerunner of the future!—nor could she help a settled feeling of melancholy at this untimely fate of one who loved her, and only acted from her father's commands—and a foreboding of ill, spite of the excess of love and tender affection lavished on her by her husband, weighed on her spirits.

“Some years had passed on since this event—but still, even when she joined the society of the many English ladies belonging to the

regiment, her husband (from some dexterous political step) was now appointed to command, resigning his former service; still a shade of melancholy sat on her beautiful features, which, perhaps, lent a grace, while it shewed a mind not wholly happy; though certainly, at this time, there seemed nothing to make her otherwise.

“Such, however, was her goodness of heart, charity, and affability, that she soon became the oracle of the whole place; her parties, of course, were the chief ones; but she presided at them with an ease so graceful, and a kindness so unaffected, that she was admired without envy, and consulted and courted by all parties, however they might have fallen out occasionally among themselves.

“Besides, she was extremely accomplished; and while she played and sang at her harp, the less refined women about her (mostly coming out from boarding schools with a very superficial smattering of any thing, and bringing little from home with them but fair skins and rosy faces) were quite ravished by such sweet sounds; but these moments of admiration, as they should be, to be lasting, were well sustained by her *every-day* behaviour;

her attention and civility to all, and such a carriage, as could leave no room to the most censorious to say, she affected superiority by ill-acted complaisance ; as is but too often the case with some elevated people of shallow understandings, who would, however, be shocked at the bare idea of the least rudeness, even to a servant.

“ This lady was attended by two very beautiful slaves, contrary to the general custom of our country women in the east ; who, though waited on by numberless women, called *ayahs*, (dressed in the finest muslins, and giving their mistresses certainly the air of princesses in the midst of their slaves), yet are their attendants perfectly free, and are simply hired servants, like our own ladies’ chambermaids ; it cannot be denied, however, that they are far more obsequious ; carrying it almost to idolatry ! if well paid, and well treated.

The luxury of an eastern court reigned in the colonel’s house ; besides these two beautiful young girls, who waited on his beloved wife, who were from Cashmere, perhaps, Mingrelia or Georgia, for they were fair as the houris of a Mahomadan’s paradise, ’twas

said,—besides these two girls, who were a sort of humble companions to their mistress, (hardly ever leaving her side) she had numerous other *Ayahs*, and male attendants, who, as they sat embroidering in the halls, or watering her exquisite flower garden, in the midst of which a fountain dashed its waters.” —“ Excuse me, my dear fellow,” interrupted the purser, “ how could the colonel have so fine a garden in the midst of the fort?” —“ Pugh! stuff!” said the doctor, filling out another glass, “ wet your whistle, my boy; and go on, what signifies, whether he had a garden, or no; why, you’re as bad as the master.” “ Now, purser,” continued Classic, “ had you ever been in India, you would have known that many of those vast fortifications, include whole towns; as indeed they do in Europe, witness the strong places on the Rhine, or, indeed, any fortified town, Portsmouth, for instance—for *fort* and *fortress* are comprehensive terms, applied to any place of strength: and even *Fort William*, at Calcutta, though more strictly a *fort*, and without the body of the town, from which it is separated by a beautiful esplanade, where all the dashers show off in their whisky, dog

cart, curricie, or tandem, of an evening, by the bye—yet even here, the interior is very vast, and allows of spacious greens and gardens : and the dry moats, and glacis, laid out like an undulated park ! deer may be seen feeding on the slopes, far below the draw-bridge ; giving the most picturesque and beautiful effect to the whole—but as to the particular garden in question, if I recollect right, it was contained in the side of a single bastion of this fort, so spacious were the works, perhaps, not strictly laid out according to Mons. Vauban ! and here it was that the cypress and myrtle, and ten thousand odoriferous plants, lent, doubtless, a fragrance to the air, and a charm to the place, little dreamt of in your philosophy, or Weazel's either, eh, old boy !”

Weazel gave a nudge of quiescence, and Classic proceeded : —“ She certainly more resembled some potent eastern princess, than the wife of a colonel of the Honorable Company's service—but, in fact, she was more flattered, more attended, and far more beloved, by all around, than any princess, or begum, among those mountains—and as her husband had, in fact, the real power, he wanted nothing but a high sounding name.”



“ Just the same as the skipper of a ship,” said Weazel, who could not for the life of him hold his tongue, “ who is, we all knows, a little G-d Almighty, aboard his own craft.” Classic nodded assent, and proceeded :—

“ The colonel, accustomed to the rather savage sports of tiger and elephant hunting, (most relished at those eastern courts) often headed those of the officers, not too idle for great exertion, across the plains below, on this favorite amusement.

“ Armed with a short carbine, and a very heavy scimitar, (so sharp, that it was said literally to be kept as keen as a razor) in this way, well mounted, on strong Indian horses, half Arab, half Persian, they often sallied out; not returning till night, with various success; for, among the jungle of the lower tracts, the lion roused, or the tiger, almost invariably fled before the cavalcade; and very rarely could be brought down, though fired at by the whole party, as they got a glimpse of the noble animal, springing over the high and impenetrable grass, and over the lower bushes, or through the breaks of the circumjacent jungle.

“ Sometimes they had fine sport with *each other*, from the raw hands of the party, armed only with their ordinary sword, and their percussion fowling piece, (perhaps not five months out of Egg or Manton’s shops, in Piccadilly) not used to their horses, or their horses to them—on the springing of a tyger by them, the sudden fright, and wheel, of their charger, left them sprawling on their backs; and, for the first time, made sensible that there was some danger in thus being uncere- moniously *set on their feet*.

“ However, their mounted *sizes*, or grooms, soon caught the fugitive horses—and re-mounting them, they mostly got off, with being laughed at.

“ It so happened, one day, that having dug a well or pit about eight or ten feet deep, and baited it, by way of trap, for an uncommonly fine lion, that had often before foiled them; they one and all rode across the plain, to- wards this spot, in the hope that their old enemy had fallen in.

“ Now, eight or ten feet would have been nothing to have cleared, without the least exer- tion, could the beast have had room to recede

the least bit, one way or the other; but it was so contrived, that should he fall, he should have hardly room to stir, from the smallness of its diameter. It was rather at the close of the day, before dinner, that the party, sallying out from a postern gate of the fortress, approached this spot, which, before they reached, certain indications told them had not remained undisturbed; and sure enough, a tremendous roar (though something smothered from its coming thus from the earth) told them, pretty plainly, of their royal captive, and made their horses rear, snort, and wheel about, in spite of the bridle and spur.

Scarcely one of the party felt quite sure, (the colonel excepted) that, in so shallow a pit, the animal would not be able to bound out, maddened as he would be, on seeing himself surrounded by his wily foe; none, therefore, thought it advisable to advance nearer than some fifty yards from the edge, while the colonel, spurring up his charger, wheeled round with great difficulty, near enough to have a good view of the gentleman, as he lay crouched at the bottom; his eye-balls glaring, like meteors, at him.

“ I should like extremely to take him alive,” cried the colonel, hallooing out to the rest—“ he’s the finest fellow I ever saw ; its really a pity to kill him,—and yet I fear we must: it will be impossible to secure him alive. You need none of you come nearer, to avoid accidents; for though it is pretty certain he cannot get out, yet such things have happened, to my knowledge: so here goes to putting that out of the question.”

“ So saying, he unslung his carbine ; and having cocked it, spurred his horse on, so as to get a sight, over the edge of the pit: this was no easy matter, from the instinctive noble all other quadrupeds have of this noble beast; even from the bare scent, when at all near—while the colonel made several essays to get near enough, and keep his horse steady, the party drew a little nearer, in a kind of semicircle, their Indian attendants close in their rear, armed with spears.

Here Weazel *freshened Hawse*, hastily interrupting Classic with “ Why, you’re a yawning! what signifies palavering about a lion! heave ahead.” “ It is almost wonderful to us, continued Classic, not noticing the master’s

impatience, who know so little of the force, agility, and courage of the lion, in his native wilds, and haunts, that so strong a party, so armed, and so numerous, should have been kept at bay, as it were, by one single quadruped—half conquered as he was!—but these are facts—the truth is, their horses on such occasions tremble every joint, and become unmanageable, or paralyzed—and the firmest nerves partake in some degree of this extraordinary panic—besides, the novelty of the situation; brought to a stand still—and deprived of the exhilarating influence of action.

“The colonel had twice taken aim, and as often been obliged to desist, to secure his seat, so ungovernable had his horse become each time he got close enough—and as the animal saw him approach, his roar was the signal for the curvetting, trembling, and wheeling, partially off, of the whole party.

“To cut short this delay, which began to appear ridiculous, in his eyes, the colonel alighted, and giving his horse to his groom, advanced fearlessly to the spot, and fired:—but whether the ball glanced from the edge of the

pit, or only wounded the animal slightly, this direct attack only seemed to have aroused him in good earnest.

“ In an instant, the party saw him spring half way out—nothing daunted at this, the colonel kept his ground, drawing his keen and heavy sword, and holding it between his knees, while he reloaded; for though he called out for them to hand him another gun—it appears, not one of the party arrived in time ; though two or three alighted, and came towards him on seeing the risque he ran: but being on their legs, they only increased the confusion that ensued, when, at a second spring, the furious animal cleared his prison ! and glared round him on its edge, within five yards of the colonel,—who, not having had time to reload, threw his carbine down, and grasped his sabre, hardly knowing what was best to be done.

“ Quick as thought, the lion, not noticing his nearest foe, darted in to the thick of the party, who, in the utmost confusion, fired at random, or so ill, that, after a spring, in which he overthrew one of them, (seriously wounding both horse and man,) he bounded off, and in a mo-

ment, was lost in the adjacent thicket, apparently unhurt.

“A pretty day’s work we have made of it, cried the colonel, as soon as he recovered his surprise, at not having been himself the first object of attack—however, as they recovered themselves, and placed the wounded man on a litter, who had been struck on the head by the lion’s forepaw, while the horse was torn with the hind one, (it happened to be one of the servants in the rear)—he acknowledged that it was in part his own fault, for not so arranging it, that, three or four of them could have fired together,—with various remarks on this adventure, they regained the fort, and, as was usual, they all went to their respective barrack rooms, or houses, to dress for dinner at the colonel’s, where a party of ladies, some their own wives, were invited to meet them.

“Besides, it so happened, that great preparations had been making at the colonel’s, for a grand ball that night—some distinguished natives had been invited, and a large marquee had been fancifully decked out on the lawn, in the garden, where the company repaired after dinner generally, to enjoy the cool of the evening—and where, the band of the re-

giment were stationed, to enliven the assembly with the self same strains, so much, and so often applauded at our own operas."

"What strain?" said Weazel! "But I beg pardon, let me fill you out—there—now for it!"

"But before the colonel returned home, I should tell you, by way of elucidating the wretched catastrophe that followed, what had been passing in his own house during his absence.

"Every body knows, or has heard of the superstition of the East—and there is nothing very strange if the colonel's lady should have been slightly superstitious, in spite of her more enlightened education; brought up, as she had been, much among native Indian women—both of high rank at court, and her own women—sorrow at the accident we have spoken of, perhaps confirmed this tendency; and, she had, of late, been prevailed on by her girls, to admit to her apartments one of those dervises, or soothsayers, so common all over India; perhaps, more to amuse a vacant hour in her husband's absence, than believing any of the monstrous, and ridiculous predictions of these knaves—always too, in a strain of



unlimited adulation, and pointing to great riches, happiness, and power, if indeed, any thing could be made out of the mysterious jargon, all their predictions are wrapt in.

“One of these fakirs, or dervises, was admitted to the house, through a back garden gate, to avoid observation—and some pains was taken that her husband should not know of it—not only, as he hated the sight of these begging parasites, but as she knew, he would have been vexed at such a weakness on her part.

“It was almost dark when the hunting party separated ; and the colonel alighting, directed his steps, by accident, to the very garden door, ] at which the fortune-teller generally went out ; possibly, to see how the marquee had been put up, before he went to dress ; however, in order to gain some clue to the tragic scene that followed, it must be observed, that, the more effectually to prevent his being noticed, the girls made him come in, and go out with a loose great coat on, over his rags ; and instead of his turban, which he held in his hand, he wore an European hat ; this slight change, insignificant in itself, was possibly, nay, probably, the immediate cause of the ill

that followed—but it still rests on conjecture, for it has never yet been positively known.

“The colonel must have seen this man glide from the garden gate, just before he reached it—and have mistaken him for some European, thus clandestinely leaving his house!! Quick as thought, the most devilish savageness filled his heart, and he rushed into the interior, with far more bloody intent than the furious beast, that had so lately baffled him.

“His lady, on the man’s being dismissed, little dreaming of harm, had retired to her dressing-room with her maids, to dress for dinner; and had taken unusual pains, on account of the ball that was to wind up the evening’s festivity—she could have been hardly dressed, and sitting on a sofa in the saloon, with her girls, perhaps reading to her, or working on embroidered cushions, on the floor, when her husband entered; that he spoke—or what he said—no one knew; or whether his inexorable heart had given one moment, to prepare for the cruel death he meditated, never transpired; a horrid mystery closed this bloody scene.

“Chatting, and laughing at each other, about the lion’s escape, but half an hour afterwards,

the officers, with their ladies under their arms, gained the viranda of the colonel's house—which they found throughout, one scene of screaming and confusion ; the servants flying about, frantic—unable to do more than make a confused noise, and point, as they fled by, to their lady's apartment.

“Thither, in undefined terror, the men (leaving their wives without,) now bent their steps.

“The first thing that struck their sight, was the colonel himself, extended on the marble floor of the hall, with a pistol in his hand, and his skull dreadfully disfigured ; he lay extended at full length—the pistol still grasped—but he was quite dead ; however shocked they must have been—they had no sooner advanced towards the door, that led to the fatal chamber, than they were near petrified by the sight of horror and butchery, that was scattered in bloody mangled forms about !—on the sofa, to the left, lay the *severed* body, of the once beautiful creature, his wife ; a single stroke of *that scymitar*, with which he must have worked this hellish scene, had cut her completely down, from the left shoulder to the right hip ! the upper half falling on one

side !—at her feet, lay extended, the headless trunks, of her poor and faithful girls— whose ghastly heads, had rolled here and there, on the Turkey carpet, in itself one pool of blood !!!—the heart of the stoutest, the most hardened soldier, must have sickened at this dismal sight ; and the officers, speechless with horror, and compassion—made the best of their way, through the dining-room, (where they could have hardly noticed the dinner partly on the table, and scattered about the floor—his bloody hand having dragged the cloth and service partially off ; but that the weapon still reeking, lay across the table, on one of the dishes)—to where they had left their trembling ladies, and hurrying them from the dismal scene, saved them at least, from this too horrible sight !

“ Thus, was this festive scene, turned in a few fleeting minutes, to one of the most mysterious, unexampled, and cruel butcherings, ever heard of, by the fiend-like atrocity of this monster, in human shape, who knew no pity—no laws, human, or divine,—and whose heart, under the thin and insecure veil of polished life, must have been more bloody, than the famished tiger’s.

“The strictest investigation was instantly set on foot—but nothing was elicited from the servants, to clear up the mystery that hung over this dreadful act—no noise had been heard, previous to the report of the pistol, and the servants knew no more, than what was but too evident to those who arrived a few minutes later—not one of them had seen their master, till the shot fired at himself, had drawn them to where he lay already dead—the rest, he had perpetrated *in savage silence!*

“Jealousy, was indeed conjectured, as the cause of this dreadful outrage, but even to this motive, there seemed no adequate clue—for the servants were, either ignorant that the fakir had been admitted, or thought it of so little consequence, and a circumstance so common, (as these people are tolerated all over the country, and go almost unnoticed where they like,) that they never even mentioned him at the time,—nor was it till years after, that this circumstance was recollected, and made known—if, indeed, it can clear up so unparalleled a tragedy!!”

“By Gosh,” said the purser, on the lieutenant’s bringing this harrowing story to a

close—"by *Gosh!* I never heard the like!" "Nor I neither," cried Weazel, "but the upshot of it is, it ben't true, I take it!" "I believe it is, every syllable of it, true," said Classic; "at least, so I was told, by one of those very officers, who saw the whole with his own eyes."—"But my goodness," cried the doctor, "how was it possible, at one blow, to cut through the whole of the poor lady's body!" "I have, myself, seen a sword of the sort that was described to be; it belonged to a Malay of one of the Celebes Islands—it was very heavy, and the edge was, I should think, literally as sharp as a razor—with such a deadly weapon in the hands of so powerful a man, as that wretch—I think it not at all unlikely!" This remark of Classic's left nothing more to be said on that point.

"Well, did they bury the bodies?" asked Weazel! "and what became of the company; and all the fine people? and the band—and the ball—and the marquee?—Strike me comical, what a squall after fair weather!—the ladies hadn't much stomach, one would think, for dinner that day; nor the officers neither!" "I fancy not!" replied Classic, giving this sapient commentator a look, that was not the

least significant in the world—for the narration of this shocking story, had made him muse—and he had little will to relate, what steps were taken, towards the close of so cruel an affair. But Weazel, who had none of that refinement and delicacy, of a well educated man, after lighting another cigar, and draining off the last drop from the bottle—was in the act, (not noticing the said look,) of asking another sensible question—when, the drum beat to quarters—and they all bundled on deck—with as much wine, *under the belts of the three idlers*, as could be conveniently carried, where, it became their duty to see that no man had taken a *glass too much*.

## CHAPTER XIX.

In which an Enemy is discovered to the West—and Mr. Secretary Toby *is let down by the run*, as he innocently Dreams of other Matters.

---

OF all the imposing sights in the world, (making due allowance for country and education, which comprehends all the varieties of ideas, we take it, in this our globe, and their wonderful contradictions)—that of the ship's company of a man of war, in solemn silence, ranged at their guns; armed, and ready for battle; while the officers, at their respective stations, in front of them, pace to and fro, awaiting the captain's going the rounds—is not the least so—and has a solemnity about it, altogether peculiar—not a word is said—a pin may be heard to drop—the setting sun, it may be, glancing across one sheet of golden water, darts its bright rays through the ports.—No sound is heard, save the step of the captain,



and first lieutenants, on this his survey of the features of the men.—Woe to that wight who cannot, at least, stand upright—though, indeed, some there have been who, well propped up against the gun, have concealed the potent effects of that day's *cooking*; collaterally jammed into the bargain, by the friendly shoulders of a messmate on each side.

On this evening, Massa Cæsar stood much in such a piccadillo—but escaped, unscotched, unscathed—while yet the captain, having gone round, was still under the half deck, and was saying something to Lieutenant Rodman, about the breeching of one of the guns—“*A sail ho!*” was called out from the mast head—and as it was the first sail worth while reporting that day, that is, since they had got clear of fishing boats—the word had its weight, though it does turn out nothing, in nine cases out of ten.

The drum beat the retreat—and all the glasses on deck were turned towards the stranger, right in the sun's disk; then half below the waves—In a few minutes the object was plainly seen—a little black speck, in the West!—under the most magnificent canopy of azure clouds, which rose in various and

richly fretted glory, from the horizon, even to the zenith, over their heads.

As is usual, about strange sails, among sailors and good judges, no two exactly agreed ; and at such a distance, there was no great wonder ; —they thought that she was *square rigged*—and, on being hailed again and again, the man at the mast head said, he saw her much plainer than at first ; presently this was found the case, and thence the stranger, presumed on the opposite tack—so much for a speedy junction.

It was not until day dawned on the following morning, that this identical sail was made out to be of more consequence and moment, than at first had been conjectured.

On its growing dark, she was lost sight of, and though, as the watches passed off, many individuals thought they could make her out looming through the *darkness visible*, ahead—calculating rather on what should be, if she had continued on the same tack ; yet, were these visions of the mind's eye, destroyed one after another, as the ship advanced.—Mean time the dog watches glided by, and that last, most light, most pleasant to man and boy, from six to eight ; when the deck is filled up with walkers—dancing, and various playful games,

are going on among the men, and the *idlers*, among the officers, as they are termed, (including all who do not keep watch, no matter how much they may have to do otherwise)—and those of the *elite*, or executive part, who, on fine evenings, were up for a few turns before they *turned in*. In this watch too, the captain kept the weather side alive, surrounded by his officers; telling them the *news*, and many little anecdotes, at once new to them, and highly amusing. Politics, it is true, and political men, were not meddled with; particularly those *in power*; but there were other, and wide fields for discussion.

On this evening, the captain was in a particularly high flow of spirits, and rubbing his hands, (on some of the men coming aft, to say they thought they saw something in the direction of the strange sail on the weather bow), said, “God send it may be a Frenchman, that’s all; and one big enough to make you a captain!” looking at Shroud. “Aye, sir,” replied the latter, “there’s no such luck for me, I’m afraid.” “Faith, who knows,” said Rodman, “we are getting into the very track; and you recollect the merchantman, that put in, two days before we sailed, said

she had been chased by two large French frigates off Scilly."

In such talk as this, interspersed with certain good anecdotes, as we have said, on the captain's side, and a few, not without some *point*, of themselves and the *mids*, in which the received *butts* were sure to have all the blunders and odd sayings attributed to them, two bells struck, or nine o'clock, when the captain went below, as well as the gun-room idlers to their mess, to take a glass of grog—leaving the second lieutenant *solus*, to tramp through his first watch alone; with a particular injunction, on the captain's part, to keep a good look out for the stranger, and let him know the moment she was seen.

While the *mids* rolled below, much in the same fashion, yielding the entire lee side to the *enjoyment* of the watch on deck—and as nothing very interesting occurred, if we except *heaving the log, marking the board*; with several night glasses sweeping along the weather gangway and on the forecastle, from time to time—with the usual hailing to "keep a good look out ahead there"—let us descend once more, (possibly the *very last* time we shall condescend to visit the steerage—events

and places of more importance requiring our attention), and note what passed on that memorable night. Gaiety and boisterous mirth once more reigned below; Toby, on the accession of the doctor's mate, Lackwit, Tug-junk, and several of the youngsters, among whom was our hero, (then unhappily on the sick list without being ill,) raised high his flowing goblet—though, *to our grief* be it spoken, 'twas but a tea-cup deprived of its handle, and fixed on, by the secretary, as the most *capacious* article for grog, to be found, and he had examined the others with the eye of a connoisseur—he raised it high, and pledged the whole circle, telling them to make themselves easy, as the pay-clerk, with prize-money, all ready “*cut and dried*,” was close under the bows, and would bring “heavy loads of bank notes;” after which, he gave them a song or two, calling out at every verse for “*coal box*,” or chorus—when the whole, opening their throats, in a dozen different tones and keys, the most sublime harmony rolled fore and aft; compelling master Smallnose to apply his fingers to his ears, and beg, for God's sake, to moderate their efforts—in compliance with which modest re-

quest, they sang something louder; while Toby, with his cup in his left hand, and one eye winked hard, on the blind side of the schoolmaster, beat time with his fist, immediately under his nose.

Among the youngsters, a peculiar archness was visible, as they eyed this pair from time to time, and then seemed, under cover of the noise, to commune with each other, with certain "*half laughs and purser's grins,*" when they were not called on for the said enlivening chorus.

It should, however, be mentioned, that *Gravity*, the doctor's mate, and Tugjunk, having, about this time, cultivated a considerable intimacy with the captain's steward, had quietly made good their retreat, in order to enjoy a bottle of Madeira, in that very impudent, dishonest gentleman's cabin, immediately opposite—very sagely thinking, Madeira a better thing than mere rum grog!—and having no very high notions of gentility, or those finer feelings that stood in the way of such a companion—never troubled themselves any more about the question of *where* the said Madeira came from! It was not their business!—and when, for its greater relish,

part of a cold fowl was introduced, with soft bread, or fine white biscuit, cold tongue, cold pie, or any small delicacy of that sort, it would have been unkind, as well to themselves, as to this important functionary, to have boggled at the tempting enjoyment—nor did they—one or two others were said to have made this party complete, with the occasional accession of *Mr. Pipes* and *Mr. Chips*;—the gunner, or old *Wads*, as they called him sometimes, had been upon his high horse, and had refused—though assailed by the most potent arguments, on the part of his brother *warrants*—a few sharp words, about some of the dishes, and covers, and saucepans, being left to drain on one of the guns in the galley, against the rules and regulations of the service, had possibly confirmed this noble resolution.

We mention this trifling secession from the main party, because long before the witching time o’night, (dropping off one by one, and Toby the last) the *gentlemen* had gone to rest—while in the berth opposite just mentioned (which was not the *gentlemen’s*,) a light was seen through sundry cracks of the door, and panels, and a low tone of conver-

sation was heard, in a gentle and sociable hum.

Now, there is an officer, that we believe has been mentioned before, yclept a *Master at Arms*, who is a sort of *Townshend* or *Lavender* in a ship—he must detect crime and report it—with a rattan in his hand, does he, with grim visage, ply the live long day, the great terror of all the *boys* and *idlers before the mast!*—He it is, who looks after the small thefts, and filchings—puts out, at the hour of eight or nine, the fires in the *galley*, and the lights below, fore and aft, to the great horror of the gentlemen aft—who, however, have possibly (if they behave themselves) another hour or so.—They contrived, however, when they had an extra sitting, to make this Argus, both blind and deaf—the same means were taken, (though to be sure he was less restrained by rules) by the captain's steward, who under the awful name of "*the captain's orders*," which he forged at will, did pretty nearly what he pleased, as to his fires and lights, and other small *et cetera's*—but a sop was of course thrown to this Cerberus, which suddenly made him unconscious of people being up, with a light in the stew-



ard's berth, towards midnight ; having reported every scintilla of flame as, *doused*, with the usual formality, to the officer of the watch.

And here let us apostrophise this poor devil of a petty officer, be he who he may ; his wages are hardly earned !—good or bad, he is from the very nature of his office *disliked*—from daylight till midnight he is on his legs, in one continual ferret and turmoil—a perpetual informer—a perpetual mark for whispered obloquy—with indeed little to bear him up against a host of ills—it is too much to expect of poor human nature !—for there is no adequate reward !—and to be thus perfectly impartial, and honest, a man must in truth be an angel !—and now to continue.

The *Master at Arms* having shut his eyes and ears as he went by the steward's berth, regained the half deck ; where, seated on a *match tub*, he took a quiet nap, preparatory to going to sleep in earnest—the steerage lie buried in darkness and slumber, always excepting a faint ray, from the sentinel at the gunroom door—for the soldier himself formed no exception to this *universal repose* ! though there were other mischievous excep-

tions, who lay with one eye open, listening to the turning in, and the first snorings of secretary Toby, who, by this time, was extended very comfortably on his back, and had fallen into a sweet dreamy slumber, the prominent images of which, consisted in his elevation to a *pursership*—when he thought he sat astride a puncheon of rum—and haughtily ordered his steward to knock out the bung quickly!—this vision gave way to one not quite so pleasant, wherein he was sent to the Old Bailey, for cheating his Majesty's Excise officers, in his earlier days!—then came tumbling about his ears ten thousand bales of printed cottons, calicos, and stockings ; then, again he thought himself transported to the presence of the Lord Mayor, where he feasted on calipash and calipee, and had already seized on the nearest bottle, to wash all down, when ——

But before we can say what happened just then, we must attend to the movements of these gentry, who, while he *snoozed*, and imagined himself in blissful abode, turned softly out of their hammocks, to have a bit of *fun* with the old boy, and pay him,

as they said, for the adventure of the *court martial*.

Hawser was at the head of this plot, and had prepared, *imprimis*, two good wet swabs—one as a pillow for the patient, and the other to *cover him up* with, that he might not “*catch cold!*” — Taffy seconded him, with zeal, and Billybuffer lay awake encouraging them with a sly word now and then, and directions, as to the end of Toby’s hammock the least secured—for the clerk had found himself ill tied up in his hanging bed, before that night; and dreading the *come down lumpus!*—made it a rule, when not too *far gone*, to take an extra *turn* or two of the lanyard, or fastening of his *CLEW*, by which he now (like the rest) hung suspended, and snoring audibly.

These two imps of darkness, Hawser and Taffy, having examined first his head, then his feet, now quietly undid the end nearest to his “*knowledge box*,” or head; and having it all nicely undone, let him down *by the run*, just at the instant, when the deceitful vision had placed the bottle of hock, or old gooseberry, within his clutch at the mayor’s feast; where he would have sworn he was

cutting his mutton!—down he came!—and for an instant, as Butler has it—the shock “sent out his senses, to bring him in intelligences,” but quickly opening his peepers, he swore a desperate oath at the “infernal scamps,” and “if he could only catch ’em!” “Hollo! what’s the matter master Quill? any thing the matter?” said the fat mate, affecting to be awoke by his rapid descent! The youngsters during this time had sheered tit-tering off, so that the *swabs* would have been totally useless, had it not been for the presence of mind, and hardihood of the Welchman, who, running back, just as Toby, cursing with all his might, had reared himself on his elbow and rump—begged him to let him help him!—when, being armed with one of the swabs, he quickly pushed it under his head, as he threw him back on it, and before Toby, who now struggled in a dire rage, could recover himself or lift up his head; Hawser who followed at the heels of the first, applied the second dripping wet mop to his face—both telling him it would keep him *warm*!—while he struggled under this abominable fresco application, Billybuffer affected to condole with him—urging him to *pay*

the young villains off for the *old and the new*.

Toby had not drank so much that night, but that he handled his legs with all the agility of a mountain goat, on throwing the swabs aside, and made a desperate grab at the aggressors—but darting after them on the wrong side, he unhappily upset the schoolmaster, whose hammock hung beside *him*, and who, coming out legs foremost, found himself hoisted on Toby's shoulders!—

Irritated to the last degree, by such an ungentle hoist, as much to save himself from falling back, as to wreak his vengeance on the unknown intruder; he fastened on the scribe's two ears, which he pinched with such good will, that the secretary roared again; and flinging him off, began to cuff the magister with reciprocal heartiness—nor was it till Billybuffer had turned out, and parted the combatants, that he could convince them, that in fact neither were to blame—the whole originating in a slight mistake.

They now knocked their heads together, to be revenged on the common enemy, who, Toby assured Smallnose, had not only nearly broken his neck, but had deluged his bed

with water, and wet him through—for the truth of which assertion, he made him feel his *cotton robe*—not that Smallnose wanted to be so convinced, having, in the operation of tugging at his ears, a moment before, found his head and shoulders dripping like any river god's.

Toby swore that “he would not sleep that night, and that some one should pay for it;” and was setting out once more, in quest of the foe, who, he said, he thought he could pitch upon (as he heard by the giggling, they were youngsters), when the peaceful school-master pulled him back by his dripping garment, beseeching him to wait till daylight, when he might have them properly punished, by complaining to the captain; and to this consoling advice Toby assented, with a horrible oath, of his own invention—while the youngsters lay in their hammocks, listening to these sages, and stifling their tittering in the best way they could.

Smallnose now regained his nest, and lending Toby a blanket, the latter betook himself to making up his bed, *after a fashion*, out of the spoils of his hammock, on one of the chests; and while busy at this operation,

not chusing to trust himself again in the *air*, and growling and swearing—Tugjunk and Gravity, with the two “*warrants*,” having bid good night to their *host*, brought their lantern to where Toby, having thrown off his uncomfortable raiment, lie rolled up in the blanket, with nothing but his head sticking out, literally peeping “through the thick blanket of the night!” but not to cry, “Hold! hold!” At this figure of fun, a general horse-laugh was set up, which was redoubled, on the caterer, in mock solemnity, telling them of the dire mishap that had befallen the quill-driver, and the battle of the elders, that he had been obliged to turn out, to quell: but Toby having cursed and sworn himself hoarse, now shut his eyes, and tried to turn a deaf ear to the quirks and jibes, that flew thick about, among the party turning in—nor was it long, before his senses were once more locked up; though the unstable vision of the *bottle* was lost for ever—alas! only realized, as we have noted, by a liquid, for which Mr. Clerk had a kind of secret antipathy—namely, *water*!—to a sense of which he had been so lamentably awoken.

Scenes of this sort were of too frequent occurrence, to arouse the attention, even of the sentinel, had he not been fast asleep; a noise was indeed heard under the half-deck, and the sentry at the cabin door, nudging the master at arms, told him that there was some *lark* going on below—where he made his appearance a moment after; but he only found some of the gentlemen turning in—the *cutting down* part of the affair, leaving no trace behind, except the two swabs, and the hammock, lying with one end on the deck—and being *only the young gentlemen*, among whom Toby was, sooth to say, included—he felt that he had nothing to say, and a total silence ensued—till the shades of night, chased by the rosy hand of morn, displayed to the eyes of the officer of the watch, a large ship under easy sail, on their weather bow; and, doubtless, the same vessel seen the night before: he was not long in making her out a vessel of war, though she was still too far off to see her hull distinctly.

In a few minutes after, the captain came up, and the first lieutenant. The opinion, that she was an enemy's ship, gained strength



every moment, from the *cut* of her sails—it was evident she had tacked, and stood on, parallel with themselves, during the night—a private signal made, was flying at the mast head unanswered ; and a *galley packet*, as it is called, quickly ran round the lower deck, at seven bells, as the men turned out and lashed up their hammocks, to say, that she was a French frigate, coming down on them under all sail—to which might be heard sundry answers—“ Yes, in a hurry !” “ who ?” “ all my eye, Betty Martin ;” “ tell that to the marines ;” “ thank you for the next—we’re sure of that, boy.”

However, the captain, by the time the hammocks were stowed, at eight o’clock, had made up his mind to her being an enemy—while the officers now on deck, idlers and all, to a man, were of various opinions—they piped to breakfast, however, and went to their own, where various speculations were afloat ; and the most improved edition of Toby’s being cut down by the youngsters the night before, *circulated*, from the mate of the watch.

## CHAPTER XX.

A Battle: the Death of *Rodman*, and other Particulars.

---

IT was not till an hour after, that no doubt was left on the minds of the captain and officers, as to the force and country of the stranger, which they kept nearing, so as to make out that she was indeed a large frigate; and, from neither shortening sail or changing her course, nor answering the several private signals made, there could be no doubt she was of that country which has still been our most constant, our most worthy foe, and with whom we were then still unhappily at war—the breeze, from being a fresh one, became now more light; but as it was evident the *Apollo* had the heels of the enemy, no more sail was made—no time was lost beating to quarters, putting out fires and lights, opening the powder magazines, reeving preventer

braces, slinging the topsail yards—lighting matches, placed in tubs filled with water—a small water engine being in readiness, in case of fire—the cockpit and wings cleared; and sick got down in the cable tiers; in short, all those preparations requisite, on the prospect of a battle, almost unintelligible to any, but seamen.

Things being perfectly ready, the watch was *once more called*, not unnecessarily to fatigue the men: while some staid on deck watching the stranger, others went below; and now, with the certainty of coming to action, it is not to be supposed that some little private preparation was not made; little gifts from one messmate to another, “*in case of the worst*”—here it was, “*Sam, you may have my kit,*”—and, “*Bill, you take mine;*” in another quarter, couples might be seen talking, perhaps, of their wives, and telling each other to “*look after it, and see as how she got the pay and prize money, and no gammoning a poor feller!*” little else was requisite, “*if a feller should get a wipe.*”

While this was going on forward, the officers thmselves fell to *overhauling* their

desks, and scribbling a few words—perhaps home—of property, or in other language, their last wishes, though with such an air, as could scarcely give a clue to so serious an occupation.

Classic, after a long serious conversation with Rodman, jocosely asked the purser if he had made his will? who retorted, that if he had, it was not to be in *his* favor. “Good heavens, purser!” cried Belair, “if an unlucky four-and-twenty should make free with your napper case, is it not terrific? (not the idea, pardon me, of being shot)—but having to confront the shades of all those poor fellows who you have given *slops to*, and made to *chew tobacco* long after they were thrown over the gangway?” The purser went to his cabin to arrange his papers, as the best way to get clear of his teasing messmates. Shroud darted down for an instant to his cabin, saying to Classic, as he passed, “I say, there’s not much to settle on my hands—what’s here shall be your’s—if——and mind, let the worst come to the worst, send the letters I told you of to —— ———;” then, without waiting for an answer, he ran up, and called out down the sky-light, “She’s shortening sail!

now for it !” He relieved Rodman for an instant, who, on coming down, sent his boy for master Hawser.

Horatio, who, to say truth, was sitting on his chest, not knowing well what to do—and not totally without an undefined apprehension, perhaps inseparable from a novice, in the trade of blood, soon made his appearance ; when the lieutenant, calling him into his cabin, as he hastily unlocked his desk, and shewed him some papers, thus addressed him —“ I know I can trust you to do much more than I have to request, should any thing unpleasant happen to me (not that there is much chance, for, it is very hard if we don’t take her without much fighting)—I confide these papers to your care ; take care of desk and all, as the best way—send these as directed ; and write to my mother—my poor mother lives in the north of England, her address you’ll find—another letter, forward to Paris: there is nothing more to do, as I have left every thing clearly expressed in a paper among those in the desk.” “ Yes, sir,” said Horatio, who became a shade more thoughtful at this discourse. “ And now,” continued Rodman, “ my lad, we must be on

deck—I think you have no pistols—you might as well have a pair—take these”—giving him a small pocket pair—“put them down by your quarters, in by the mast, in case you should want them, not that there is a chance, I should think, of boarding; tell Mr. Tugjunk to come to me a moment, as you go up;” so saying, they both left the gun-room—and now all hands repaired to their quarters, without beat of drum; the boatswain’s *call* being preferred; for the ships were approaching fast. The enemy had shortened sail, and hauled up his courses—which Captain Oakheart now ordered, and the Apollo’s were run up—leaving his ship under nearly the same sail, topsails, top gallant sails, jib, and spanker—this being done, all was again silent; the captain, dressed with great care, as he always was, wore his epaulettes as usual, with simply the addition of his small sword, (worn as well by all the rest of the officers), followed by two of the youngsters as his aides-de-camp, one carrying his glass; he took his station for a moment on the weather gangway, a short speaking trumpet in his hand—and near him stood Lieutenant Shroud. “Have the colours ready, Mr. Shroud”—

“Main deck there!” Rodman, who had the after main deck guns, while Classic had the foremost ones, replied, “Sir,”—“Mr. Rodman, let the men attend well to their guns, and particularly rake them to bear as we close—no firing till I give the word.” “Aye, aye, sir.”

These short orders alone broke the silence, save the gentle ripple at the ship's bow, as she shot ahead. They had now got so near, that the people on board the enemy's frigate were clearly distinguished—and Shroud remarked to the captain, the high peaked cocked hats of a group of officers who stood aft, near a gun that was running out, apparently to salute them, by way of preliminary.

“It's odd enough, sir, he wont shew his colours!” “We shall soon see them,” replied the captain; “forecastle there!” “sir”—“Fire the weather foremast gun just ahead of him!”—“Aye, aye, sir.” In an instant it was fired, and the shot ran a duck and drake along the water, across his forefoot. A pipe was now heard, and loud voices on board the stranger, who backed his mizen topsail, ran his enormous tri-coloured flag to the peak, and edging away a little, fired his first

broadside ; while yet the captain was observing to Shroud, " what a pity it was they had not the weather gage—but there was no help for it."

The greatest uneasiness felt in any given battle is, surely that, during the first moments of suspense, before the adversary's fire is received!—her shot swept raking across, several struck the hull, but the greater part flew through the sails and rigging—but one man was wounded on the forecastle ; the sail trimmers were ordered to back the mizen topsail, as the Apollo shot ahead—and the ships now being within pistol shot, the captain gave the word to " fire !" as the smoke of the enemy's discharge curled over him—and the shots were heard to *tell* with a cheering effect !

And now the battle may be said to have begun—while the incessant firing from both ships lulled the breeze, and left them stationary opposite each other. The Frenchman fought with great skill and bravery ; perhaps his only fault was his having thrown away the advantage of a raking broadside, having the weather gage—but they were now on equal terms, and the havoc made on each other's decks, in a few minutes, assumed reciprocally



much of the same appalling form—while the men exerted themselves in emulation, (cheered by the captain and Shroud), who should fire the quickest—some of the captains of the guns saying, as they took aim, “Now for her quarter gallery—now for wind and water!”

The main deck guns were worked with equal skill—spite of the many already taken down to the cockpit, maimed by the splinters, which flew thick, as the shot whizzed through, doing more mischief than the *cold iron!*—while others fell, some of them killed outright, and launched out at the nearest port, when so mutilated as to leave no shadow of the chance of life remaining!

The quarter deck was equally the scene of slaughter. Shroud had been hit in the wrist by a canister shot, but had bound his arm up with a silk 'kerchief, lent him by the captain—one of the youngsters, his aide-de-camp, was severely wounded in the leg; (no other than poor Taffy,) and taken below—though he told the captain he didn't want to be taken down—but he was not listened to.

Belair was ordered to fire, as he saw a probability of picking any of them off, over the bulwarks; and on being asked, every

now and then, "what *good he was doing*," said cheerfully, "Oh, sir, I'll answer for it, we have brought some of them down!"—for in the heat of the action, the ships were several times within musket shot—and it was found that several of the men near the captain were hurt from the fire from the tops; nor were our top men idle, returning, in kind.

The fore topmast had been knocked away; and the enemy's mizen mast, had fallen over her quarter—so that there was, about this time, a moment, when on an indication from the crowds and gesticulations on the Frenchman's forecastle, as she payed off—that it was thought she meant to board, and the Apollo's boarders were called—Shroud drawing his sword, ran forward to head them; having Lackwit, and other mids, with Mr. Pipes, to second him—Mr. Pipes, by the way, on this occasion, was seen to brandish a most enormous French dragoon's sabre, taken at some shore "*scrumage*," as he called it—but the ships, whatever the *will* might have been, never touched. The men on the main deck now *cheered*, nor did the captain prevent this heartening noise, almost coeval with naval fighting; observing, that it was best to let

them have as much their own way as possible. Hitherto the captain had remained unhurt, though the purser, who behaved very well as he took *minutes*, as it is called, that is, he had certainly a sheet of paper in his hand, rolled up, and a pencil, as in duty bound; yet did he not write one word, as may well be imagined!—the purser, then, had begged the captain, just as the gallant Nelson had been, to take off his epaulettes—but he either did not hear him, or would not, and while yet he was speaking from the leeward of the capstan, one of a net of *wads*, that had been struck and scattered, hitting the purser in the side, knocked him flat as a flounder, where he lay, and for some time he was thought dead, but coming too, shortly, the captain good-naturedly made his remaining aide-de-camp help him below—for though he was not hurt “*to the death*,” he had got quite enough to make his further staying on deck, wholly useless. The ships had now, as if by common consent, payed off before the light air that reached them, and remained stationary within hail of each other.

Whether it was, that the Frenchman did not partake of the general error of firing *too*

*high*, or chance so willed it—it appears that several of his shot had struck the ship below the water line, and the carpenter came up with a face of concern, to say, there was several feet of water in the hold, in spite of him and his crew, and their plugs; and that it was rushing in fast!—"The devil it is," said the captain—"well, Shroud, we must make a finish of this work, which has already lasted too long—or presently we shall have no ship under our feet to fight." "I think, sir," said Shroud, who could not help making faces now and then, from the pain of his wound, "that her fire slackens—we have not been struck now for some time"—as he spoke, the colours, that had waved at the peak, were shot away—and cheering was heard, at the sight, on board the enemy,—“Let our fellows cheer too,”—cried the captain, “d——n them—they don’t think, surely, we have struck! Up with it!—well done, sir!—well done!” This was to Mr. Billybuffer, who had never run so fast in his life as now, to rehoist the fallen colours; which soon flew up to their old station—while a ball, through the thick of his thigh, from one of the French tops, repaid him for his zeal!—and, with a benediction for this kindness,

he hobbled below to get it dressed; though nothing disheartened at the wound.

To recite a battle, (not of the imagination,) how must the words hobble after the act! how slow, how tame, in *words*, to make the roar, the curse, the groan, the flash, the crashing shot—the streams of blood—the bodies, warm, but even now huzzaing, thrown through the port already floating senseless by!—or devoured by the greedy shark, as he follows in the track of blood!—Let us glance at the main deck, where Rodman commanded, and where most men were lost.—Poor Hawser's heart sickened as he saw the mangled forms of the fine fellows borne off—others chucked over—others, again, desperately hurt, still hauling at the gun tackles, or ramming in the cartridges — swearing, they would not be taken down—but die where they were, if needs be!

'The captain' of one of the guns being killed, young Hawser, thinking he could do most good, stuck to it; and with the powder horn and match, took his place—for, in those days, the men were not so exactly trained, but that the loss of the head man at the gun, left, in some few cases, no other equally *au fait*; and

sometimes mistakes took place, of cramming in two or three cartridges, fatal to all at it!—thus did the lad in the heat of exertion, aiming, firing, helping to run out, &c. make himself useful, and miss part of the horror of the scene around; deafened too, to the shrieks and groans of the men, as they were maimed.

Rodman stood unmoved like a rock, not far from him, and had encouraged him more than ever, by a friendly smile, as their eyes met, saying, “Bravo, my boy! that’s something like—you can’t do better!”—Then to the men—“Well done, my lads!—fore and aft!—give it her!—their fire slackens, as it is!—she’s nearly sick of it!” Thus, as he strided from gun to gun, he encouraged his men—but, alas! this fine fellow was doomed to be cut off, even in the arms of victory; within a short time before the enemy struck (which she did, after an hour’s hard fighting) a grape shot struck the unhappy Rodman on the forehead, as he stooped to point one of the guns—and he fell across the gun tackle, without uttering one word, with his hand instinctively placed in his bosom, as if to grasp what he held most dear to him while living!—This was a disheartening sight—and, for a minute

afterwards, his protégé was ignorant of what had happened, though at the next gun!—One of the men said, “Sir, Mr. Rodman’s down!” Hawser rushed to the spot—two of the men had got the body of their officer in their arms; not well knowing what to do with it—for they revered him too much to think of heaving him out; as they would have done one of themselves, without ceremony or hesitation, to clear the decks.”

At the sight of his dear and kind friend, his forehead beat to pieces, and his breast one mass of blood, the youngster lost all command of himself, and burst into an agony of tears. He knew not if he was dead—but from such a wound there could be no hope—throwing his arms round his neck to support his head, he begged the men to lay him on the grating of the main hatchway, amid-ships; and taking his black silk handkerchief off, he put it over his poor friend’s ghastly face—his heart ready to break with grief at this cruel sight. Mr. Classic was sent to; and as he came by, further aft, to take command, seeing what the youngster was doing, he shook him by the hand—saying, “You have done right!—come,

cheer up! this is no time to be cast down!—go to your quarters—take no notice!”

Hawser obeyed, in silent agony; wreckless of himself, or what went on about him—he was hardly moved, when he heard that the enemy had struck—but this was a dear bought victory! several of the officers wounded, the second lieutenant killed, with sixty of the men, and as many dangerously hurt!

Finding her fire slacken considerably, Shroud had proposed to the captain to board her, since “*hammering*” seemed to have no effect; but not only was this nearly impossible, as the ship lay becalmed, and still no nearer than pistol shot—but while yet, the captain hesitated, what course to pursue—the French captain hailed!—and Oakheart going to the gangway, heard the welcome sounds—“*C'en est fait, Monsieur, je me rends!*” At the same time, the colours were seen to descend—but such was the heat and noise on the main deck, that several guns were fired—before silence could be gained, and the men made sensible of their victory.

And now it was, that the captain (who had been told, in a whisper by Shroud, that Rodman was killed,) had time to feel the loss of



this excellent officer in its full force—and almost think, on the whole, with so many of his brave fellows cut off, now, first reported by the respective officers—that such victories, were at best, too dearly bought! but, however, such generous thoughts might have checked his just and natural exultation, even although *he* had nothing higher to look to, it was very different with Shroud, who set no bounds to his joy; it must be allowed, however, that with more at stake, he did but share the common feeling:

It was in truth, a proud moment.

The captain ordered them to get the “*decks washed*” as soon as possible;—while some were thus employed—and others at the pumps—another party were clearing away the boats—but it was found, that not one could *swim*, but the larboard cutter, which being lowered, and manned, Shroud shoved off, and brought the French commodore on board, as they appeared incapable of lowering their own boats—the French captain was in a few minutes on the quarter deck—a slender middle aged man, who, with the observation as he approached the captain, of “*Monsieur, j’espere que vous êtes convaincu*

*que j'ai fait, mon devoir !*" gracefully presented his sword, which having received with equal good breeding, the captain, returned to his hands, replying in French, which he perfectly understood, "*Monsieur je n'en suis que trop assuré ! j'ai trop souffert, pour etre insensible à votre digne resistance.*" Shortly after, he led him down to his cabin, where they, as well as the officers, as they could get down, partook of some refreshment.

The rest of the day, after the men had washed down a cold meal, with a double portion of stiff grog, all hands were busily employed, bringing the prisoners on board—to the eyes of our people, a strange motley group ; though, the surviving officers, (but half those alive, before the action !) were rather a fine looking set of men—their manners were those of gentlemen—not indeed, surly, or depressed,—but very far from levity, or want of feeling, in such humiliating, and adverse circumstances.

The prize was found to have been most cut up aft, on the quarter deck, and upper works, generally, several of her main deck ports were, *two* beaten into *one* ; and here it was, *the*

captain said, he lost most of his men ; upwards of seventy ! but except in officers, his loss was not more than that of the conqueror's.

While lieutenant Shroud repaired on board with a party of men to bring her into port, Mr. Classic assumed the functions of first lieutenant, and had the French prisoners secured ; with, however, as little of harshness and severity as possible ; spite of this indulgence, there was no end to their complaints, nor to their enormous quantities of baggage, which seemed to make the work of removing, with but two boats, and one of the Frenchmen's patched up so as to serve, on this emergency (the rest knocked to atoms), as endless—while the French officers, either did not, or would not know, what did and what did *not* belong to the fellows ; though it was pretty evident most of this luggage belonged rather to the *ship*, than to themselves individually.

But this *ruse* was to be expected—and all the patience possible was recommended by the captain, as well as all possible delicacy towards them.

Night had near closed on them before the ships were under easy sail, standing up channel; the next morning a new fore-topmast was rigged, the only spar lost, when to the eye from without, the Apollo seemed not to have suffered—but the leaks from shot holes kept a party of hands constantly at the pumps.

Happily the weather remained fine as she once more steered for a British port, followed by the prize, which lieutenant Shroud took no little pride in, considering her in some measure as his own—she was a fine frigate, perhaps of rather larger skantling than the Apollo, and with two guns more; but the weight of metal was nearly equal—not that so nice a calculation about the exact weight of metal (so much talked of afterwards) was ever thought of in those days—and provided numerically any force opposed, was not too glaring and overwhelming—calculations in pounds weight, or size, in so many inches more or less, never occurred, as a matter of any consequence.

We are afraid, that many friends have been forgotten in the heat of action—Weazel, for

instance, was as nimble as a ferret, and as busy as a bee ; and swore, no one in the ship could *throw a shot* with him, as he fired first one, then another, carronade on the quarter-deck—every now and then, standing up on the tafrail, and shaking his fist at the enemy, and “ *striking himself comical*” if Mounseer had’nt better knock under.

Belair got a scratch on his face from a splinter, which taking off a little bit of his nose, was quite bad enough to spoil his beauty, though the wound was not of so serious a nature as to prevent their laughing at him—nor the purser either, who had been hit in the *bread bag*, and who Weazel avouched had made no allowance for “ *windage*.”

As for Toby, he had stood about on the quarter-deck, doing nothing, most manfully ; but on an application for more help for the wounded men in the cockpit, he was peremptorily ordered down, as well as Mr. Small-nouse, where they did what they could to assuage the sufferings of the wounded, in placing them here and there out of the way, as fast as they were dressed, their limbs cut off, or tourniquets put on, &c. ; nor did Toby for a wonder, ever *think* of a dram on this occa-

sion!—and well he had not, for he would have found none, to a dead certainty—unless he had taken the little, kept to revive the wounded and fainting men—but he paid up for this wonderful self-denial at night; when those that could, assembled once more, with the addition of several new messmates, French *Aspirants*!—when, Toby drank all their good healths—though he could’nt “*parlez vous*,” yet he assured them of his “*fraternity and consideration*,” which words, were well enough understood.

But amidst all the exultation and self congratulation on this occasion—still some gloom naturally enough prevailed; two of the youngsters had been killed, whose names we have forgotten—the caterer lie in his cot wounded—and Hawser, though he made an effort to be civil, as he spoke French tolerably, to their French messmates—yet was it an effort, forced on an aching heart; while yet his noble, and lamented friend, shrouded in a union jack, lay a corpse on the after hatchway grating!—nor was he the only one sincerely concerned at the death of so good an officer, and so upright a man—he was much beloved by the ship’s company; and this they

testified as they came aft, in groups, to take a last look at their late officer!—the captain and his messmates were much affected—the former proposed that he should be forthwith committed to the deep, with every mark of respect in their power;—the same evening therefore the bell was tolled, and the corpse sewn up in a hammock and shrouded in the flag (the union jack) was brought up for its last sad rights at the gangway; where, the captain, surrounded by not only his, but all the French officers, the marines drawn up, and the whole ship's company around, uncovered, paid the last tribute of respect to their beloved and regretted shipmate.

Classic read the service, with all that feeling and pathos, for which he was justly distinguished;—when he came to that passage, “I know that my Redeemer liveth!”—and then again, when looking up to Heaven he said, “O! Death where is thy sting; O! grave where is thy victory!”—many a tear stole into eyes little used to melt—and poor Hawser was so much affected, that he sobbed aloud—nor could the French officers help being moved at this affecting solemnity; at

length, the quarter-masters approached, and at the words “we commit his body to the deep, in the sure and certain hope,”—taking the grating up, on which the body lie, launched it over—a sullen sound, as it sunk for ever, closed the scene!—and they separated, each for a moment, to ruminate on the vanities of this world—its frailties—and the uncertainty of life!—a *moment* sufficed to the many, but our hero felt long and severely the loss of this good friend—while he determined most religiously to do every thing that depended on him, for the fulfilment of his last wishes: nor could he forget the circumstance of seeing his hand near the locket, worn next his heart, which had slipped out of the lieutenant’s bosom, as he helped to bear him from the gun; and which he had carefully replaced, not to be separated from its unhappy owner.

Thus died one of the finest fellows that ever graced a quarter deck—*passion* never dictated one order from his lips.—Where he was familiar, it was consistent—nor hastily given, nor withdrawn: Never did there exist more mildness of manner, with greater firmness of purpose. His messmates loved him:—the men



revered him — even those not immediately within the influence of his authority :—but such a character diffuses its excellence far, far beyond the circle of its immediate presence!—and the captain, as he slowly regained his cabin—long ruminated on a loss, which, he feared, he could never wholly replace, as it regarded the good of the service ; and doubly lamenting, that such a man had not lived to serve his country in a higher sphere of action—where all his bright qualities would have shone out, with redoubled lustre and effect.—Happily, his pressing duties, left him no time to dwell too long on a misfortune, “past hope—past cure ;” consoling himself, as did all his friends and messmates, that he had gone, to add one star more to the brilliant host of those brave men, who had fallen in their country’s cause !

We must not forget to mention, amidst the captain’s numerous occupations, the kindness and attention he extended to the wounded men—not barely, and coldly, by orders to inferiors, but by himself going down among them, and cheering each as he lay under the half deck, (in the sick bay as it is called) or

the betwixt decks. Here a smile, and a kind word—there a shake of the hand, from their commander, did wonders in reviving their spirits—and, perhaps, conducing (*mens sana in corpore sano*) to their speedy cure, as much as the doctor. By the side of his men's hammocks, Oakheart was truly great—his manner was not that of a superior; but of a friend!—nor was it ever known, that one individual had taken advantage of it, to ask improper indulgences, or to neglect their duty on returning to it. But, in fact, if there is a decided superiority from situation, among all the gradations of men, which makes a nice punctilio unnecessary, it is that of a captain of a man of war over his people—where there can be no *danger* from such familiarity, and where the disparity of situation is so great, that the *motive* can never be mistaken—but he did not stop here—his steward had orders to give his wines, and his *fresh stock*, while they lasted; telling the doctor *he insisted* on his thinking of nothing in their application, but the welfare of the men—adding, “We are within a few hours of port, and I can easily renew both the one and the other!”—

Nor did he leave his ship's company to draw their own inferences, from their own steady good behaviour, on the late severe trial—but, assembling them aft, in a few words (like a *general order of the day*, in the army, after an action) told them how proud and happy he was in commanding so fine a set of seamen! and that they might, to a man, depend on his doing every thing in his power to better their conditions, as far as his limited means permitted.—A murmur of pleasure and gratitude, ran through the men, as they twisted their hats about, looked at each other, and went below, after this "*good word*" from the captain.

The ships had run on up channel for Portsmouth, though Plymouth was the nearest port, but the captain had reasons of his own, for not putting in there, on this occasion—nor need we minutely describe their safe anchorage in the harbour; cheered by all the people as they lined the opposite shores of Gosport, Point, and Portsea—but the arrival of prizes, of this description, were too frequent to make the sensation more than momentary—nor were there any dinners, or civic feasts, attendant on

the officers; who, as they went on shore, walked up and down, with no more notice, than those of the old guard ship—nor is this mentioned, but as a very natural order of things. The port admiral, in due time, received and transmitted the captain's official letter on the affair. Lieutenant Shroud, leaving a mate and a few men on board the French frigate, lashed along side one of the hulks—returned to his own ship. The French officers admitted to their parole, went their several ways—their men were sent to the Castle of Fortun, or the prison ship; and where, spite of the angry, nay, maliciously ignorant effusions of certain French scribblers since, on this head, they met with every comfort, consistent with their safety, it was found possible to extend to them — and were little, if at all, worse lodged or fed than our own poor fellows, to whom the country was indebted for their capture.

It is now high time to say a word of certain sensations that come over us, of the most disagreeable nature—In short, we are sea-sick! and but that we are bound to remain on board ship, in compliment to our hero, would have

bid adieu to the sea and its jargon, at least, a *volume* ago, aware that our friends are as tired of it as ourselves; but we are not free agents, or would we waft our gentle reader far from the salt water surge, to where the nightingale sings—to where the kindly heavens shed their soft dews on the blushing rose, or the south winds “*steal o’er banks of violets,*” to delight the senses—not our’s, alas! to wander along the flowery paths of the imagination, and, taking our readers by the hand, fill their whole souls with all the rich variety of *nature*, unshackled by the hand of *man*. No, to *man*; and all his little ways, are we chained. Still, we are consoled with the idea of bidding adieu to old ocean—this consolation we now impart to our friends, without the slightest apology—nor shall we deign to say one word in defence of another great defect—could the *agreeable* alone have been consulted—we allude to the total absence hitherto of any such thing as a *heroine*; in truth, there is one forthcoming, but owing to the besetting defect of veracity, which still destroys ideal *excellence*, we fear the lady who eventually made Hawser tolerably happy,

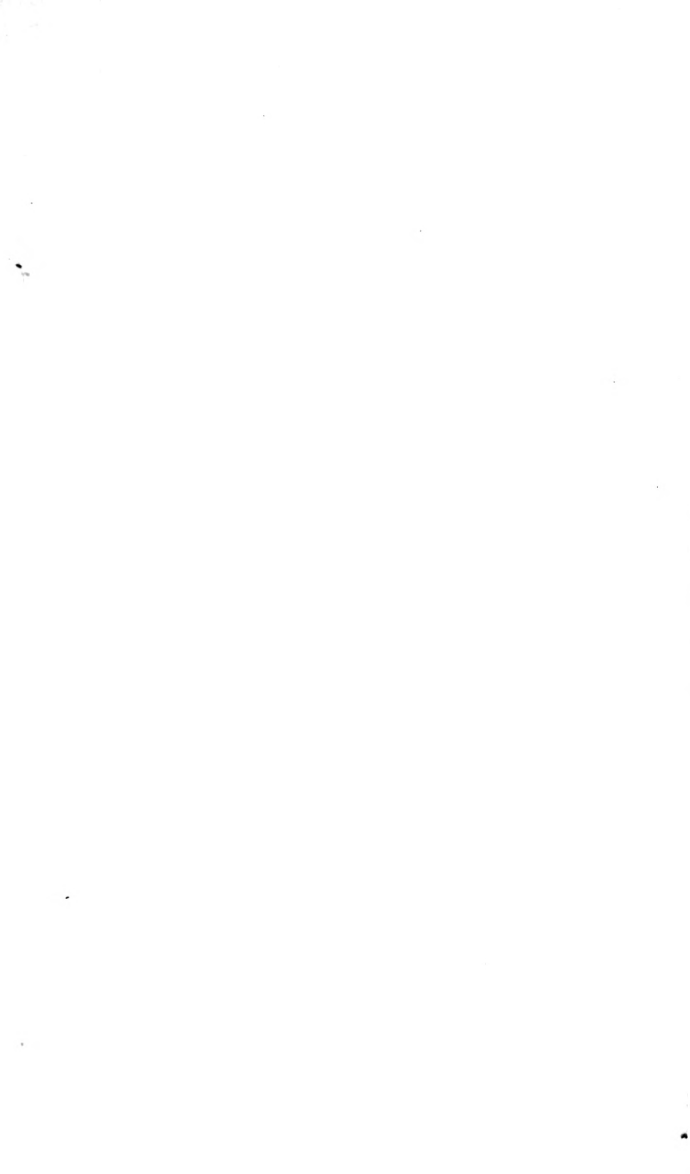
will be found to be very much like nine women out of ten ; so much so, that we predict, spite of a weak partiality on our parts, and an attempt to do her justice, she will neither turn out sufficiently charming to interest the reader, or give one moment's uneasiness at her tardy appearance on the scene—but in this we have the authority of greater writers than ourselves—whose works are nevertheless not a whit the less read on that account.

END OF VOL. II.













UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 052946248